

AUGUST

No. 14

10^c

HIT

COMICS

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

HERCULES
IN ANOTHER
SUPER
THRILLER



The
REDBEE
Betty Bates
DON GLORY • Lion Boy •
NEON • BOB AND SWAB

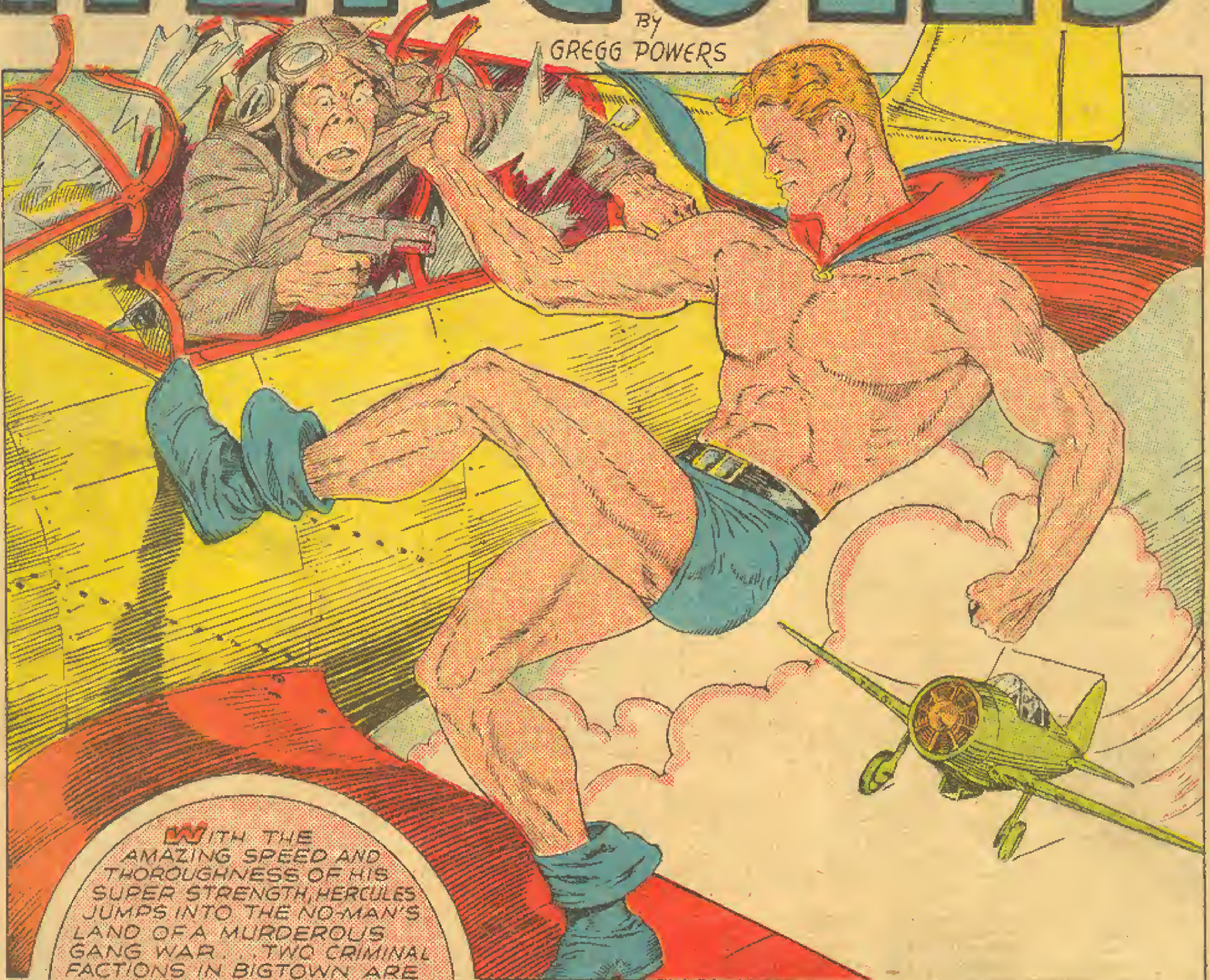


WEB COMIC
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HERCULES

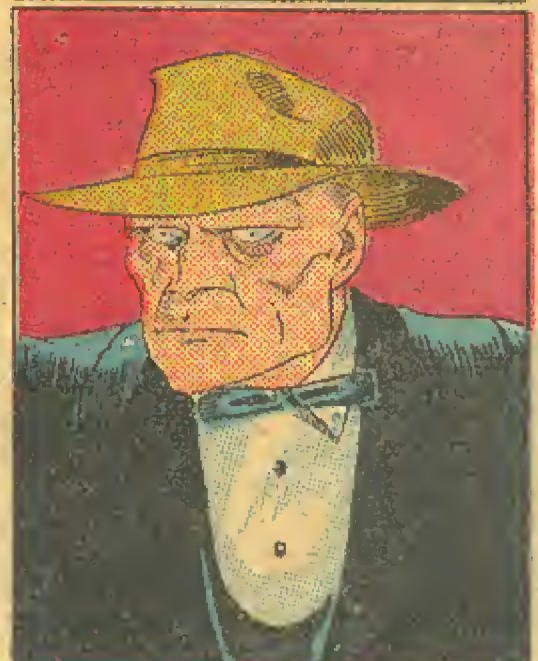
By
GREGG POWERS



WITH THE AMAZING SPEED AND THOROUGHNESS OF HIS SUPER STRENGTH, HERCULES JUMPS INTO THE NO-MAN'S LAND OF A MURDEROUS GANG WAR. TWO CRIMINAL FACTIONS IN BIGTOWN ARE BATTLING TO GAIN CONTROL OF THE LAUNDRY AND CLEANERS' PROTECTION RACKET.

ONE MOB IS BOSSSED BY MONKEY-FACED MONK MOSBY.

THE OPPOSING GANG TAKES ORDERS FROM "CUPIE" DAHL.



MONK CALLS HIS MEN TO HIS HIDEOUT FOR A CONFERENCE.

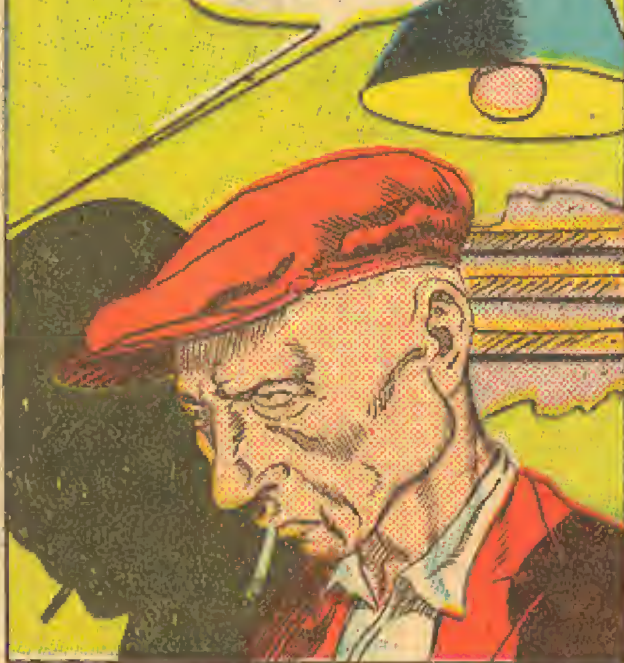
WE'RE GETTIN' NO PLACE FAST, FAR AS SLUGGIN' DAHL GOES.. THERE AIN'T ROOM IN THIS TOWN FOR HIM AND ME, SO I WANT YA TO MEET 'EARS' EARLE WHO'S GONNA DO A LI'L JOB FER US..



POLICE BULLETS HAVE NO EFFECT ON THE THICK PLATE. THE TANK ROARS ON.



EARLE KIN GIT HOLD OF AN ARMY TANK.. I GOT SPIES TRAILIN' DAHL.. IT'LL BE EASY FER THE TANK TO ERASE HIM.. SEE?



MEANWHILE CUPIE AND A STOOGE THREATEN A SCARED CHINESE LAUNDRY MAN.

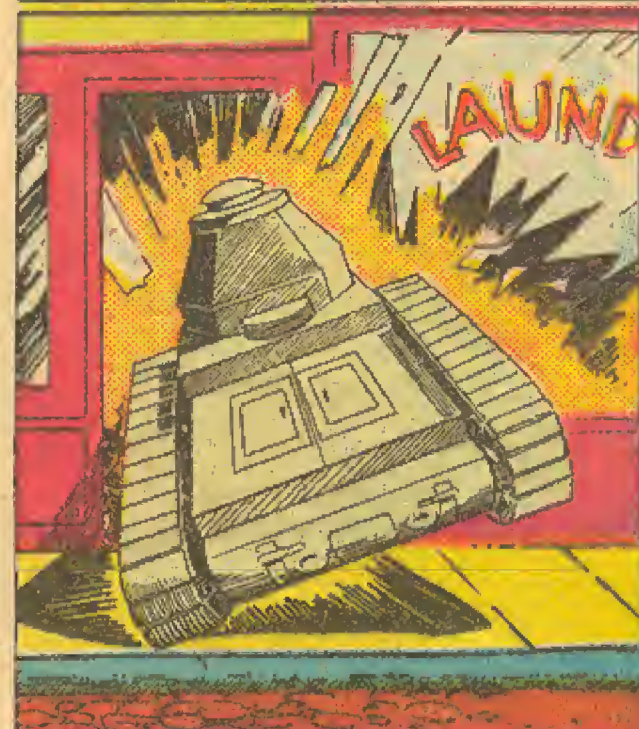


NO MONEY.. NO LAUNDRY.. NOW YOU PAY UP OR ELSE!

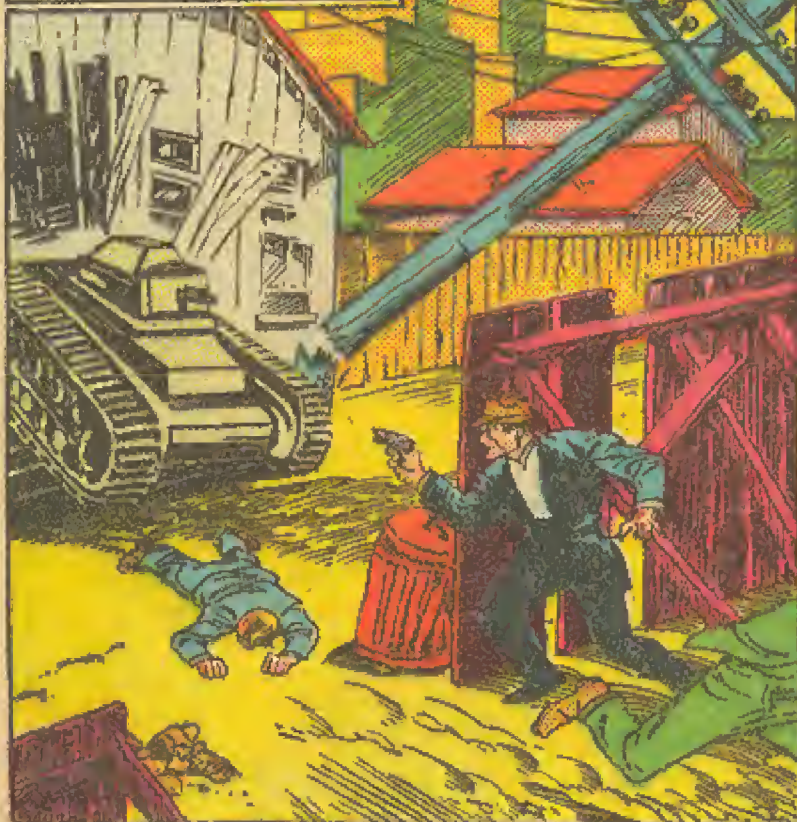
A FEW DAYS LATER TOWNS-PEOPLE ARE STARTLED BY THE UNUSUAL SPECTACLE OF A HEAVY TANK RUMBLING DOWN MAIN STREET.



SUDDENLY THE UGLY NOSE OF THE TANK PLOWS THROUGH THE LAUNDRY WALL.



CUPIE FLEES WITH THE TANK IN HOT PURSUIT.



HERCULES SEES THE COMMOTION FROM HIS WINDOW.



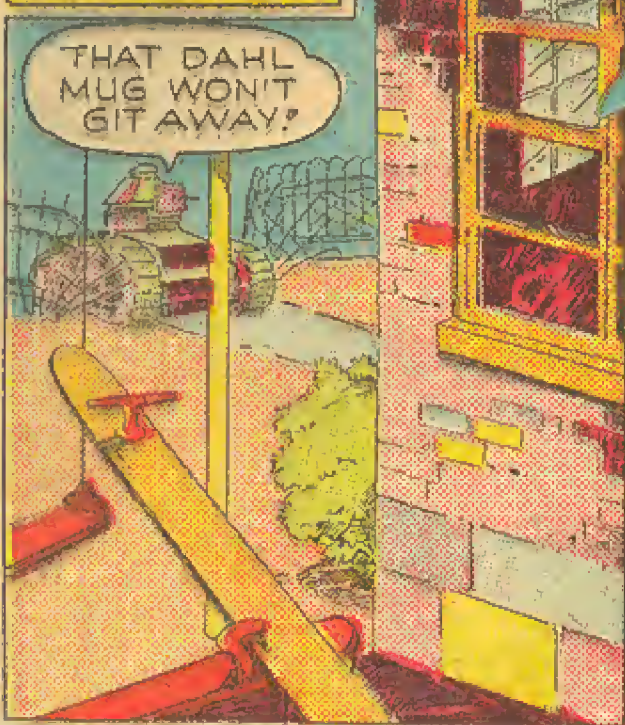
I'LL HAVE TO STOP THIS! SOMEONE MIGHT GET HURT!

SEEKING REFUGE FROM THE SLAUGHTER, CUPIE DUCKS INTO A SCHOOL-HOUSE.

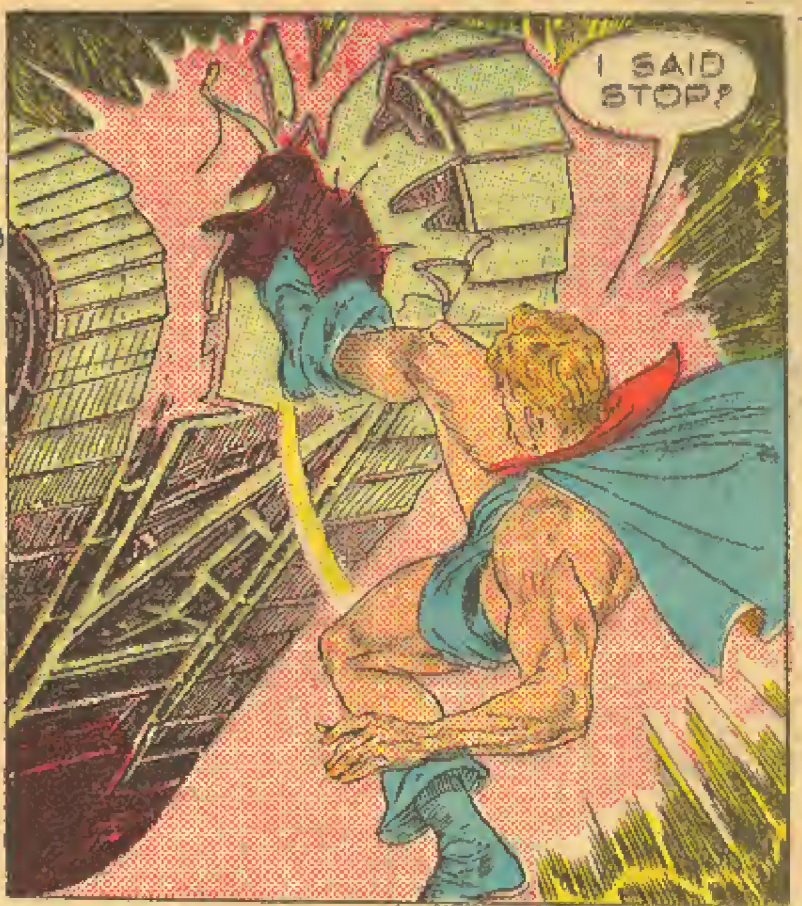
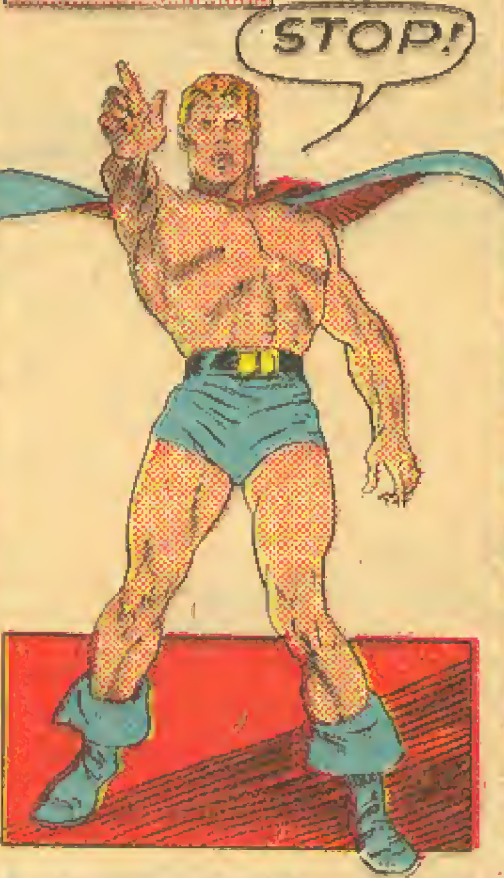


QUIET, SISTER. I JUST WANNA LAY LOW HERE FOR AWHILE!

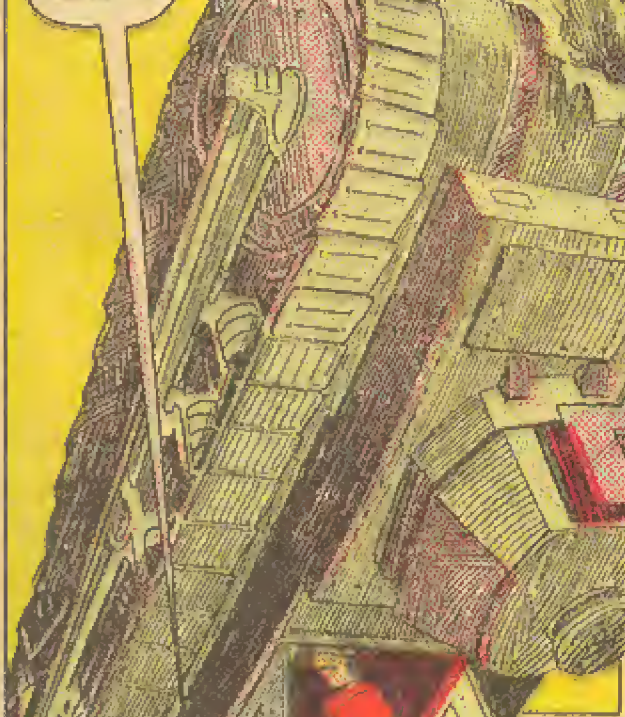
BUT THE FACT THAT THEY WILL KILL CHILDREN BY SENDING THE TANK THROUGH THE SCHOOL DOES NOT STOP MONK'S MEN.



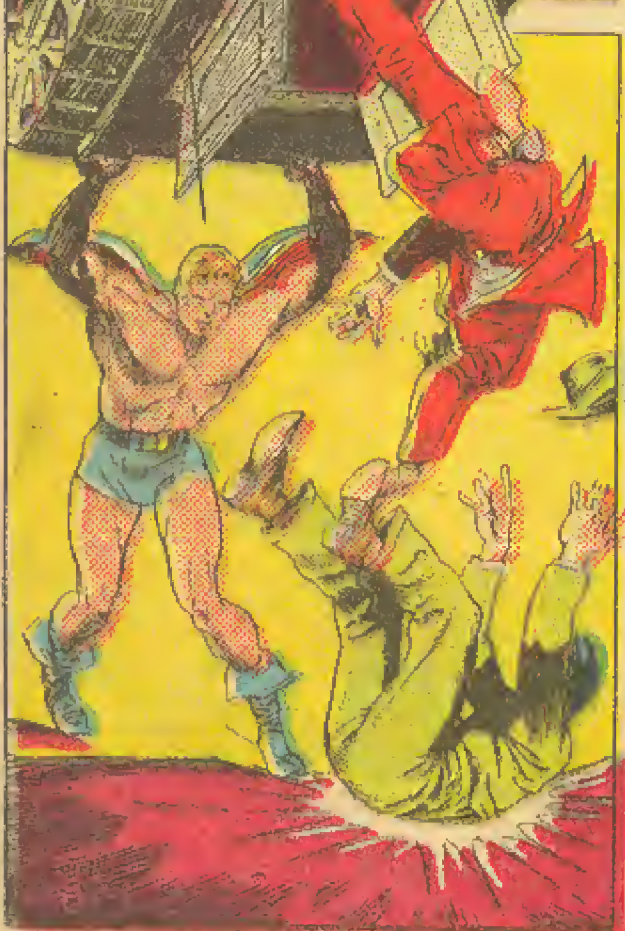
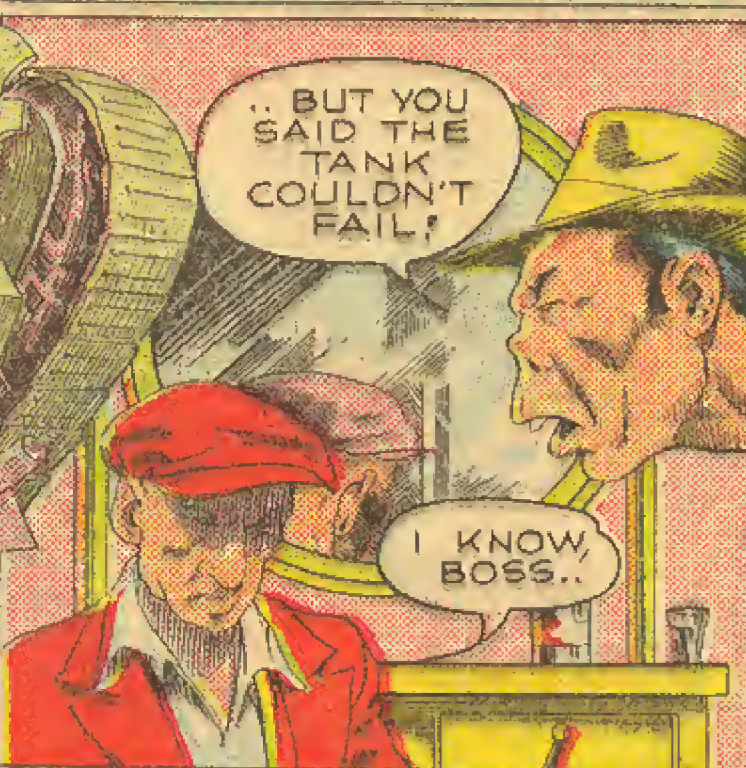
SUDDENLY...



END OF THE LINE! ALL OUT!



"EARS" MANAGES TO GET AWAY... GLUMLY, HE REPORTS TO MONK.



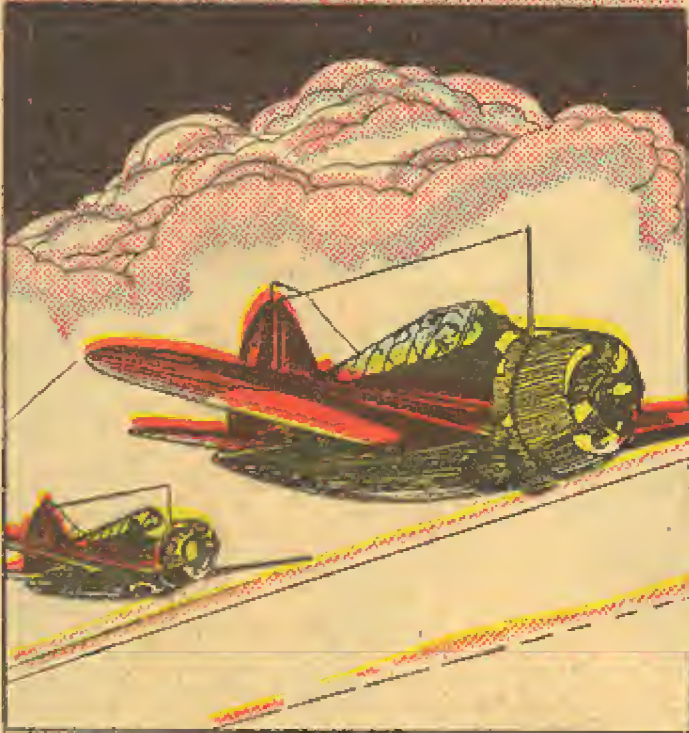
FIGURING TO KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE, EARLE SEES CURIE TOO.



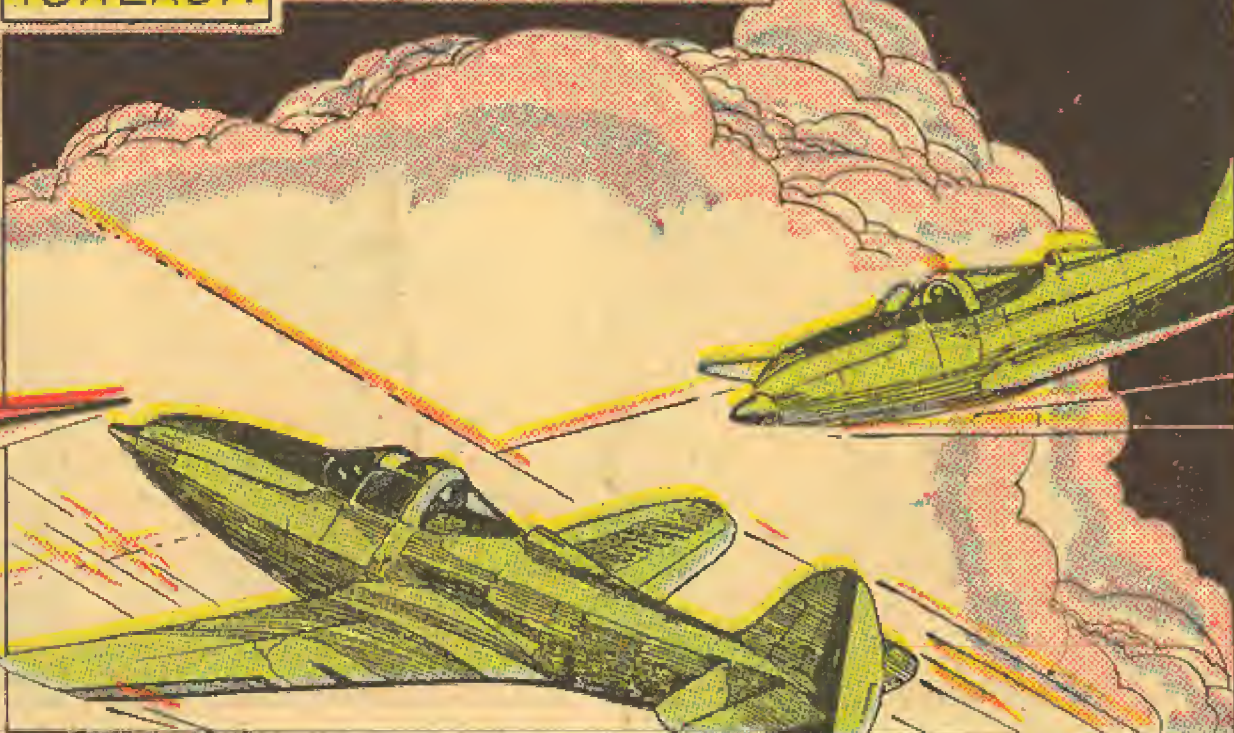
SO.. A FEW WEEKS LATER BOTH GANGS ARE READY FOR TOTAL WAR, EACH FACTION POSSESSING FULLY EQUIPPED HANG-ARS, AND EACH THINKING IT HAS THE FINAL MEANS OF DESTRUCTION.



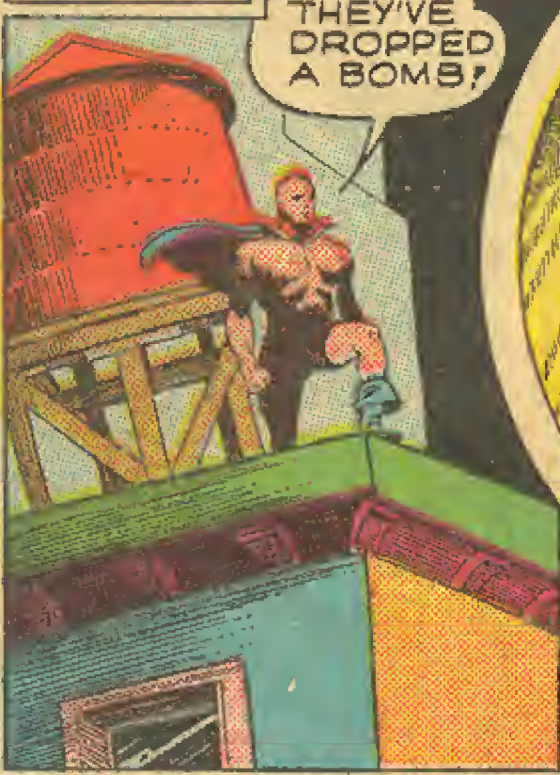
ONE DAY MONK SENDS HIS SHIPS TO BOMB DAHL'S LAUNDRIES. THOUSANDS OF INNOCENT CITIZENS ARE ENDANGERED.



CUPIE'S PLANES ENGAGE MONK'S PILOTS IMMEDIATELY.. SOON A REGULAR EUROPEAN AIR-BLITZ-KRIEG RAGES OVER BIGTOWN'S TOWERS..

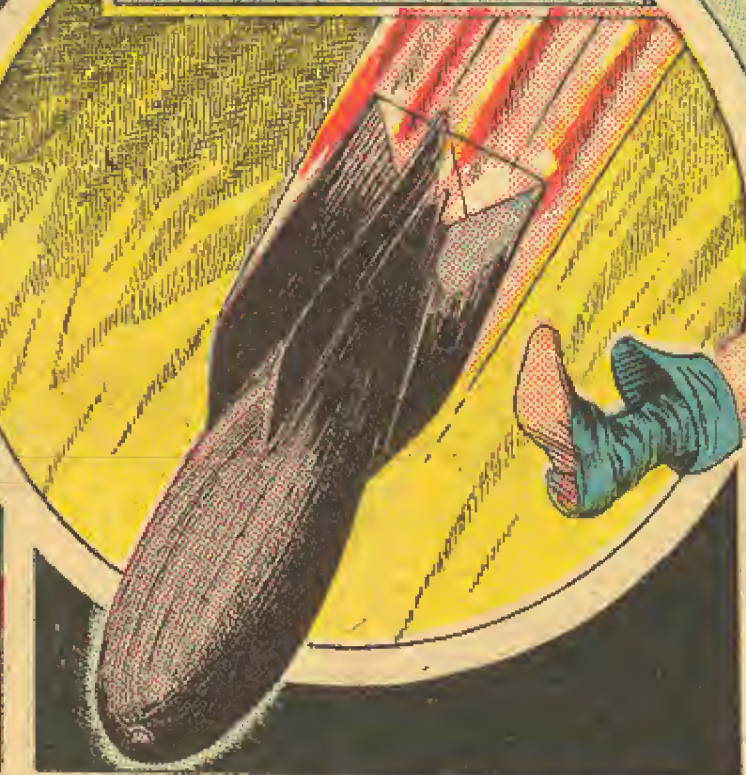


HERCULES STANDS ON A ROOFTOP.

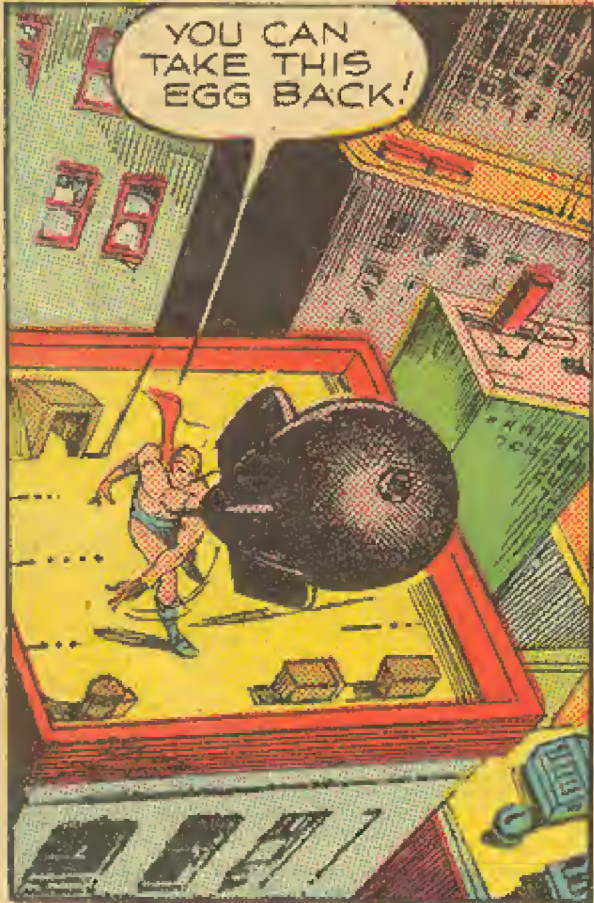
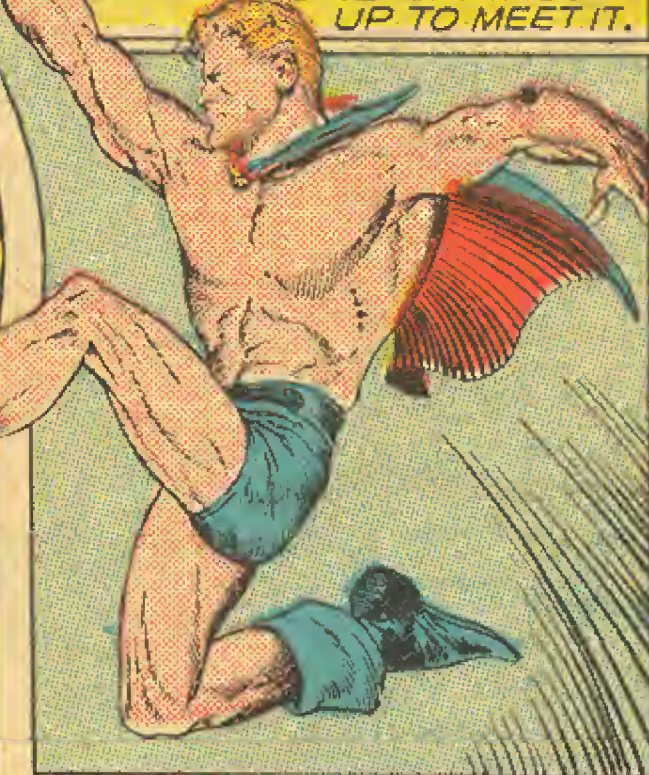


THEY'VE DROPPED A BOMB!

THE DEADLY SHELL SCREAMS TOWARD EARTH.



WHEN SUDDENLY A LIGHTNING FIGURE SPRINGS UP TO MEET IT.



YOU CAN TAKE THIS EGG BACK!

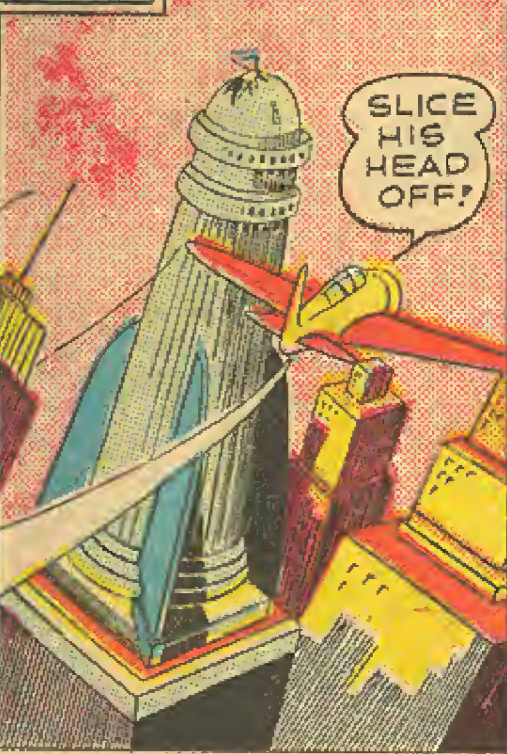
THE BOMB MEETS A DIVING PLANE.



ANGRILY MONK'S PLANES DIVE TO STRAFE HERCULES.



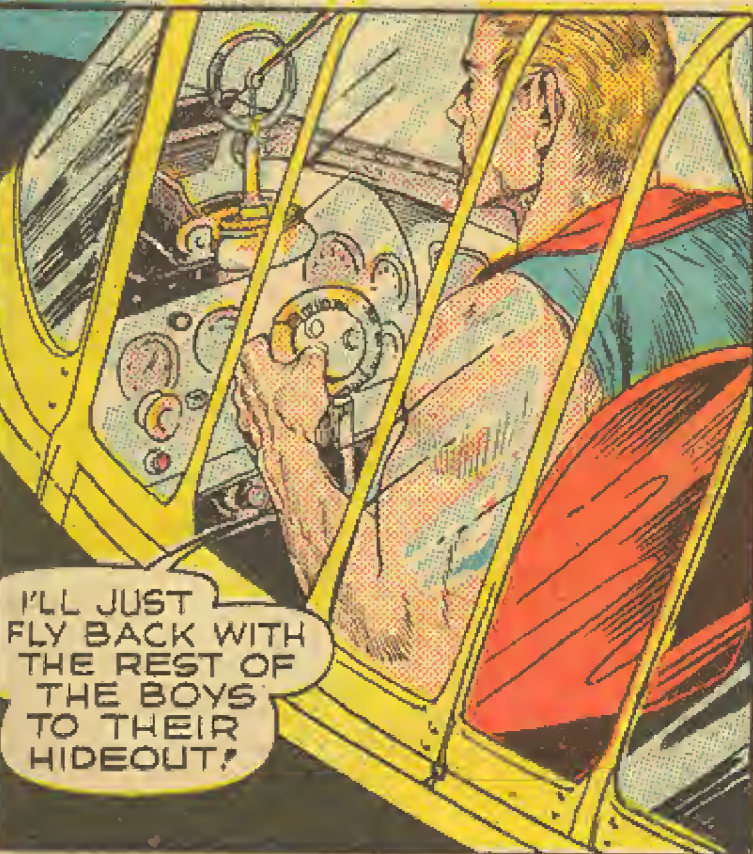
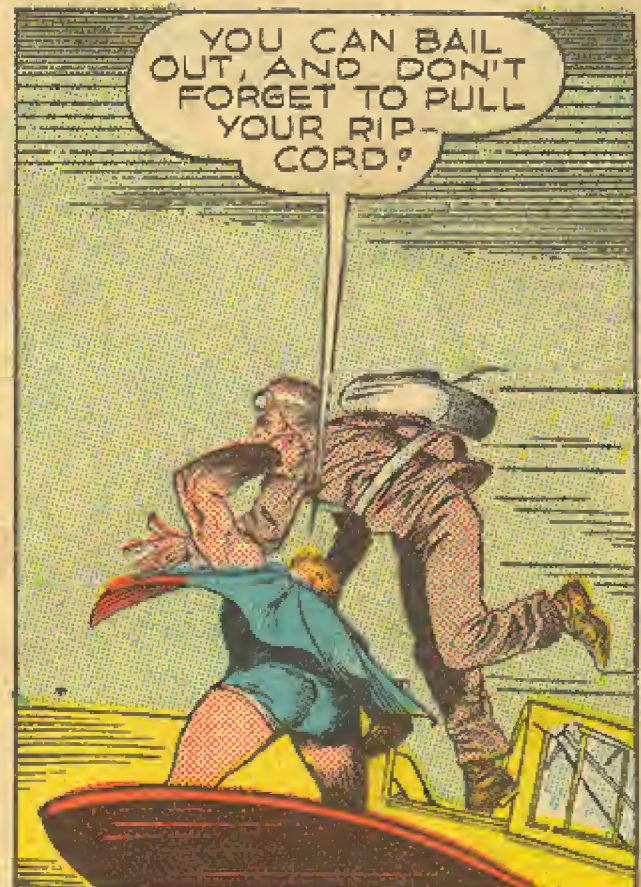
QUICKLY HERCULES LEAPS TO THE TALLEST SKYSCRAPER IN BIG-TOWN.



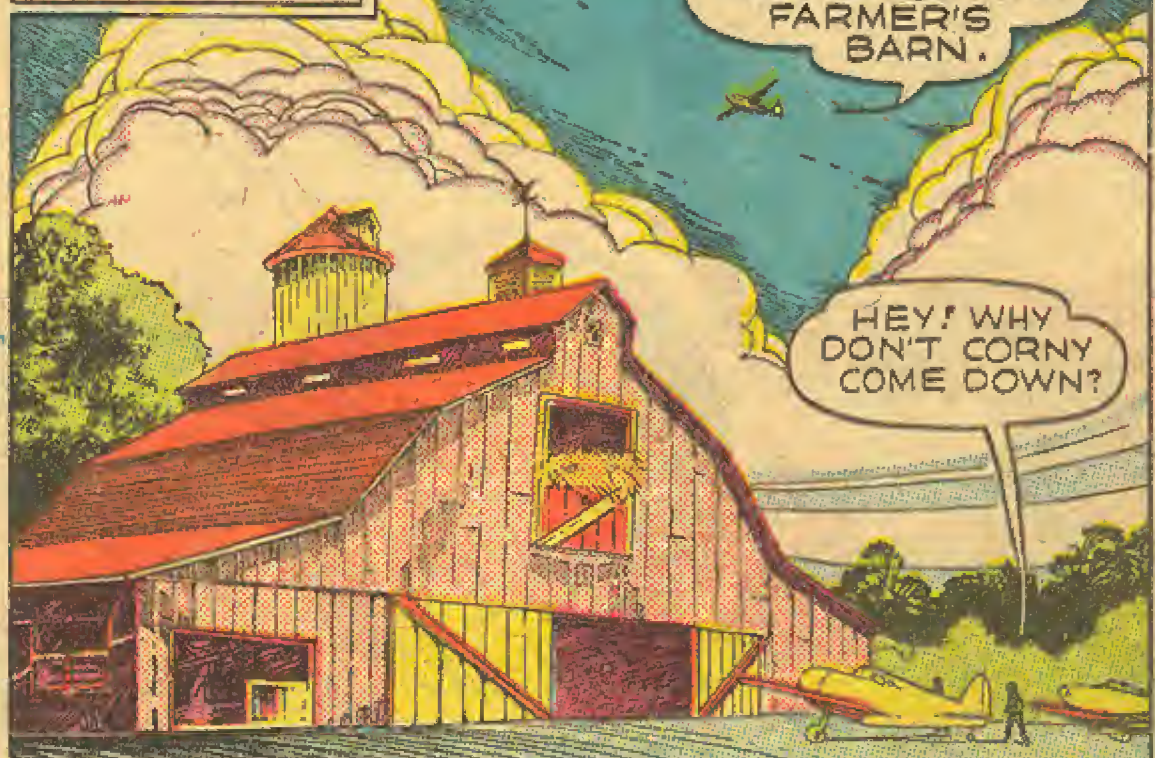
THE PLANE'S WING TIP PASSES CLOSE BY AND...



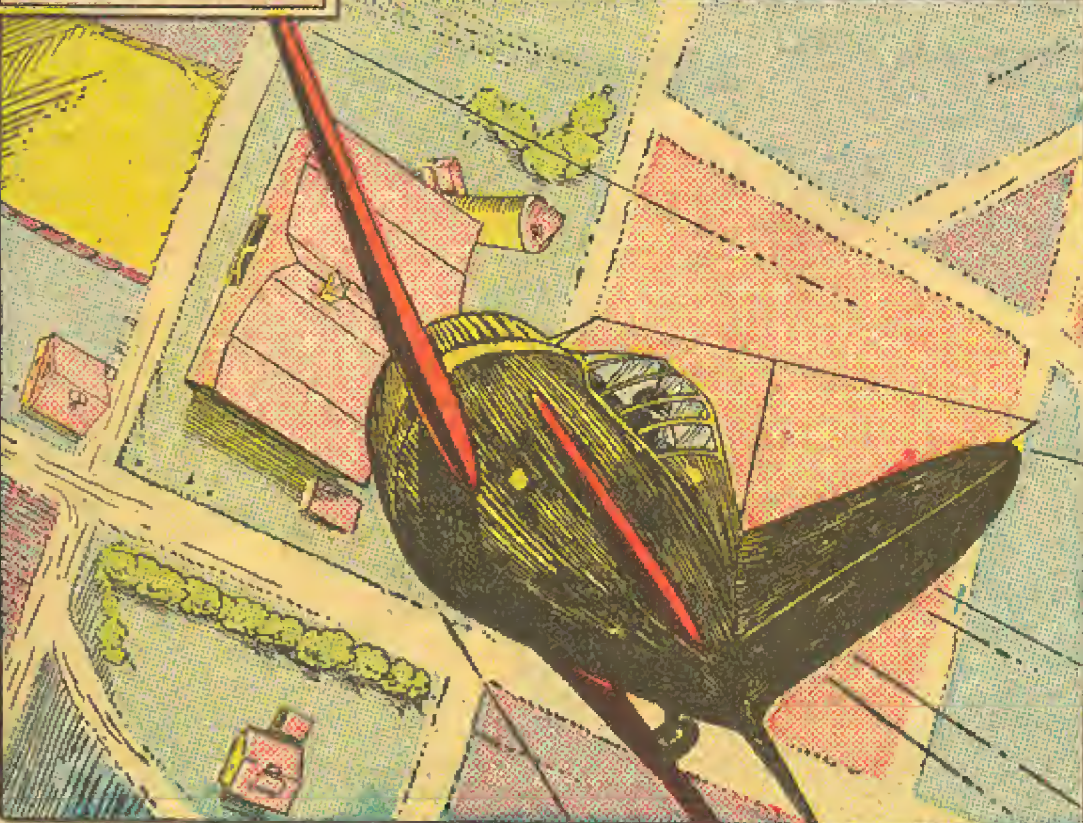
YOU CAN BAIL OUT, AND DON'T FORGET TO PULL YOUR RIP-CORD?



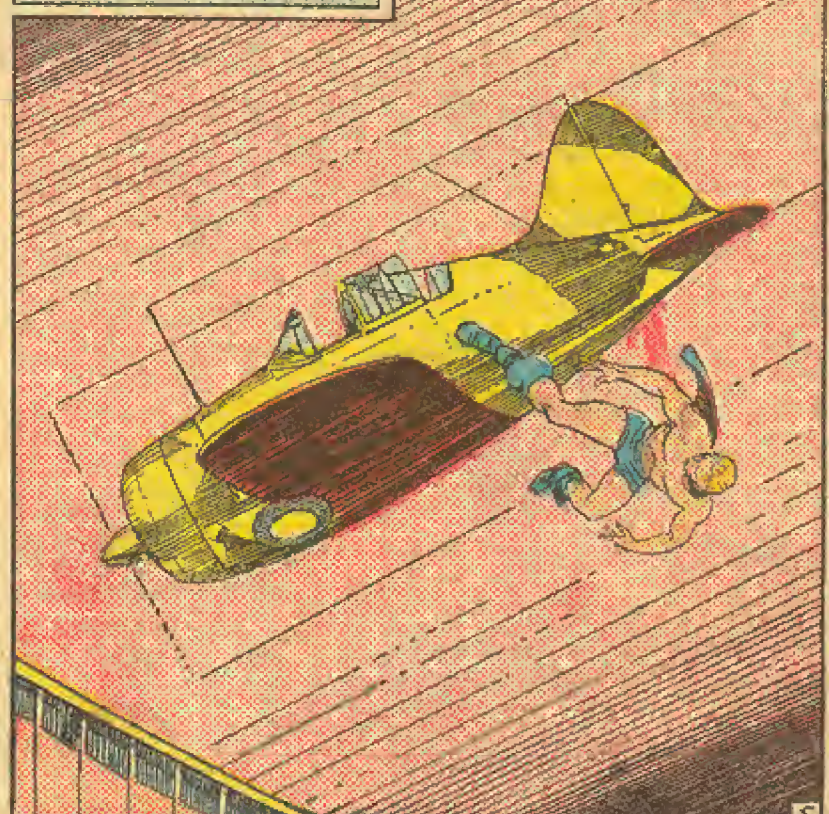
HERCULES FOLLOWS MONK'S MEN.



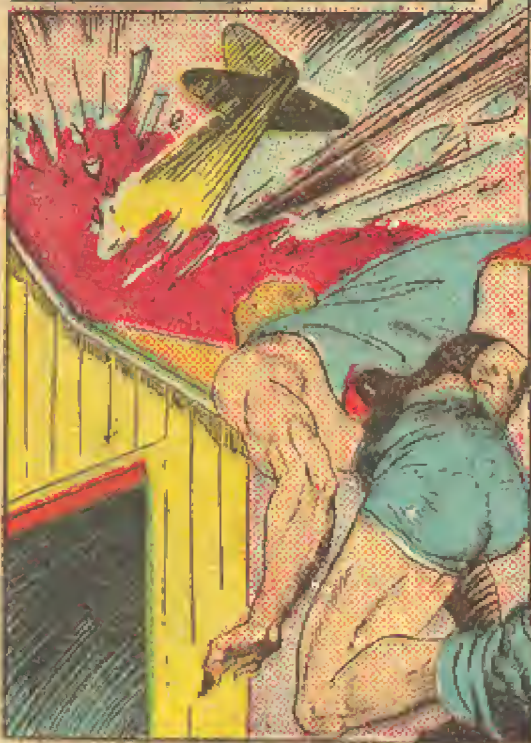
SUDDENLY HERCULES NOSES THE PLANE FOR THE BARN ROOF.



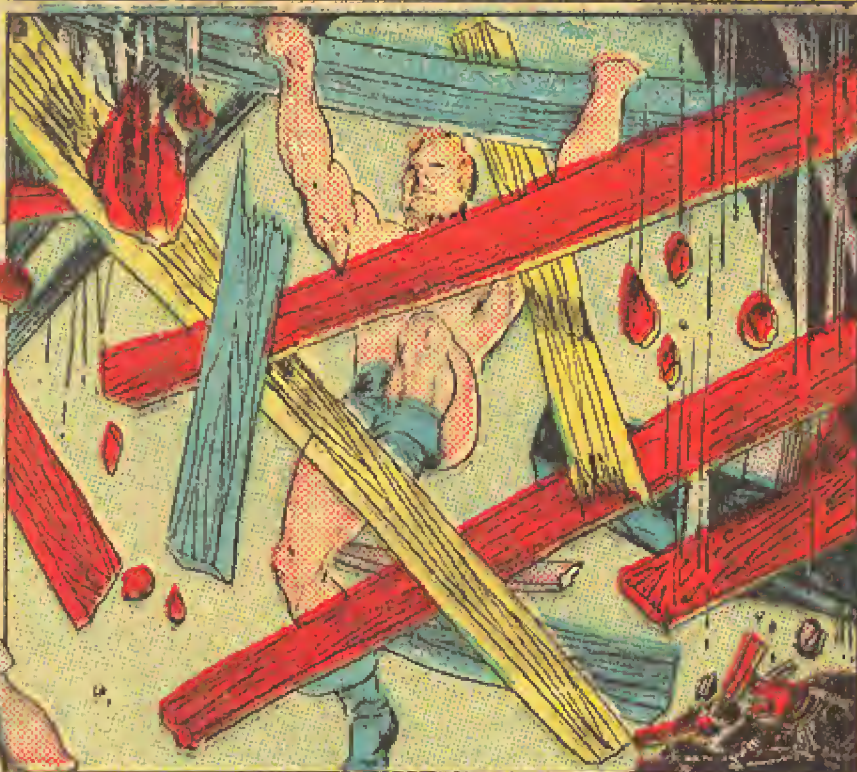
JUST BEFORE SHE STRIKES, HE LEAPS CLEAR.



THE PLANE CRASHES.. IMMEDIATELY THE BARN HANGAR IS ENGULFED IN SHOOTING FLAMES.



THEN HERCULES FINISHES THE JOB BY SCATTERING THE DEBRIS TO SLOW UP ANY POSSIBLE RECONSTRUCTION.



SUDDENLY..

HEY! SOMEBODY COME PULL ME OUT? I'M STUCK!



THANKS, BUD.. SAY, I BEEN WOIKIN' HERE AS A PLANT FER CUPIE. GUESS YOU'RE WIT' HIM TOO, OR YOU WOULDN'TA FIRED MONK'S HANGAR.. COME WIT' ME TO CUPIE. HE'LL SURE BE TICKLED TO HEAR ABOUT THIS?

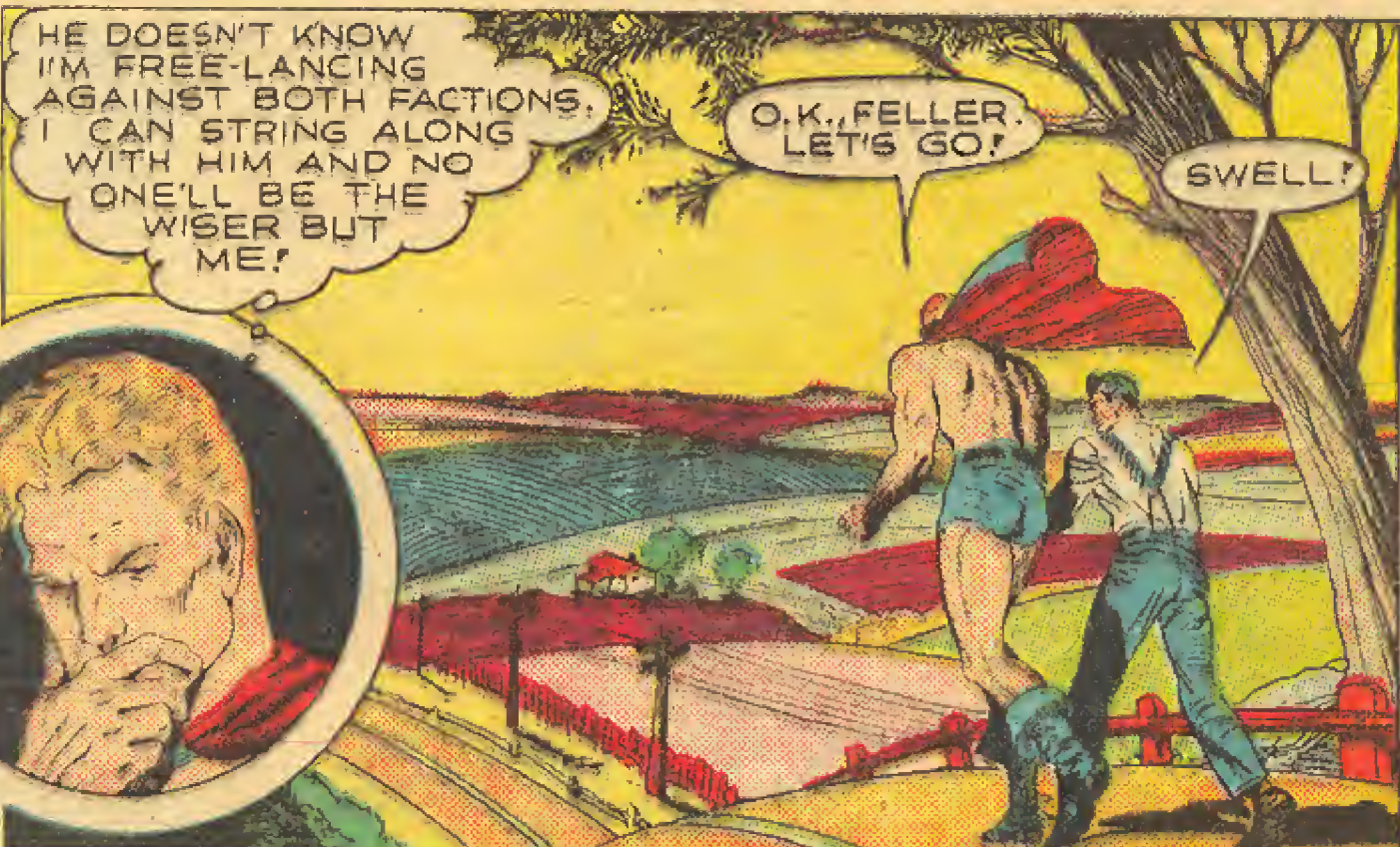


HE DOESN'T KNOW I'M FREE-LANCING AGAINST BOTH FACTIONS. I CAN STRING ALONG WITH HIM AND NO ONE'LL BE THE WISER BUT ME!



O.K., FELLER. LET'S GO!

SWELL!

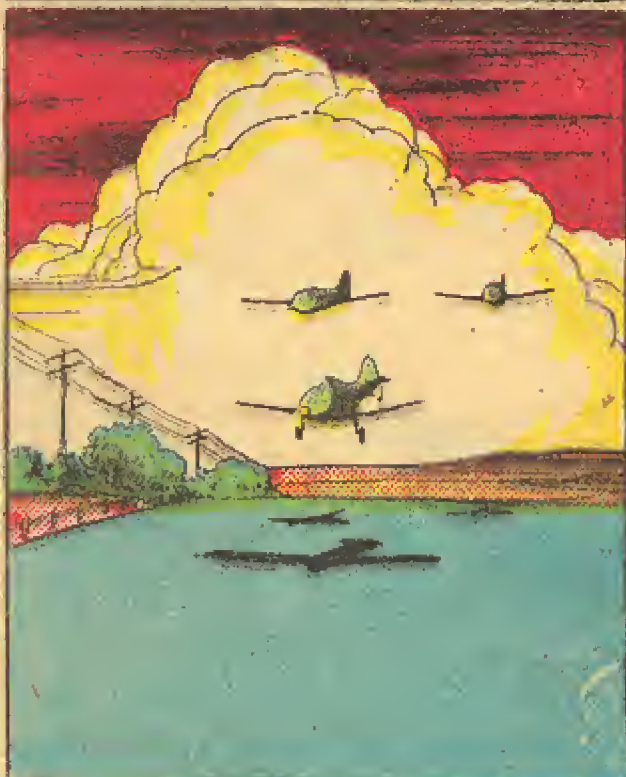


A FRIENDLY TRUCK DRIVER OFFERS THEM A LIFT.. SOON THEY ARE NEAR CUPIE'S HANGAR..

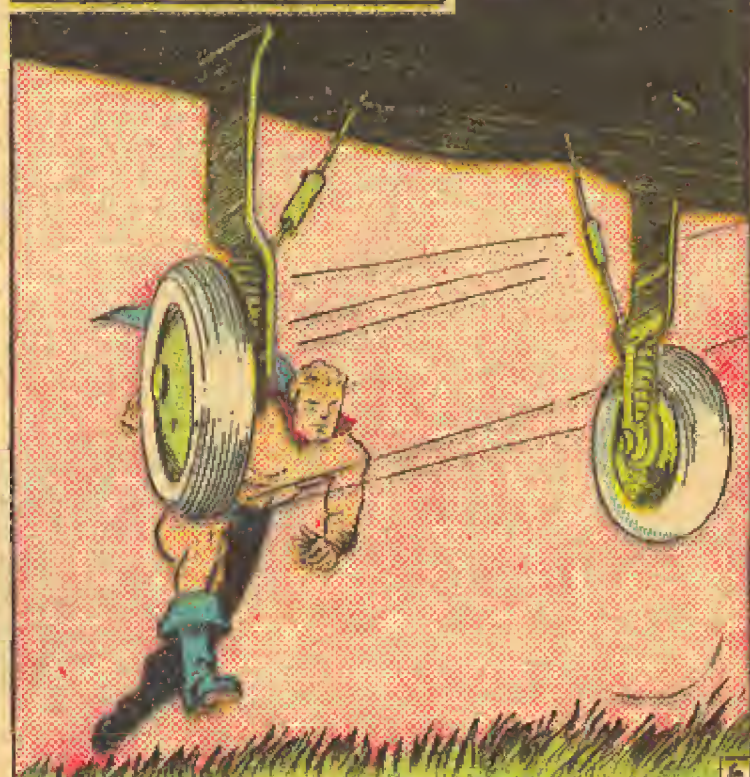


LOOK! THE BOSS'S PLANES ARE COMIN' IN NOW!

DAHL'S SHIPS CIRCLE THE FIELD.. THEY GLIDE GENTLY TO A LANDING.



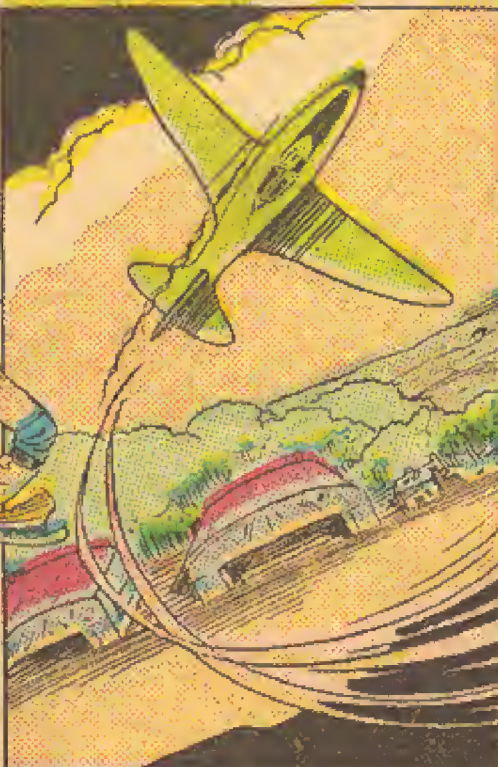
SUDDENLY HERCULES LEAPS STRAIGHT TOWARD THE LEADER'S PLANE.



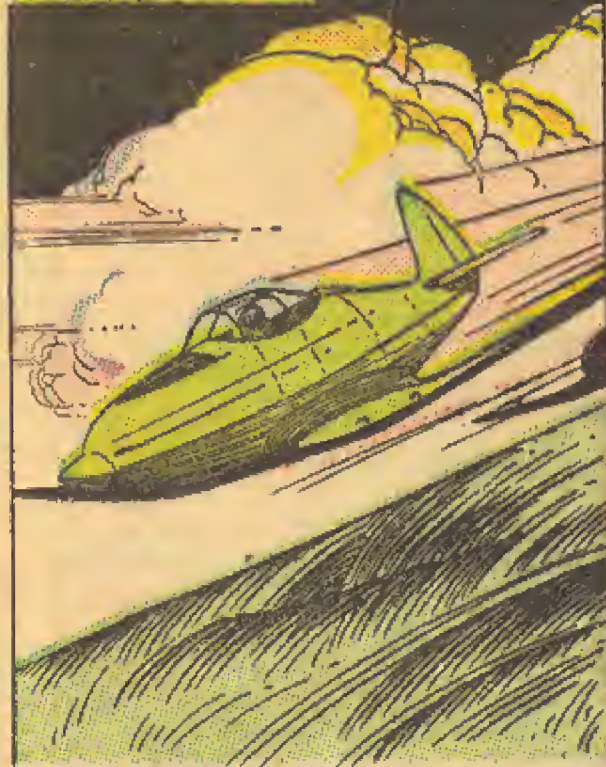
GRASPING THE UNDERCARRIAGE, HE FLIPS THE PLANE ON ITS NOSE, CATAPULTING THE PILOT FROM THE COCKPIT.



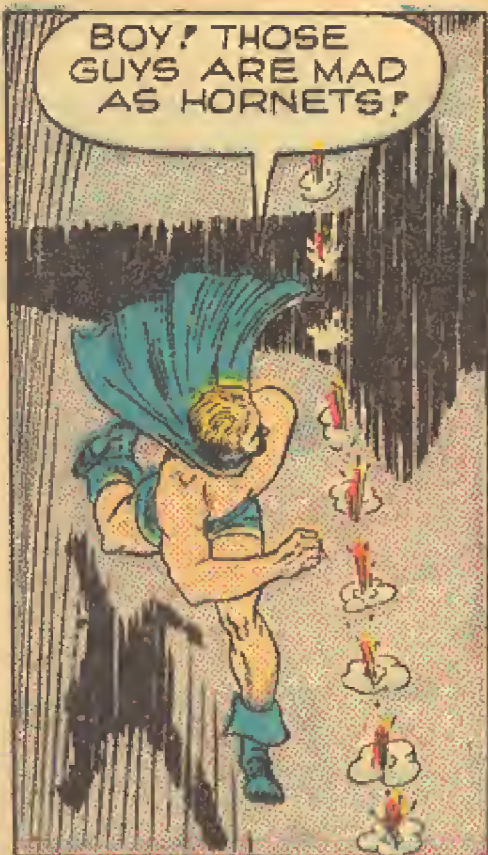
THE OTHER PLANES CLIMB SWIFTLY TO AVOID THE SAME FATE.



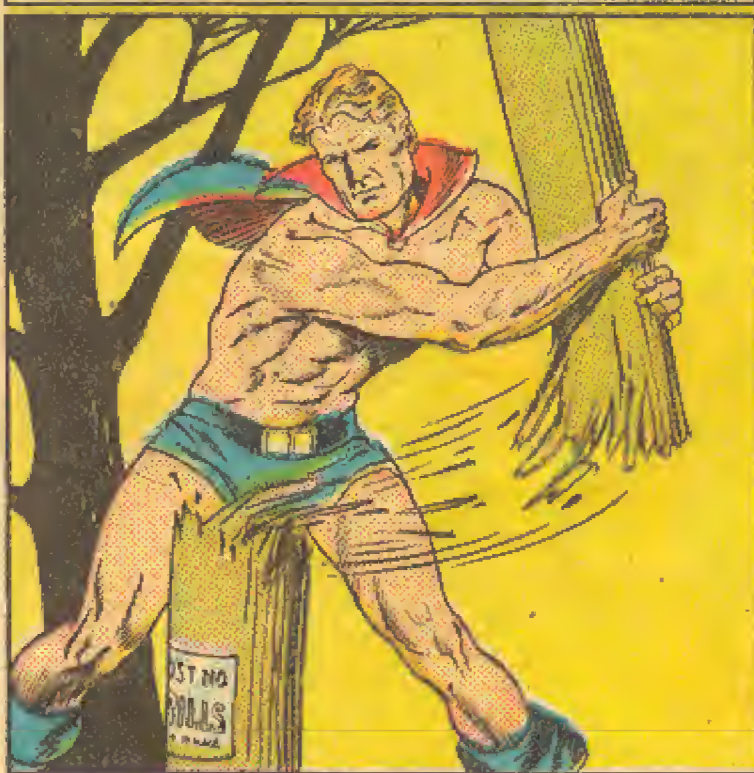
THEN WITH MACHINE GUNS BLAZING, THEY DIVE AT HERCULES.



BOY! THOSE GUYS ARE MAD AS HORNETS!



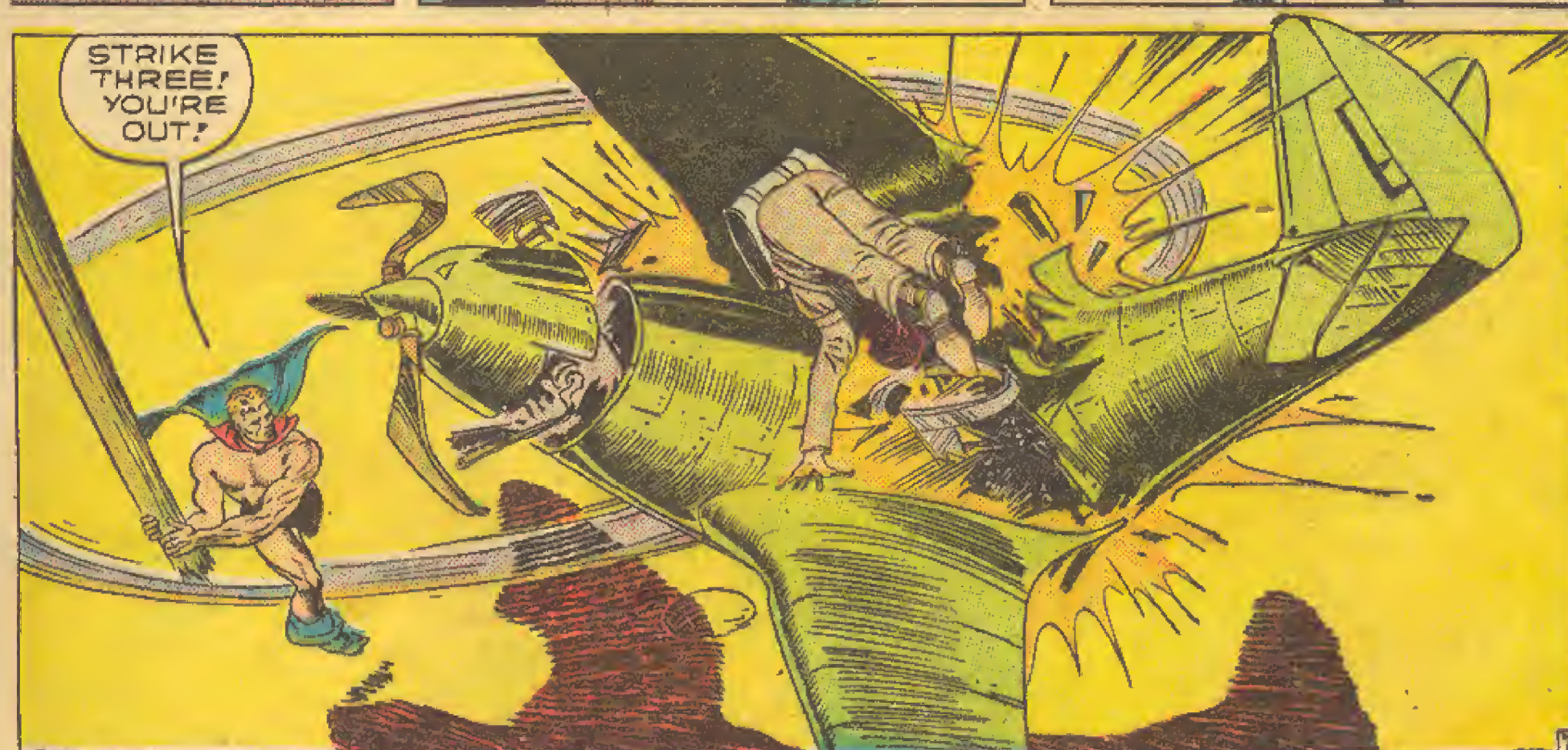
RUNNING TO A TELEGRAPH POLE, HERCULES SPLINTERS IT IN HALF.



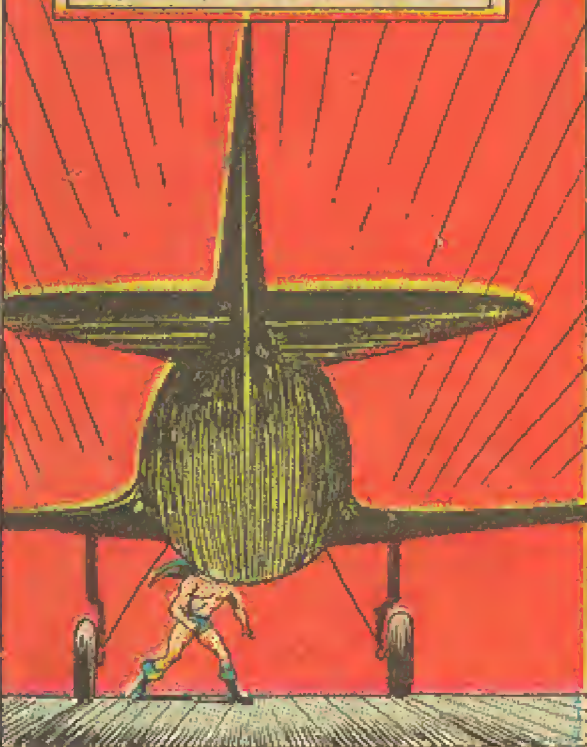
BATTER UP!



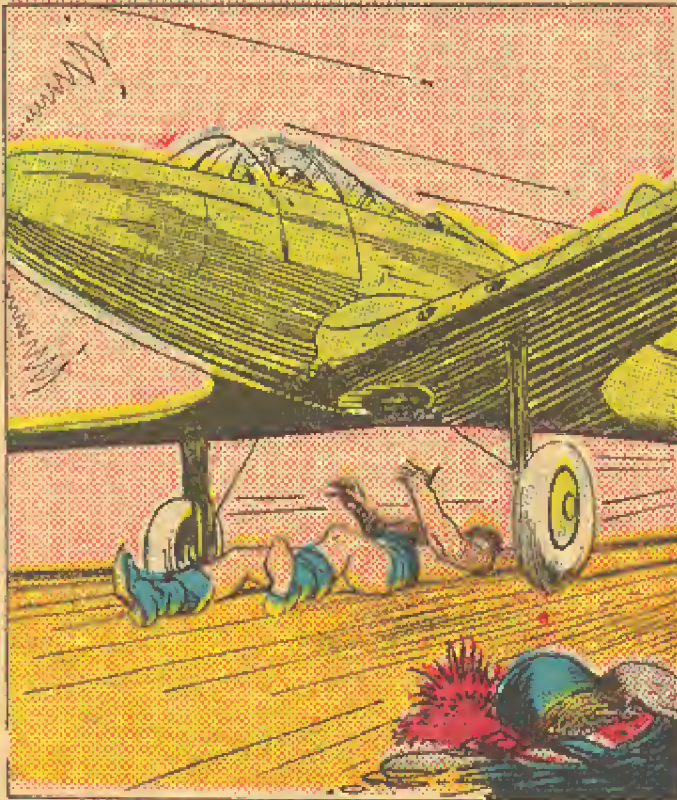
STRIKE THREE, YOU'RE OUT!



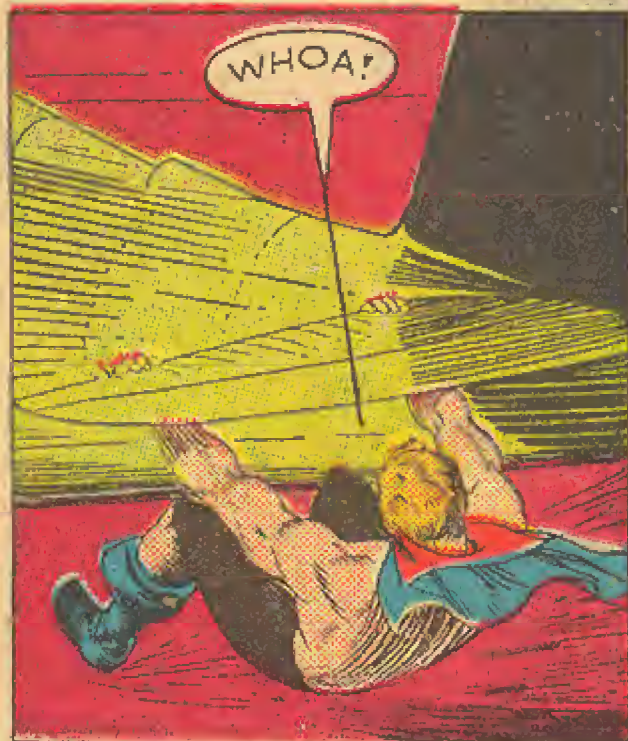
THE ONE REMAINING PLANE TAXIS ACROSS THE FIELD, ITS PILOT INTENT ON RUNNING OVER HERCULES.



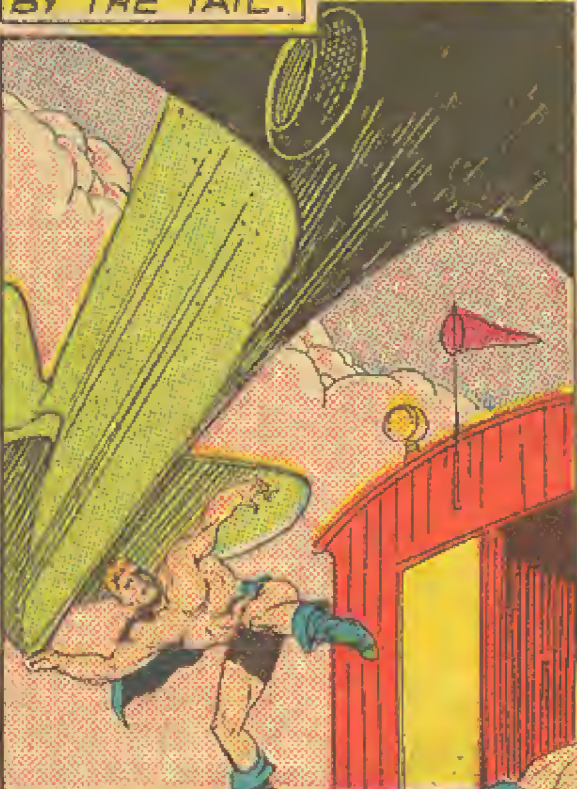
BUT THE STRONG MAN DROPS FLAT BETWEEN THE WHEELS.



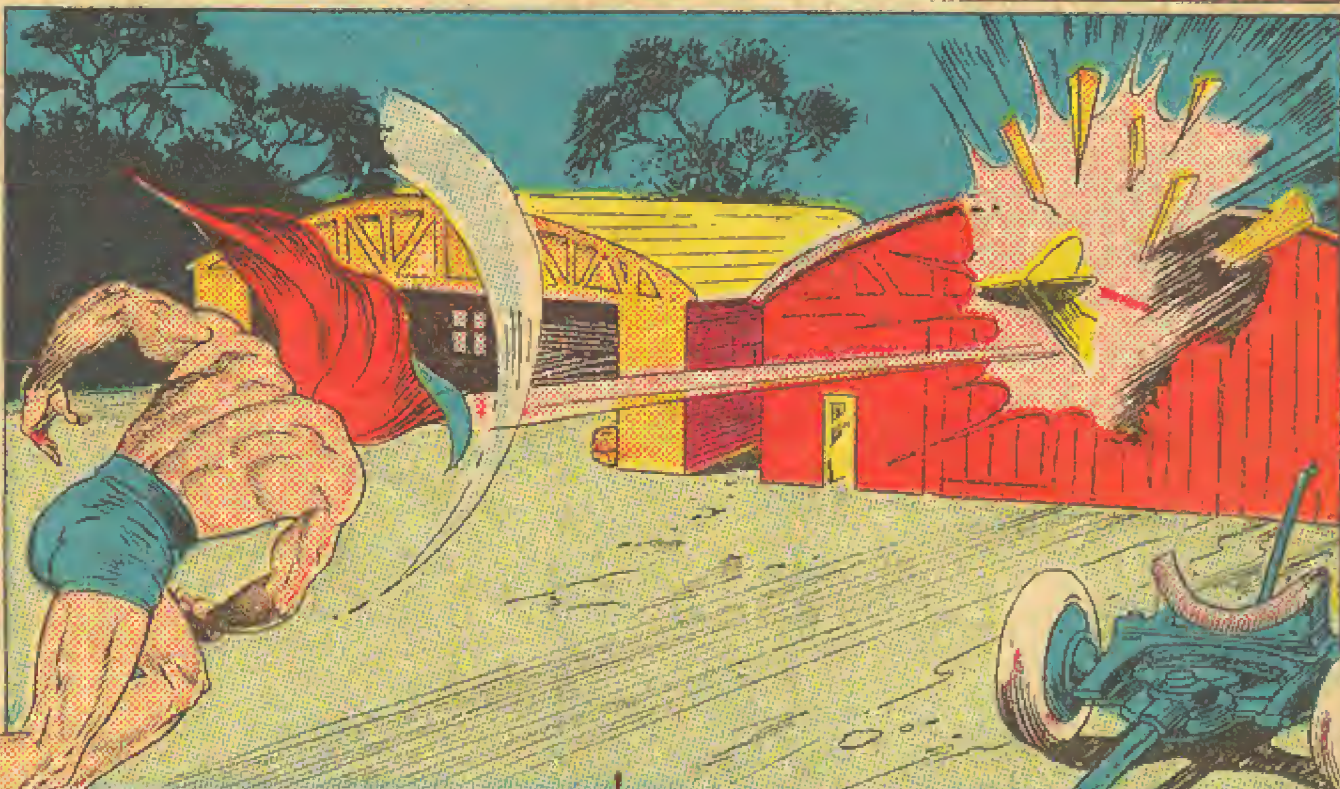
REACHING UP AND GRASPING THE LEFT REAR ELEVATOR, HERCULES APPLIES HIS OWN BRAKE METHOD.



THEN HE PICKS UP THE SHIP BY THE TAIL.



AND HURLS IT LIKE A JAVELIN INTO CUPIE DAHL'S HANGAR.

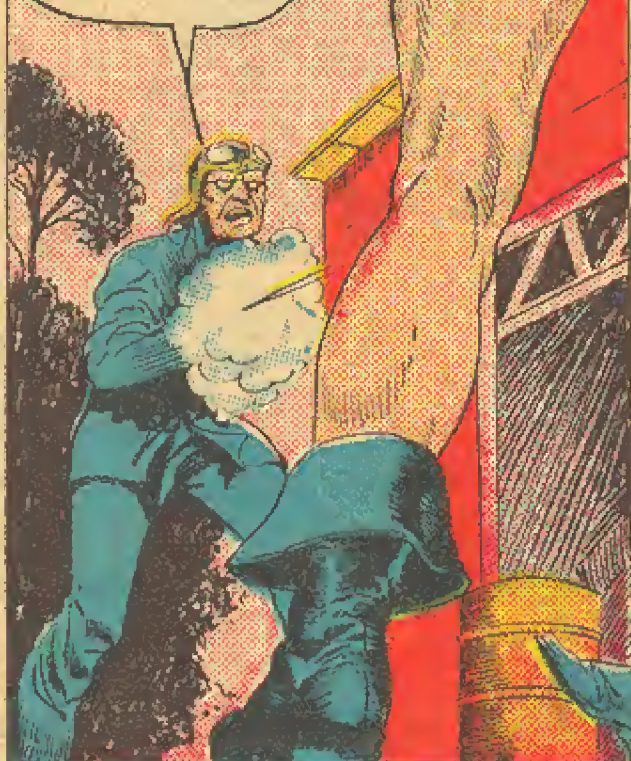


MEANWHILE, CUPIE, WHO HAD BEEN PILOTING ONE OF THE DOWNED PLANES, COMES TO...

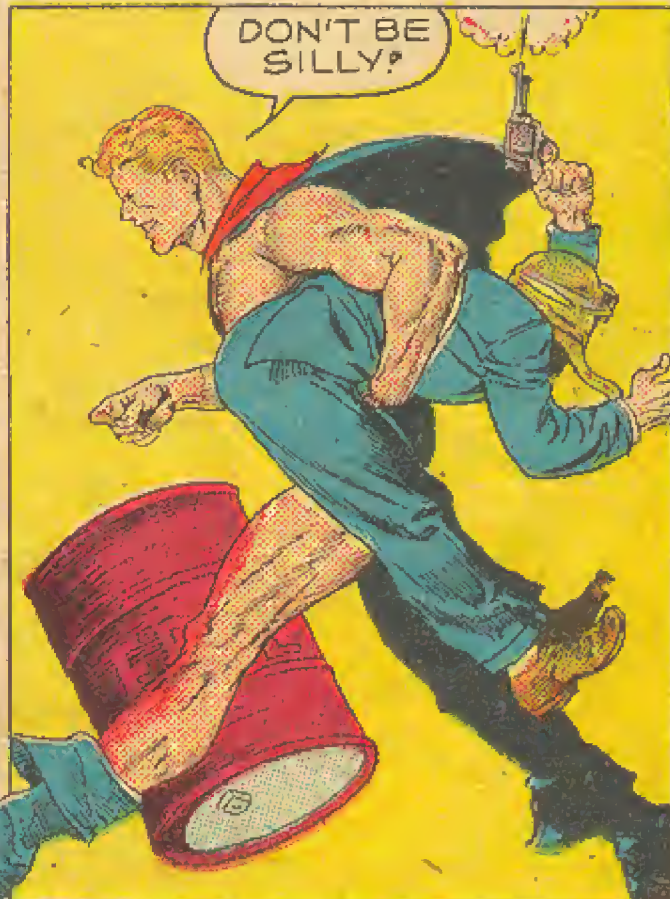
WHY.. THAT HUNK O' HAM.. THAT OVERSTUFFED HYENA.. HE WRECKED ALL ME PLANES AN' ME HANGAR TOO?



HEY, YOU? NOBODY KIN CROSS ME AN' LIVE?



DON'T BE SILLY?



JUST AS HERCULES LEAVES THE FIELD WITH CUPIE, A CAR DRIVES UP.

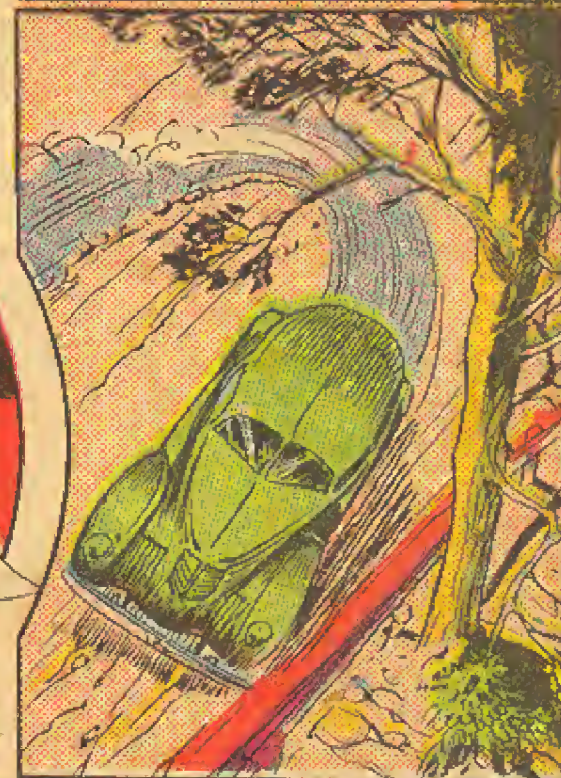
HELLO, "EARS"!



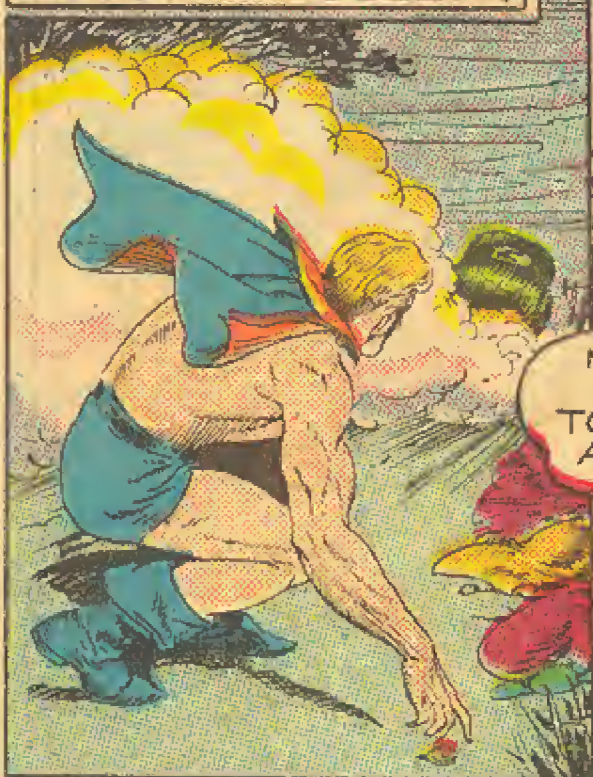
FER TH' LUVVA.. HE'S GOT CUPIE! I GOTTA GIT AWAY!



WHEELING THE CAR AROUND, EARS HEADS FOR THE HIGHWAY...



HERCULES STOOPS TO PICK UP A PEBBLE...



AND...

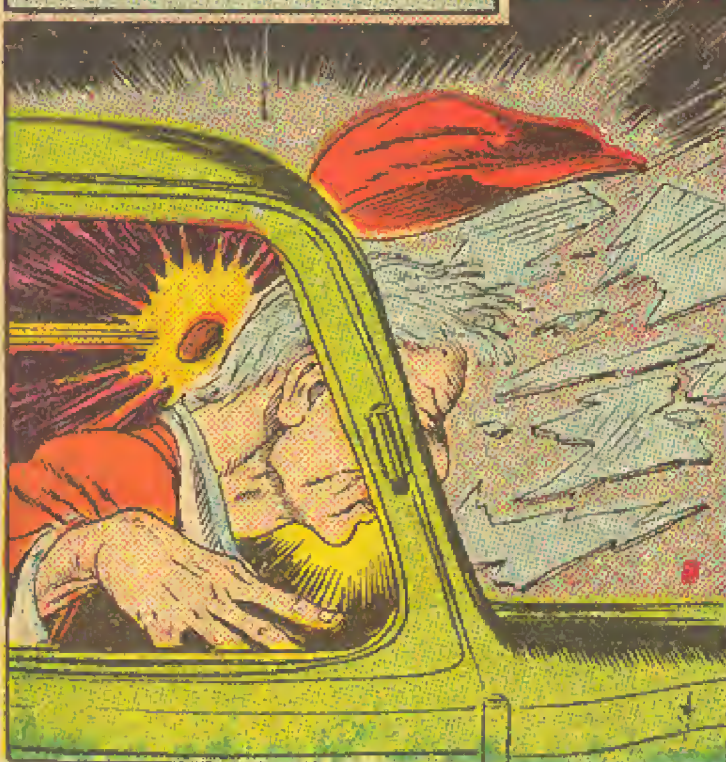
MORE'N ONE WAY TO SKIN A CAT!



GOOD THIS BUGGY'S FAST! TOO BAD ABOUT CUPIE, THOUGH.. WELL, HE HAD IT COMIN'!



SUDDENLY A HARD OBJECT TEARS THROUGH THE REAR WINDOW AND LANDS SQUARELY ON EARS' NECK.



HE LOSES CONTROL OF THE CAR.



THEN HERCULES HAULS THE TWO UNCONSCIOUS THUGS BACK TO TOWN IN THE HALF-WRECKED AUTO.

WAKE UP, YOU LOVE BIRDS.. YOU'VE A DATE WITH THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY!



HERCULES SPEEDS THROUGH ANOTHER WHIRLWIND THRILLER NEXT MONTH IN **HIT COMICS**.



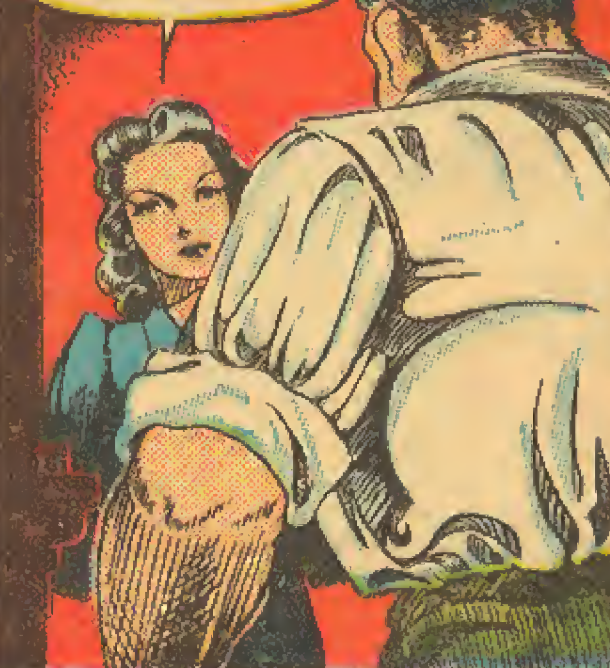
BETTY WINDOWS OPS DOWN MAIN STREET ONE DAY, WHEN SUDDENLY...



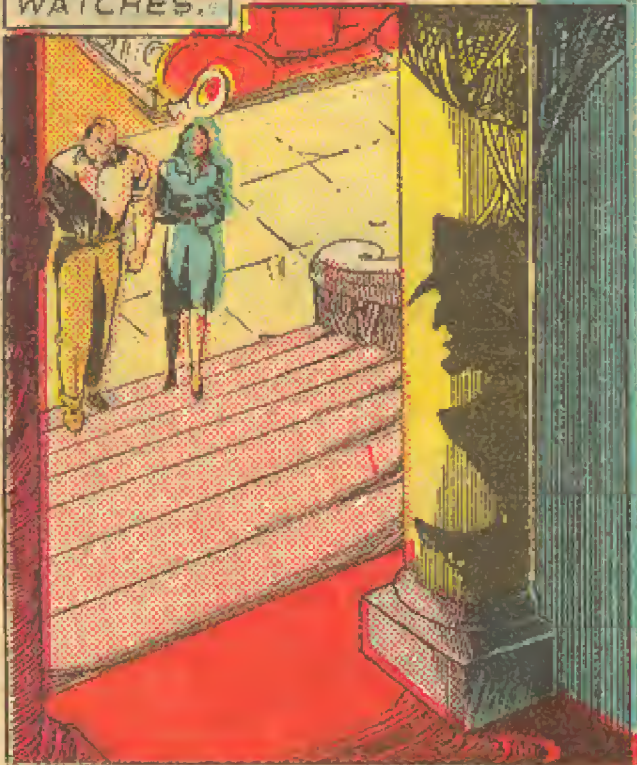
YEP, IT'S ME, BUGSY WEBB.. THE GUY YOU DEFENDED ON A FRAMED ROBBERY RAP.. WELL, NOW I KIN RETURN THE FAVOR.. I FOUND OUT THAT AL VACCO BROKE JAIL AN' IS OUT GUNNIN' FER YOU FER SENDIN' HIM TO TH' JUG!



VACCO WAS GUILTY, BUGSY. I SENT HIM TO PRISON ONCE AND IF HE'S LOOSE I'LL JAIL HIM AGAIN.. DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME!



BUT AS THEY ENTER THE PLACE WHERE BETTY HAS HER LAW OFFICE, A SINISTER SHADOW WATCHES.



SO, BUGSY.. YA BEEN TALKIN', HUH? WELL, YER CLOSIN' YER MOUTH FER KEEPS, NOW!

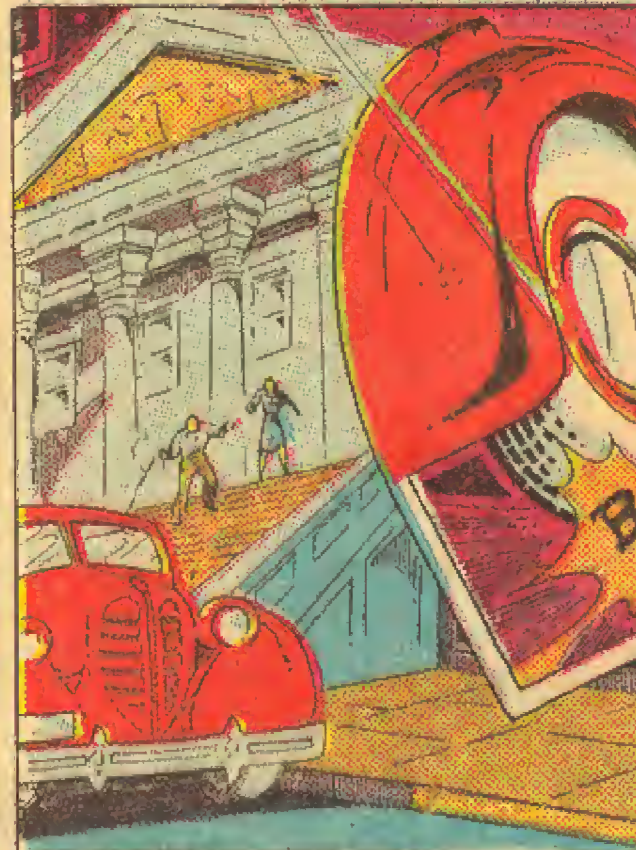
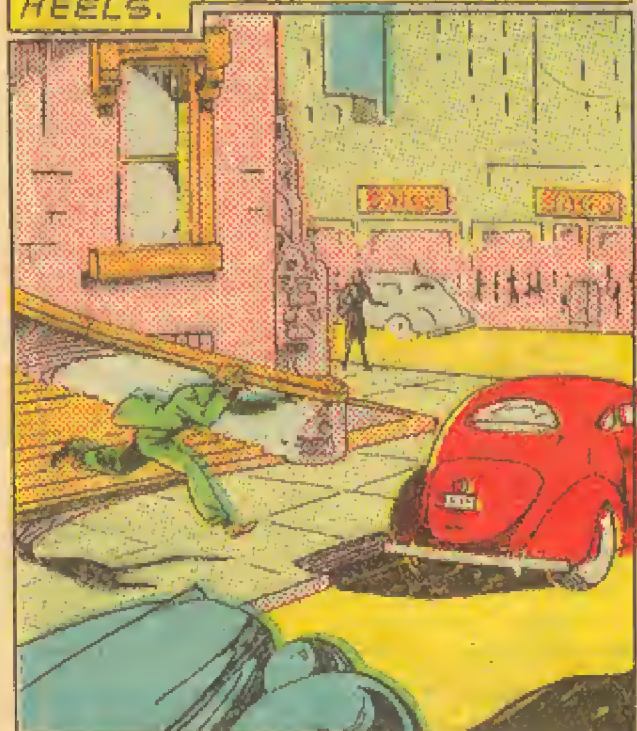


BUGSY LUNGES FURIOUSLY.

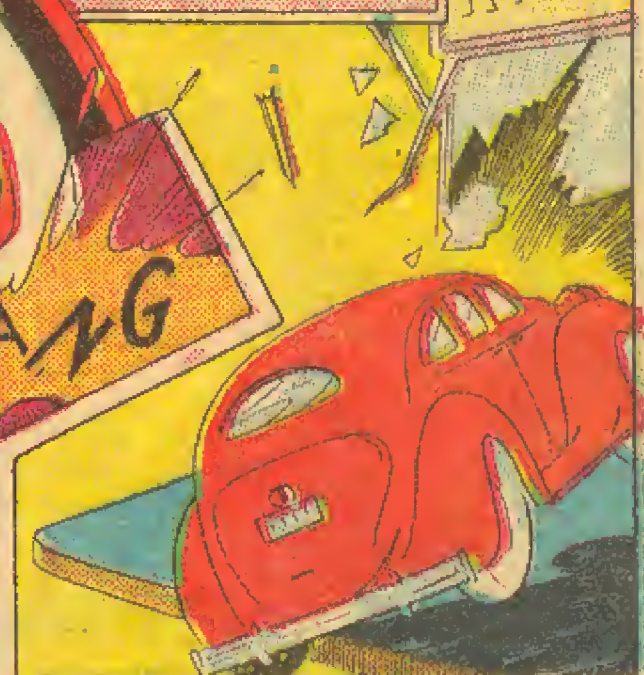
THIS IS VACCO'S STOOGES! KEEP OUTTA THE WAY, MISS BATES!



THE THUG TRIPS BUGSY AND DASHES TO A CAR.. BETTY AND BUGSY ARE CLOSE ON HIS HEELS.

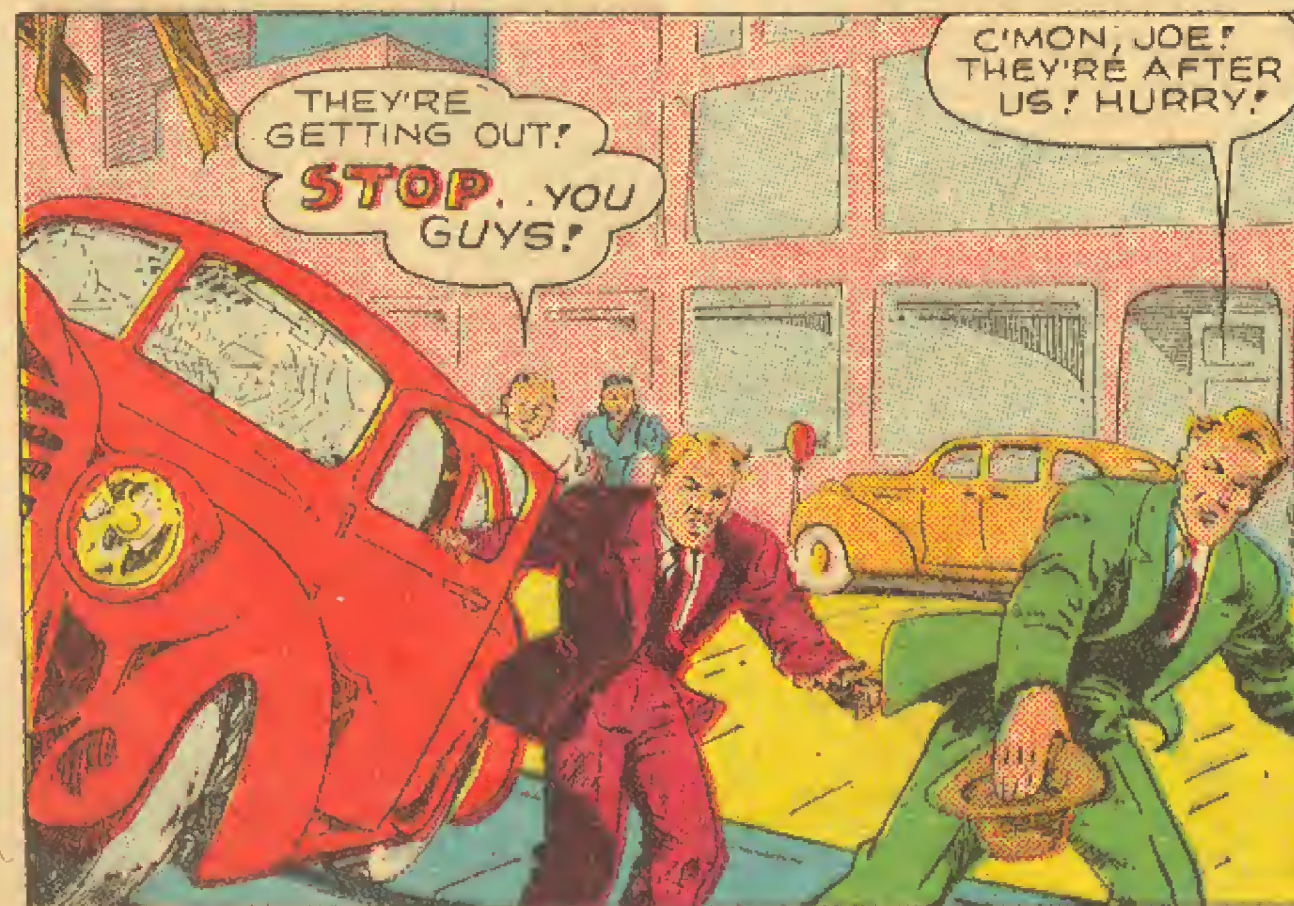


OUT OF CONTROL, THE CAR CAREENS ONTO THE SIDEWALK AND THROUGH A STORE WINDOW.



THEY'RE GETTING OUT! **STOP**... YOU GUYS!

C'MON, JOE! THEY'RE AFTER US! HURRY!

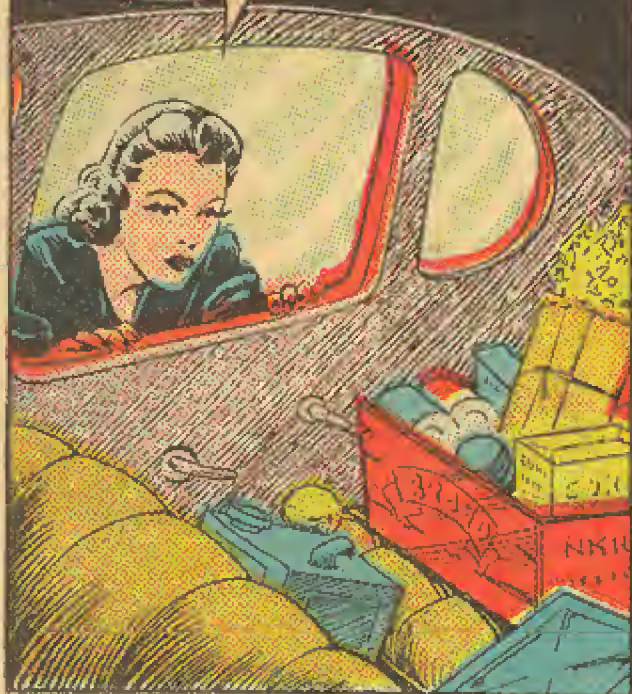


BETTY PURSUES THE FLEEING MEN, BUT THEY LOSE THEMSELVES IN THE GADING CROWD THAT GATHERS.

I'LL TAKE A LOOK IN THEIR CAR!



HMM..IT'S LOADED WITH FOOD AND OIL...THEY MUST HAVE BEEN GOING TO A HIDEOUT.



THEY HAVE KEROSENE FOR LAMPS, TOO.. THAT MEANS A COUNTRY PLACE WHERE THERE'S NO ELECTRICITY.. BUGSY, DO YOU KNOW IF VACCO HAS A COUNTRY HOME?

A REPORTER STOPS HER.

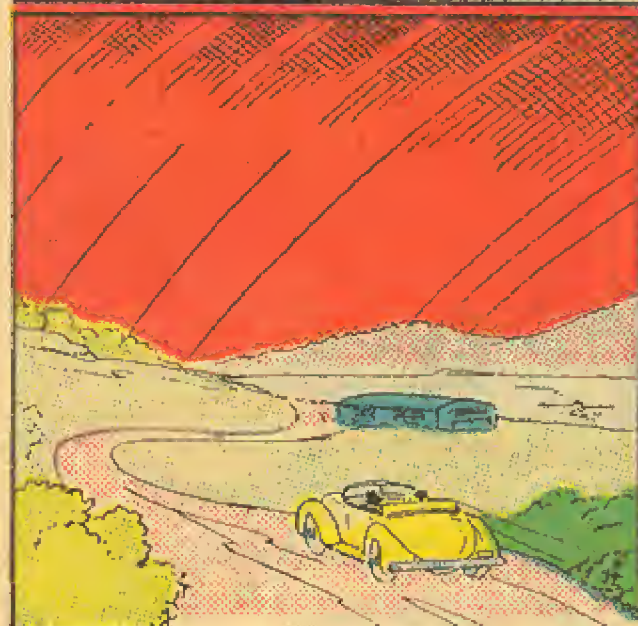
NO.. NO SCOOP THIS TIME!



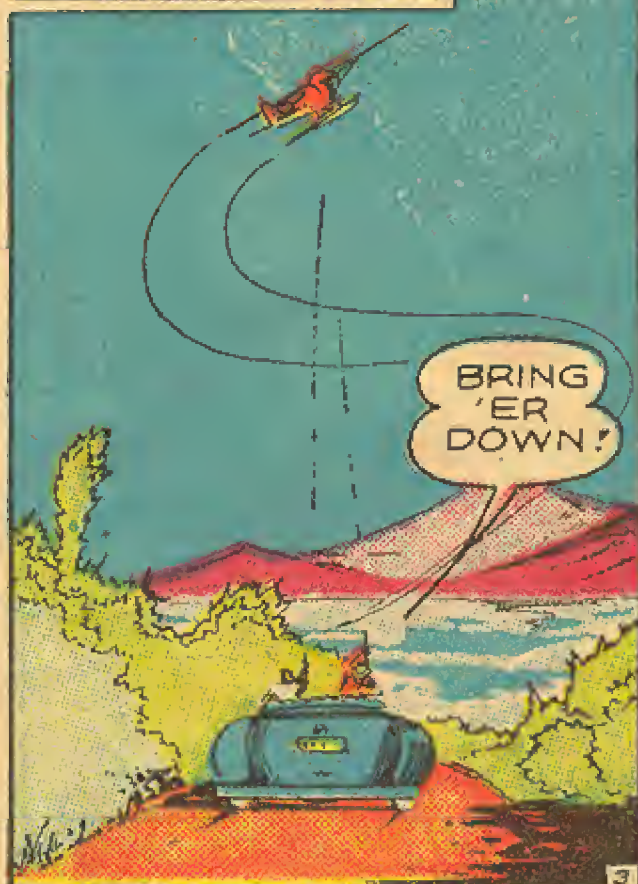
N-NO.. HE HASN'T.. BUT SAY, LISTEN! HIS FRIEND MOE WETZEL HAS A FISHIN' SHACK ON LAKE HOPATO!



IN HER CAR, BETTY AND BUGSY SPEED TOWARD THE WATERFRONT AIRDROME.



BUT AS THE PLANE TAKES OFF, TWO MEN IN A PARKED CAR OPEN FIRE.



BRING 'ER DOWN!

THEN THAT'S WHERE VACCO IS, AND THOSE TWO BOYS WERE GOING THERE TOO! I'LL BORROW A SEA-PLANE AND GO TO LAKE HOPATO!



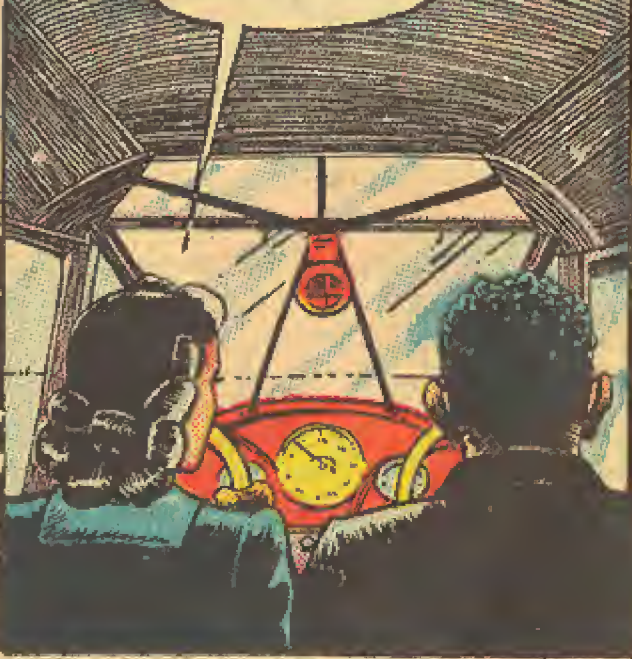
THAT'S MY FRIEND'S SEAPLANE. SHORTY, TELL JEFF I'M BORROWING IT FOR AWHILE.



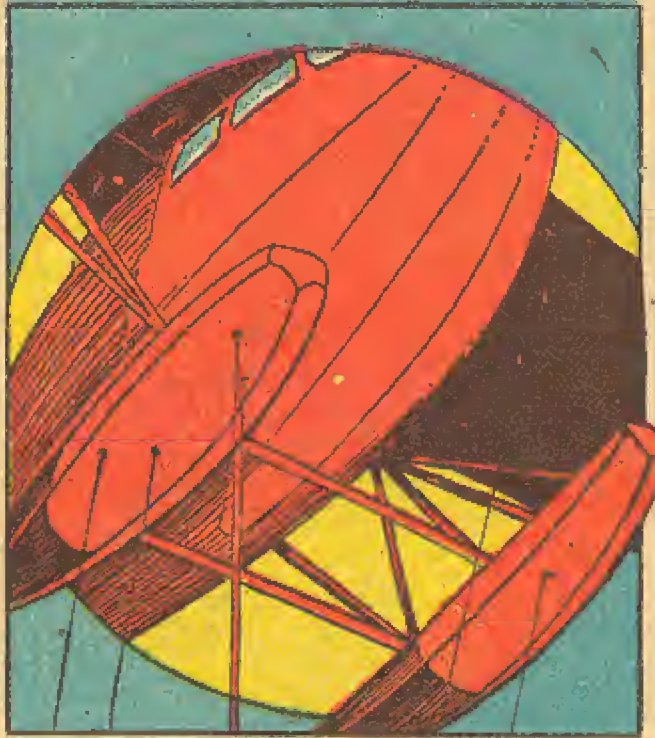
THAT'S O.K., JEFF SAYS YOU'RE WELCOME TO HER ANYTIME YOU LIKE. HER TANK'S FULL. YOU CAN TAKE HER UP RIGHT NOW!



WELL, WE'RE OFF, BUGSY.. WE JUST HEAD EAST FIFTY MILES TO THE LAKE. SAY? DO YOU HEAR A FUNNY NOISE LIKE A KNOCK IN THE MOTOR?



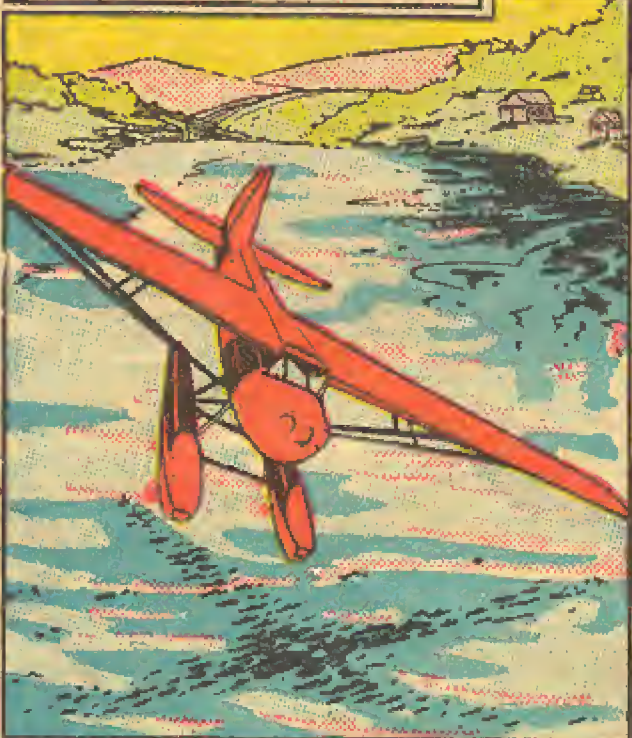
NEITHER BETTY NOR BUGSY KNOW THAT BULLETS SHOT FROM THE CAR HAVE PUNCTURED THE PONTOONS.



NAW.. I AIN'T HOID NOTHIN'.. MUST BE ME KNEES KNOCKIN'! GOLLY GEE! THIS IS ME FOIST AIRYPLANE RIDE!



A SHORT WHILE LATER BETTY MANEUVERS FOR A LANDING ON LAKE HOPATO.



SUDDENLY.

LOOK! THERE'S VACCO IN A ROWBOAT!



I'LL LAND CLOSE BY AND CAPSIZE THEM.



THE PONTOONS SMACK THE WATER, THROWING A HIGH WAVE AGAINST THE ROWBOAT.



HEY! I C-CAN'T SWIM!

BUGSY CRAWLS OUT OF THE COCKPIT TO A LEAKY PONTOON.

I OUGHTA LET YOU RATS SINK!



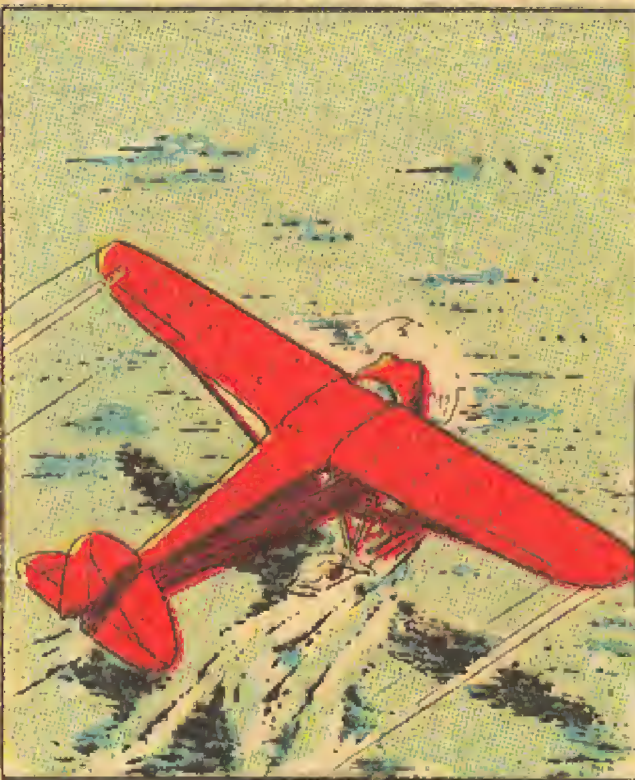
BUT OUT O' THE KINDNESS O' ME HEART, I WON'T. C'MON, YA LUG, GIMME YER HAND!



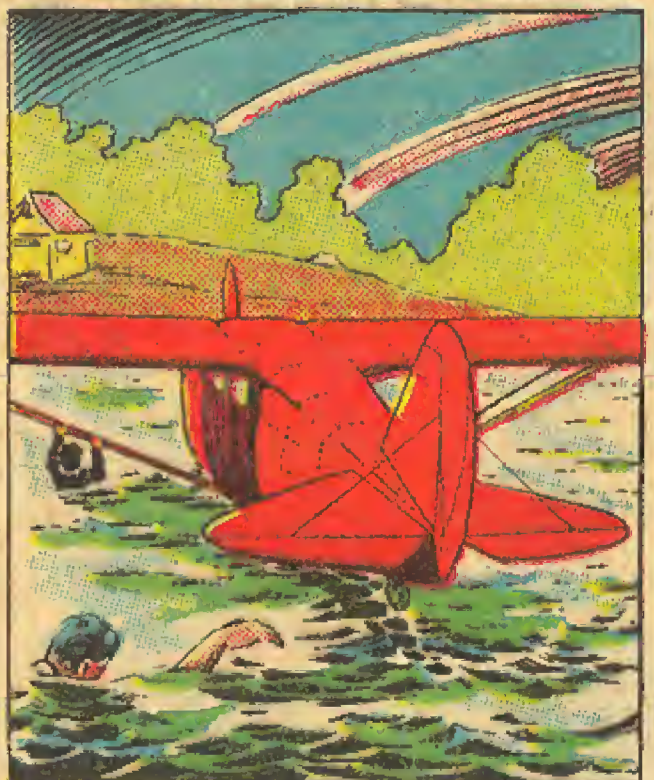
GLUG. GLUG.



THE GUNMEN CLING TO THE FLOATS AS BETTY TAXIS THE PLANE ACROSS THE LAKE..



BUT THE LEAKING PONTOONS DRAG THE PLANE DEEPER... BETTY HAS TO CUT THE MOTOR.



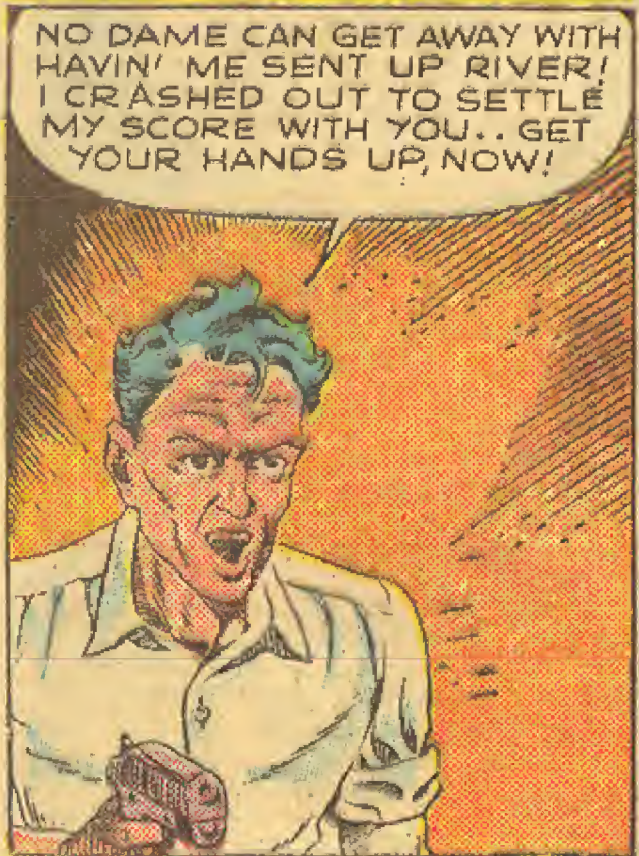
BUGSY TURNS TO SPOT THE TWO MEN ESCAPING TO SHORE.



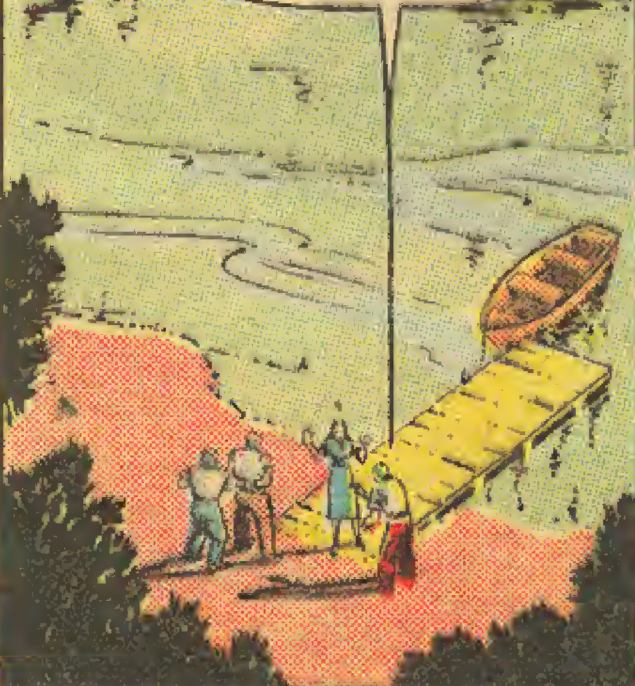
BUT AS BETTY AND BUGSY WADE OUT, THE THUGS MEET THEM WITH THREATENING AUTOMATICS.



AL VACCO SNARLS AT BETTY..



TIE UP BOTH OF 'EM.. THEN LASH FLAT ROCKS TO THEIR LEGS SO THEY'LL SINK WHEN WE TOSS THEM OVERBOARD!



PAYING NO HEED TO THEIR GUNS, BETTY TAKES A DARING CHANCE. . . .



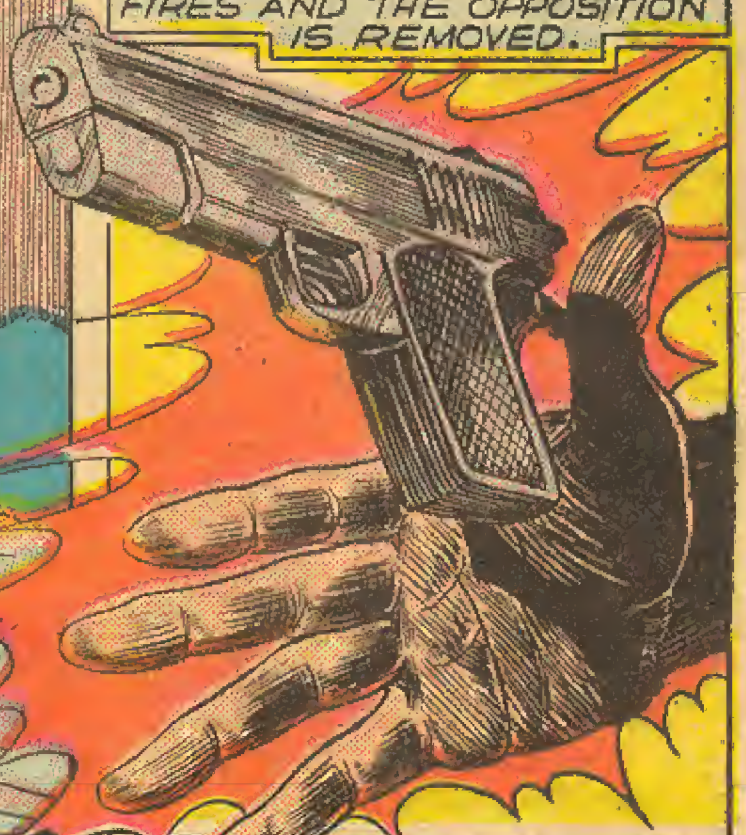
IN HIS SURPRISE AT BETTY'S BLOW, VACCO DROPS HIS GUN. BUGSY SCOOPS IT UP.



NOW I'LL DO THE TALKIN'! HANDS UP, YOU JAIL-BIRDS!



ONE THUG OBJECTS. BUGSY FIRES AND THE OPPOSITION IS REMOVED.



NOW YA KIN FIGHT CLEAN FER A CHANGE... WITH YOUR FISTS!



IN THE MEANTIME A SPEEDING SEDAN ROARS UP THE DUSTY ROAD.



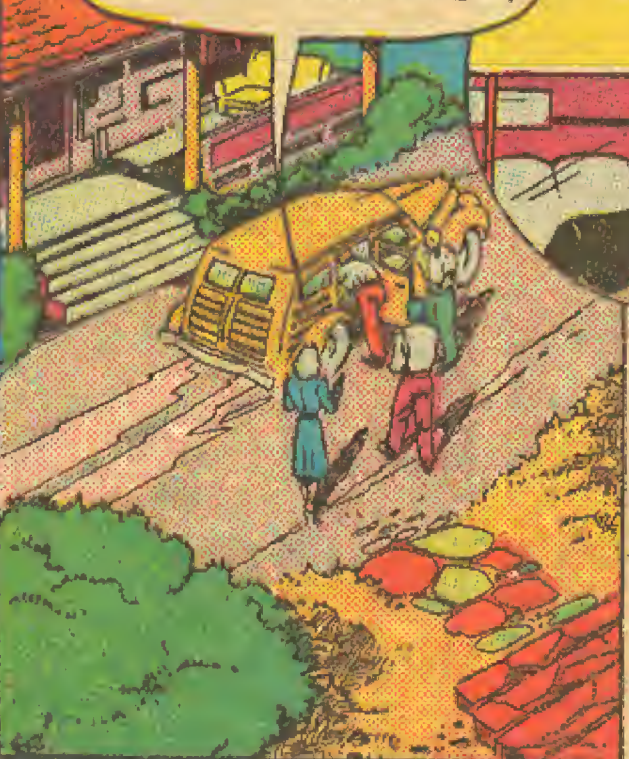
WE GOTTA SEE VACCO AN' TELL HIM THAT THE BATES DAME KNOWS HE'S LOOSE!

THE MEN ARE THE SAME TWO WHO ATTACKED BETTY AND BUGSY IN TOWN.



HEY! TH' DAME'S HERE NOW! SHE'S SHOVIN' THE BOSS AROUND!

I'VE A GUN, VACCO! YOU'RE ALL GOING BACK TO JAIL AND NO FUNNY BUSINESS!



I'LL RUN HER DOWN!

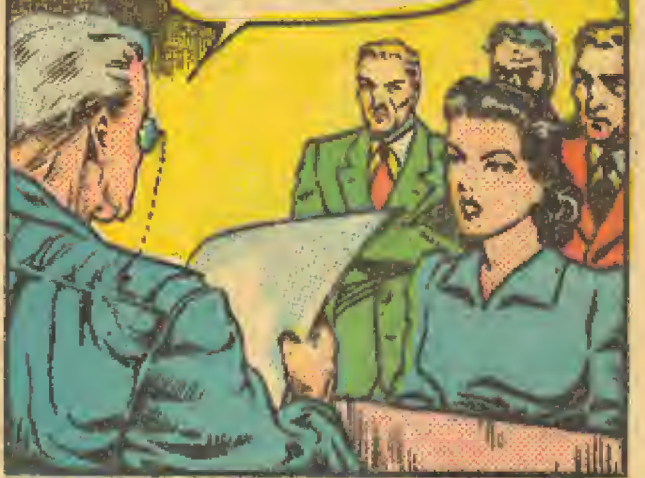
BUT BETTY SEES THE CAR COMING.



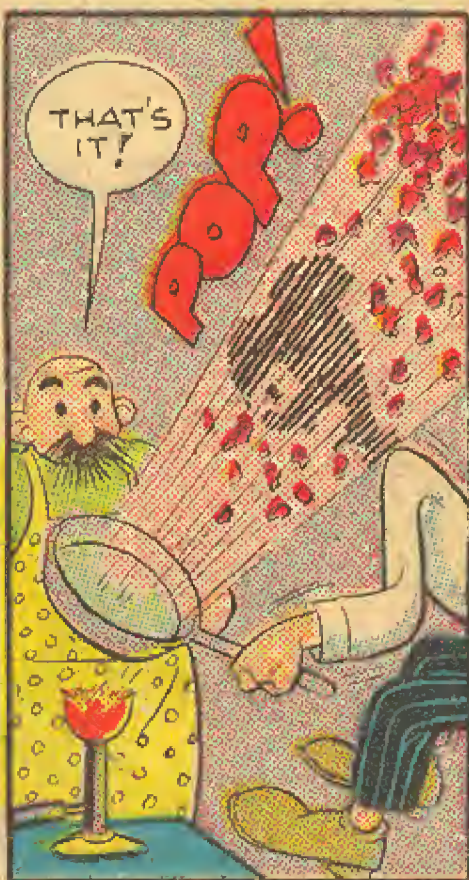
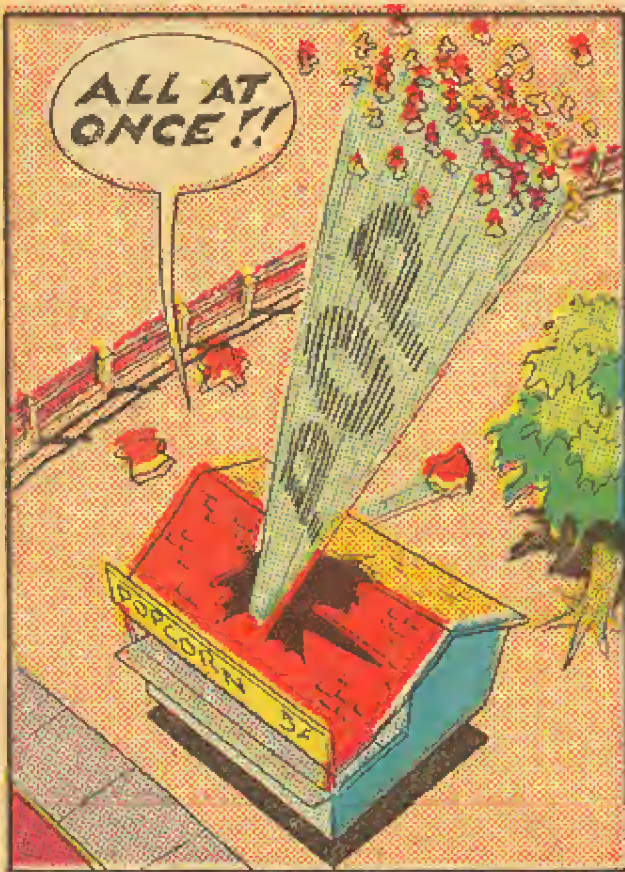
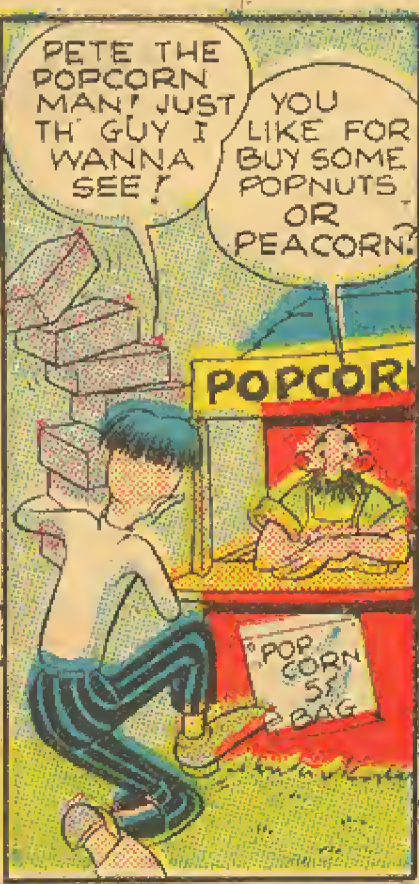
W-WE'RE C-CRASHIN'!

LATER... IN CITY COURT.

THE COURT COMMENDS YOU, MISS BATES, FOR YOUR PART IN BRINGING THESE CONVICTS TO JUSTICE!



THE LADY AT LAW FINDS NEW THRILLING ADVENTURE NEXT MONTH IN **HIT COMICS.**



The

STRANGE TWINS

BY S.M. REGI

RODNEY AND DOUGLAS STRANGE, IDENTICAL TWINS, WERE SEPARATED IN INFANCY WHEN ROD WAS KIDNAPPED BY WING LOW, A CHINESE PIRATE. ROD GREW UP TO LEAD A LONDON GANG WHILE DOUG BECAME A SCOTLAND YARD INSPECTOR, BUT EVENTS HAVE REUNITED THEM... NOW WITH WING LOW THEY FIGHT CRIME.

ON THE WARM SANDS OF CALIFORNIA SHORES, ROD AND DOUGLAS STRANGE SUN THEMSELVES AND READ THE NEWS PAPERS.

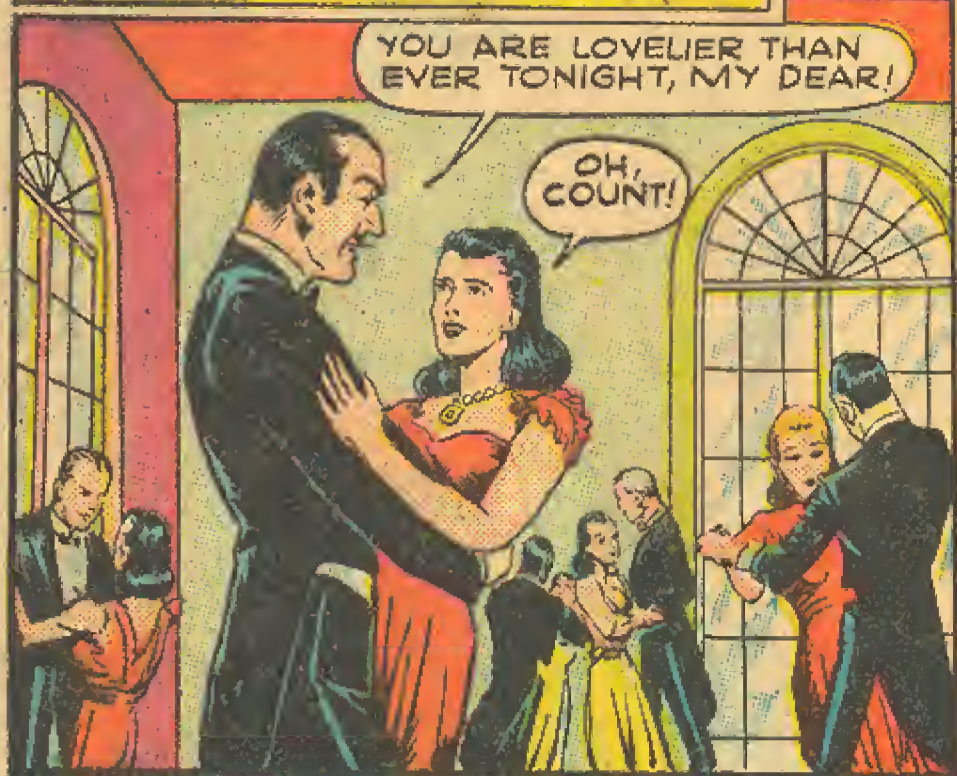
LITTLE FISHES! LOOK WHO'S IN THE SOCIETY COLUMN? MY OLD FRIEND, COUNT DE FRAUD?

HE'S IN SUN VALLEY GETTING HIS PICTURE TAKEN WITH LYDIA VAN DEER. HE DOUBLE CROSSED ME ONCE, BACK IN THE DAYS WHEN I WASN'T ON YOUR SIDE OF THE LAW.

ROD THINKS IT WOULD BE FUN TO PUT A SCARE INTO THE PHONY COUNT, SO THE TWINS SWITCH THEIR PLAY-GROUNDS TO SNOW-COVERED SUN VALLEY. OLD WING LOW GOES ALONG, BUT DOESN'T LIKE IT.



THAT EVENING, A DANCE IS HELD AT THE HOTEL... LYDIA AND THE COUNT ARE SEEN IN CONSTANT COMPANY.



SUDDENLY THE ENTIRE DANCE FLOOR IS PLUNGED IN DARKNESS.



WHEN THE LIGHTS GO ON...



THE COUNT TURNS AND RUNS FROM THE ROOM.



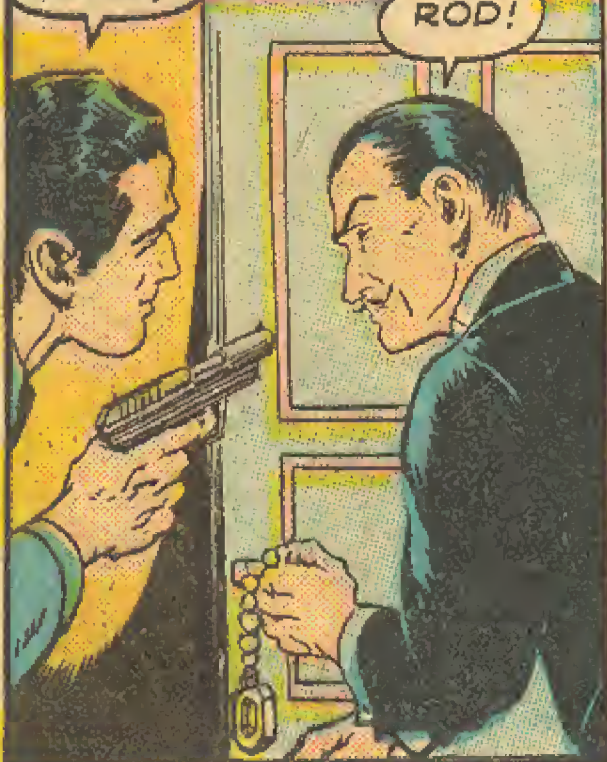
BUT AS THE OTHERS CHASE AFTER HIM, DE FRAUD DUCKS BEHIND A DOOR AND WAITS FOR THEM TO PASS HIM.



UNOBSERVED, HE SLIPS QUIETLY UP TO HIS ROOM.



HELLO, COUNT! HOW ABOUT CUTTING ME IN ON THE SWAG?



SWIFT AS A STRIKING COBRA, THE COUNT SWINGS THE HEAVY NECKLACE...



DAZED, ROD IS EASY PREY TO THE VICIOUS BLOWS THAT FOLLOW...





WHEW! NASTY INCIDENT, THAT.. I'D BETTER MAKE MY APPEARANCE WITH LYDIA AGAIN.



THE COUNT RECEIVES A BAD SHOCK WHEN HE SEES DOUGLAS STRANGE IN THE BALL ROOM.

ANY LUCK, COUNT?

ER.. NO.. THE FELLOW ELUDED ME! AFRAID HE GOT AWAY!



LATER, HE WHISPERS TO THE TWIN..

DARN CLEVER, HOUDINI, GETTING OUT OF MY LOCKED CLOSET LIKE THAT.. BUT YOU CAN'T PROVE ANYTHING ON ME NOW!

HM?

COUNT DE FRAUD RETURNS TO HIS ROOM AND HURRIEDLY PACKS A BAG.



THIS PLACE IS GETTING TOO HOT FOR YOU, MY LAD..

THE CROOK'S ACTIONS ARE BEING OBSERVED BY ROD, WHO HAS REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS.



WHILE DOWNSTAIRS..

WING, I THINK YOU'LL FIND MY BROTHER IN DE FRAUD'S CLOSET..

I GO..



HIS FAITHFUL SERVANT RELEASES ROD.



HURRY, TELL DOUG TO GET HIS SKI DUDDS!

THE TWINS ARE SOON ON THEIR SKIS.



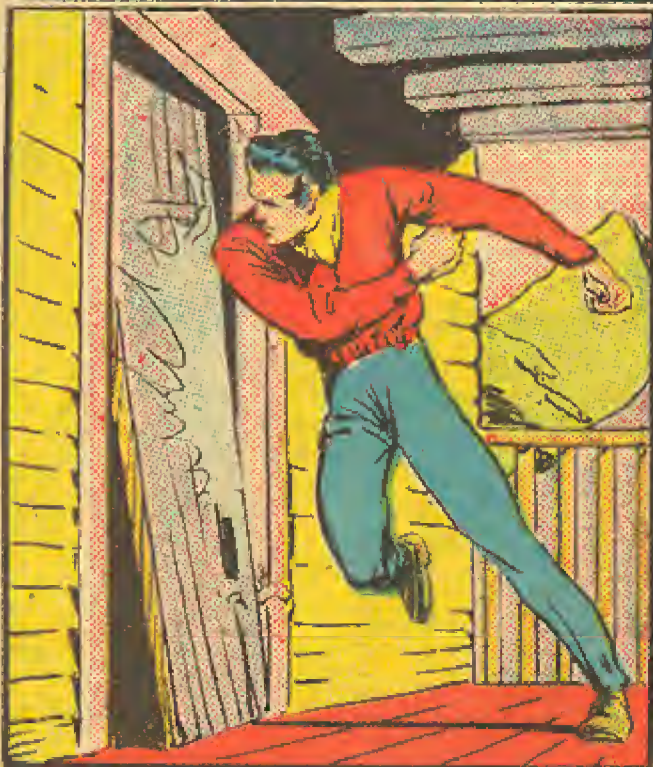
HE MUST HAVE GONE THIS WAY.. ACROSS THE LAKE.



HE'S AFTER ME? GREAT SCOTT! THERE ARE TWO OF THEM!



MEANWHILE DOUG HAS RUN OUT OF AMMUNITION. HE STEALS AROUND BEHIND THE LODGE.



DARN THIS SNOW! I CAN'T SEE HIM OUT THERE!



LOOK AROUND, PAL! YOU'LL GET AN EYEFUL!



THE COUNT STRUGGLES FREE OF DOUG'S GRASP AND WHIPS OUT A LONG BLADED KNIFE.

YOU CAN ESCAPE MY BULLETS BUT NOT THIS!



AS THE DAGGER FLASHES THREATENINGLY.

OUCH! NOW I REMEMBER. THE COUNT WAS A WIZARD WITH THE KNIFE!



SPINNING DE FRAUD AROUND, ROD DELIVERS A PUNISHING BLOW.

COUNT TEN, COUNT?



IN DISGRACE, THE COUNT IS LED BACK TO THE HOTEL.

THERE HE IS, MISS, A GENUINE PHONY COUNT. WE FOUND YOUR NECKLACE IN HIS BAG.

HOW DISGUSTING.



LATER OH, DOUGLAS, IT'S THRILLING TO DANCE WITH A REAL ADVENTURER LIKE YOU.



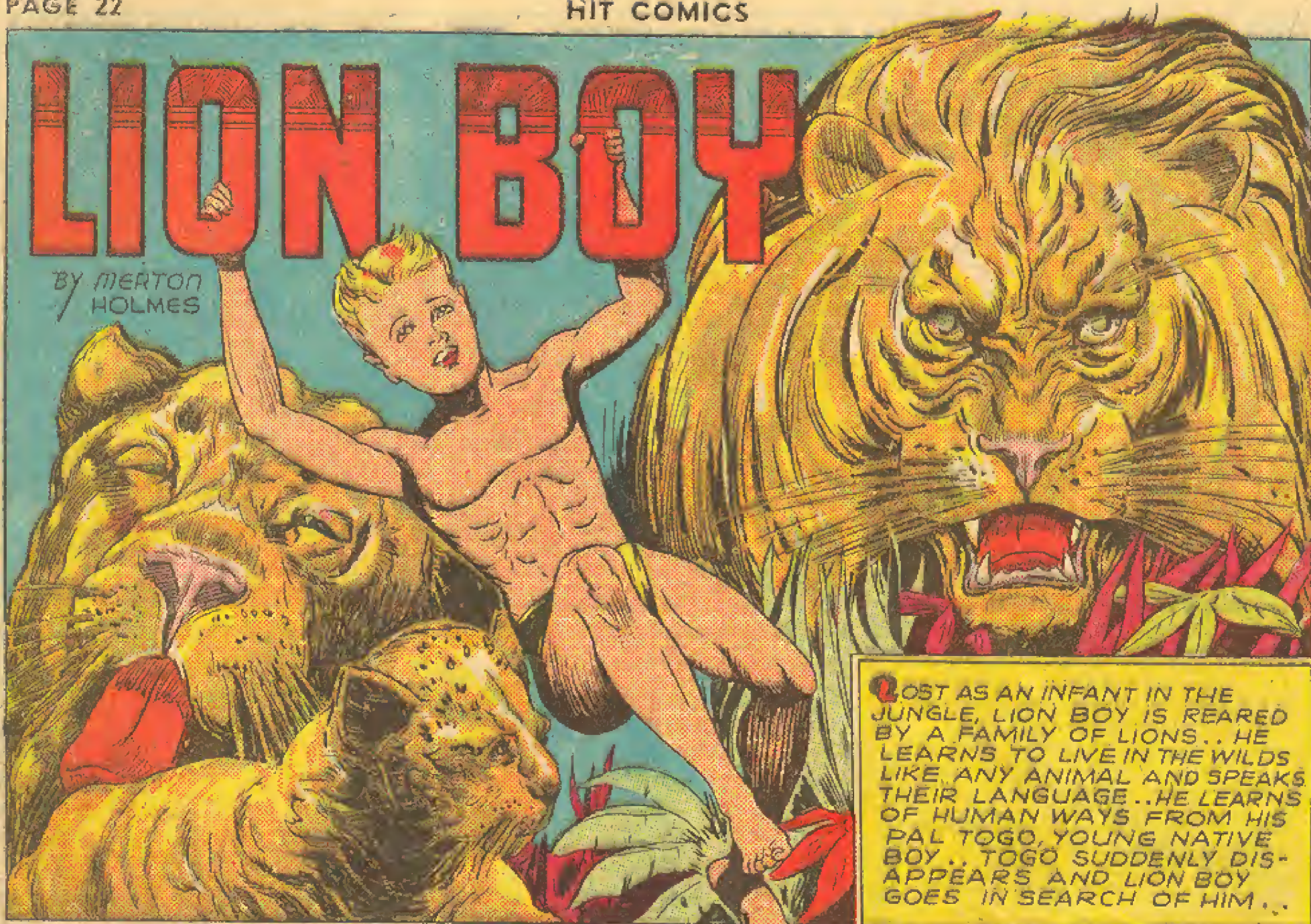
OH, ROD, IT'S THRILLING TO DANCE WITH A REAL ADVENTURER LIKE YOU.



DOUBLE TROUBLE STALKS THE STRANGE TWINS IN NEXT MONTH'S **HIT COMICS**.

LION BOY

BY MERTON HOLMES



LOST AS AN INFANT IN THE JUNGLE, LION BOY IS REARED BY A FAMILY OF LIONS.. HE LEARNS TO LIVE IN THE WILDS LIKE ANY ANIMAL AND SPEAKS THEIR LANGUAGE.. HE LEARNS OF HUMAN WAYS FROM HIS PAL TOGO, YOUNG NATIVE BOY.. TOGO SUDDENLY DISAPPEARS AND LION BOY GOES IN SEARCH OF HIM..



TOGO MUST HAVE COME THIS WAY! ONLY HIS FOOTPRINTS ARE SO SMALL!

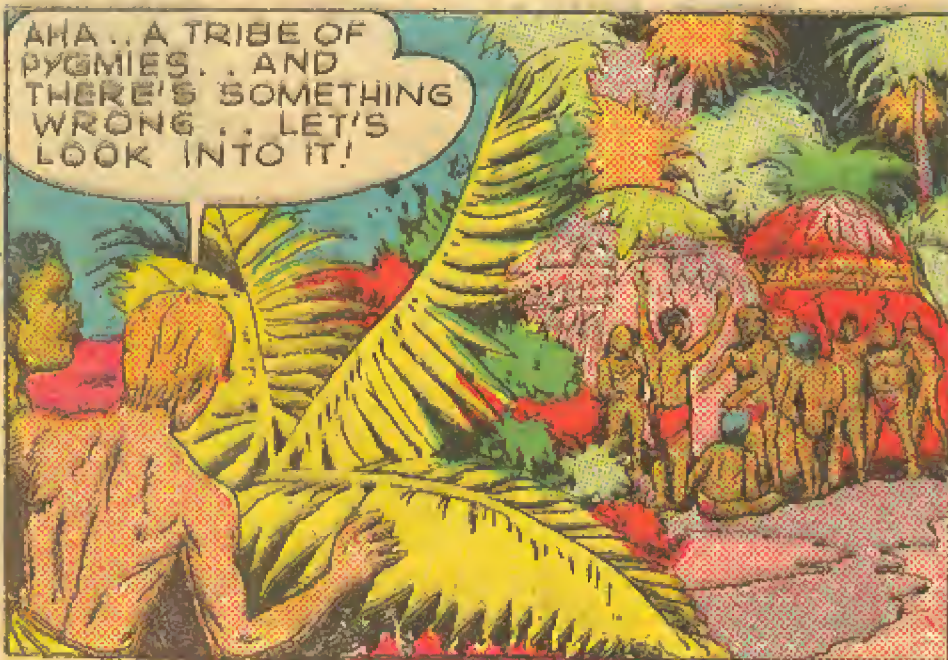


HA HA! I'VE BEEN UP HERE ALL THE TIME FOLLOWING YOU!

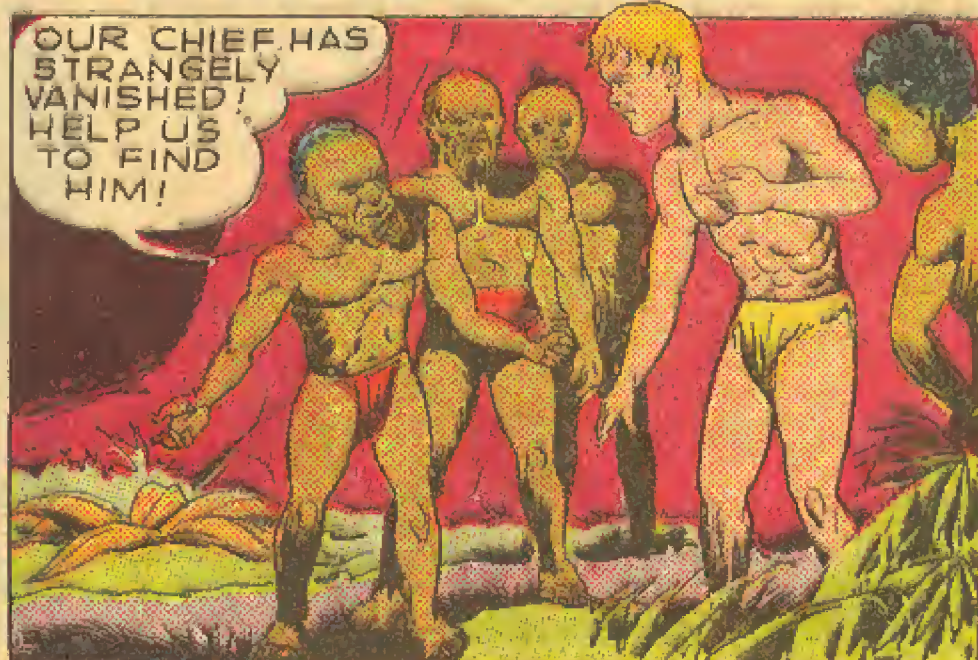


IF YOU'VE BEEN UP THERE, WHOSE FOOTPRINTS ARE THESE?

LET'S FOLLOW THEM AND FIND OUT!



AHA.. A TRIBE OF PYGMIES.. AND THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG.. LET'S LOOK INTO IT!



OUR CHIEF HAS STRANGELY VANISHED! HELP US TO FIND HIM!

LION BOY STARTS ON HIS HUNT FOR THE PYGMY CHIEF.

LOOK THROUGH THE VELD, SAMBAR! SEE IF YOU CAN FIND HIM!



IF YOU HAVE NOT SEEN HIM, WHO HAS?



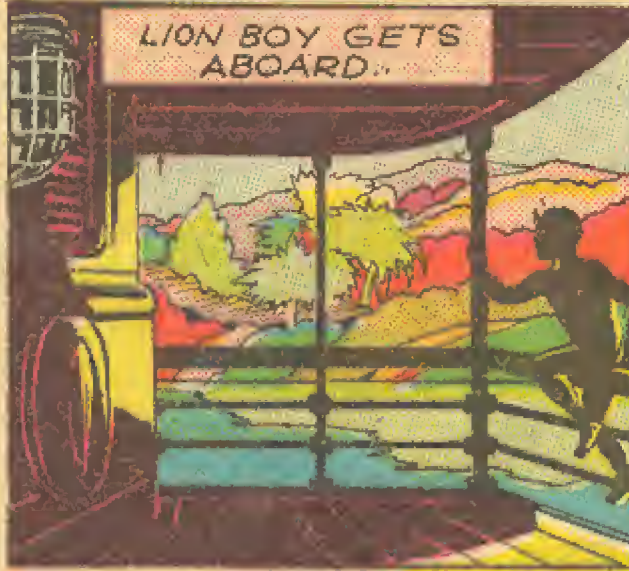
HE HAS NO VOICE BUT HE IS LOOKING TOWARD THE RIVER!

ALL RIGHT! I'LL TRY THE RIVER!

IN A BEND OF THE RIVER . .



THAT'S A STRANGE CRAFT TO BE MOORED HERE!



LION BOY GETS ABOARD . .



THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE, CHIEF. WHERE IS THIS DIAMOND MINE?

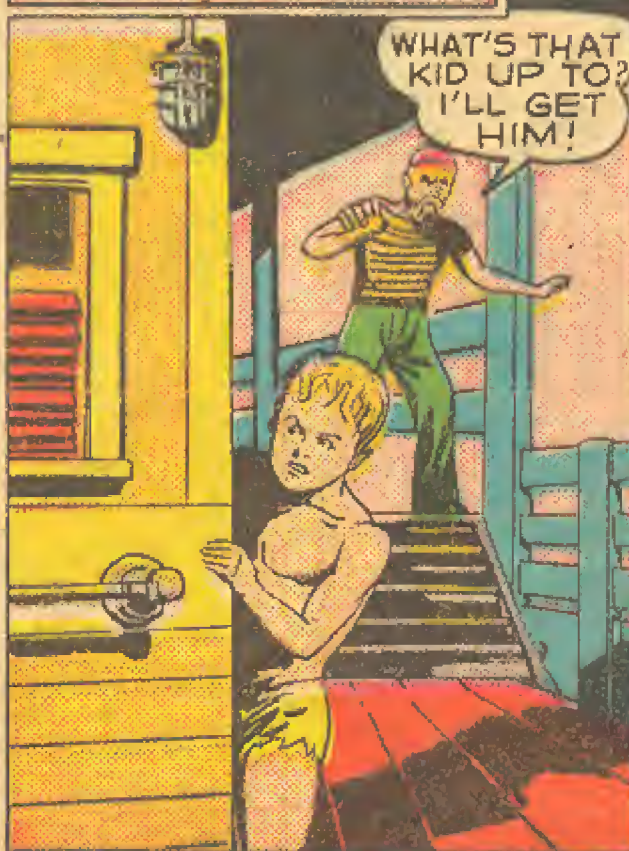
THE DIAMONDS ARE SACRED TO MY TRIBE . . YOU WILL NEVER FIND THEM . .

FRITZ, YOU GO BACK TO HIS VILLAGE! TELL THEM WE'LL KILL THEIR CHIEF UNLESS THEY SHOW YOU THEIR MINE!

I'LL TAKE A BAG OF SALT AND TRY BRIBERY FIRST! MAYBE THAT'LL WORK!



AT THAT MOMENT . .

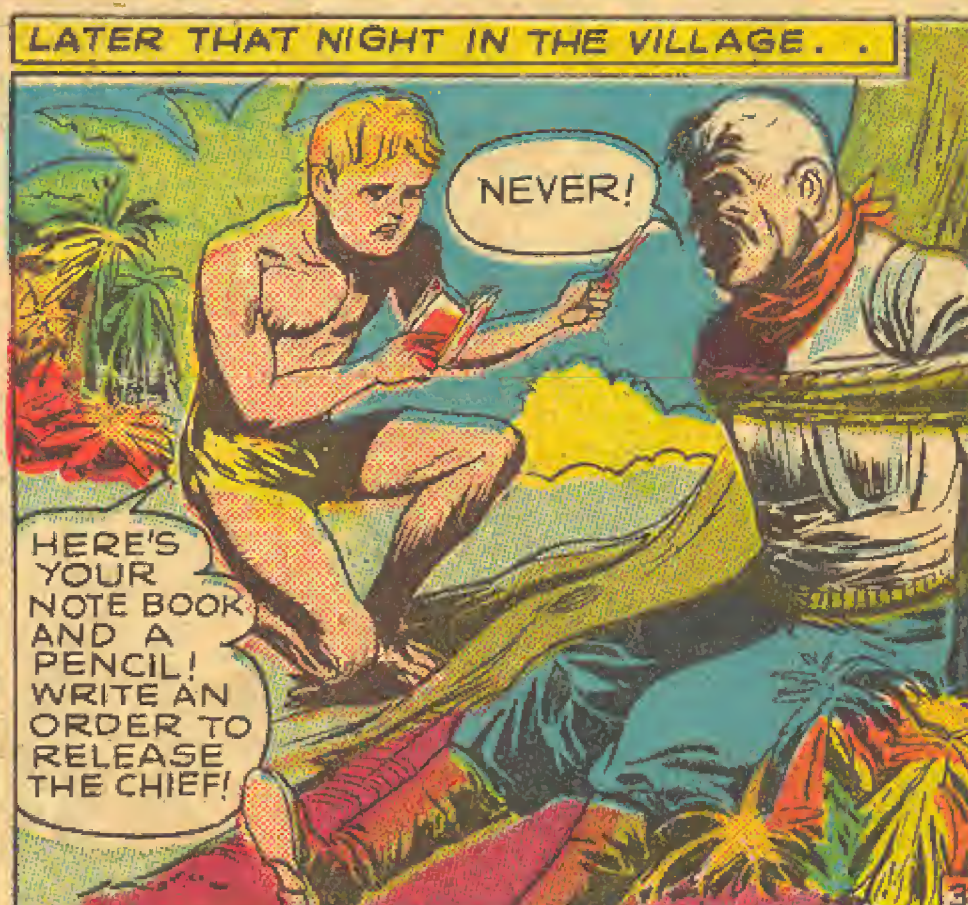


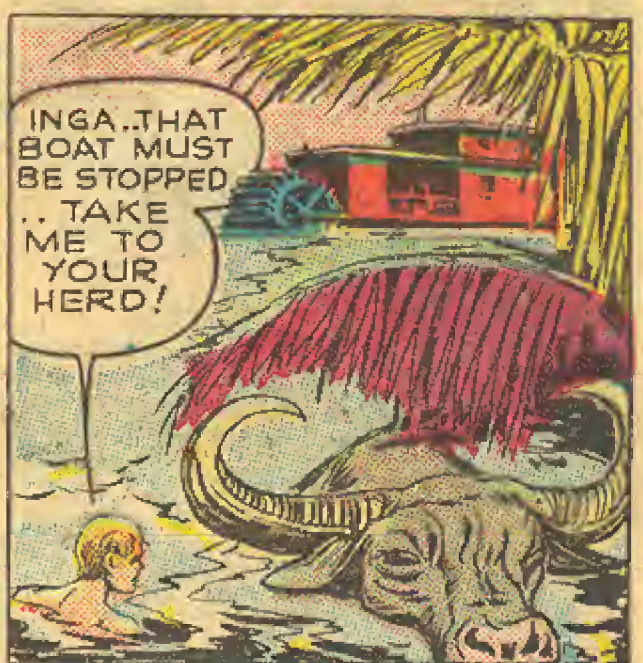
WHAT'S THAT KID UP TO? I'LL GET HIM!

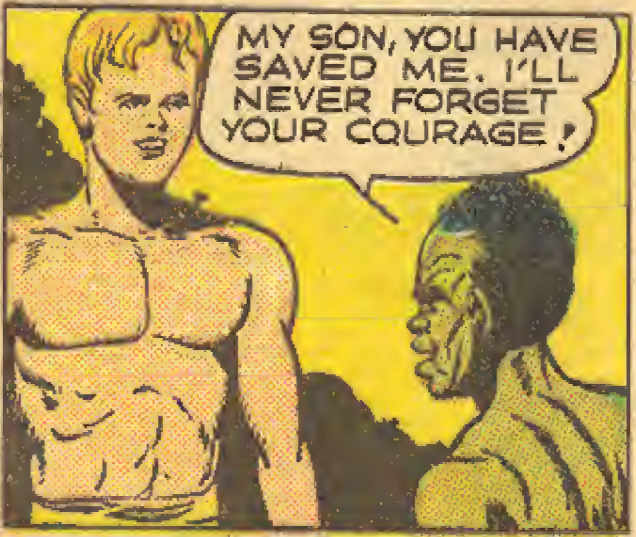
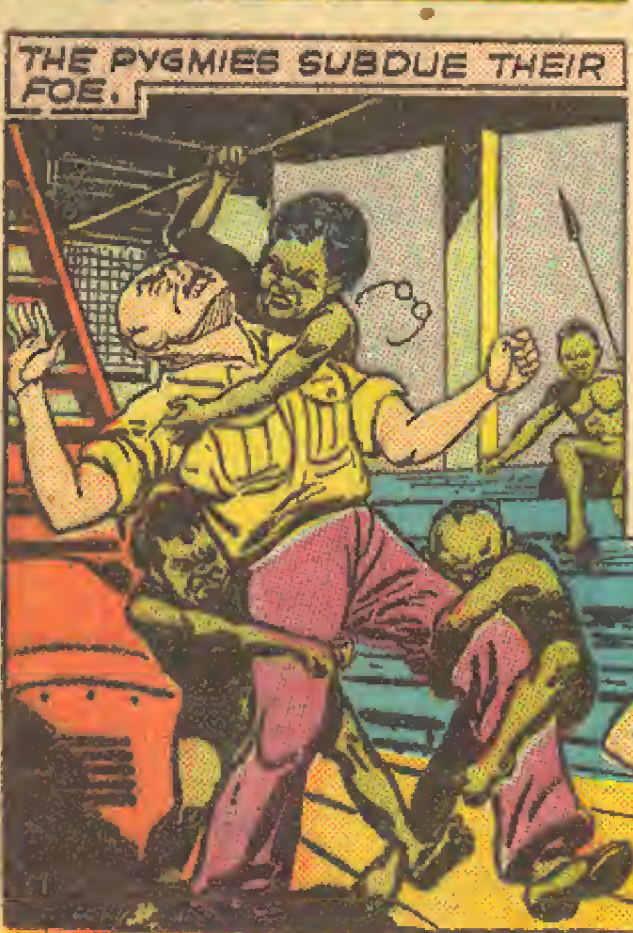
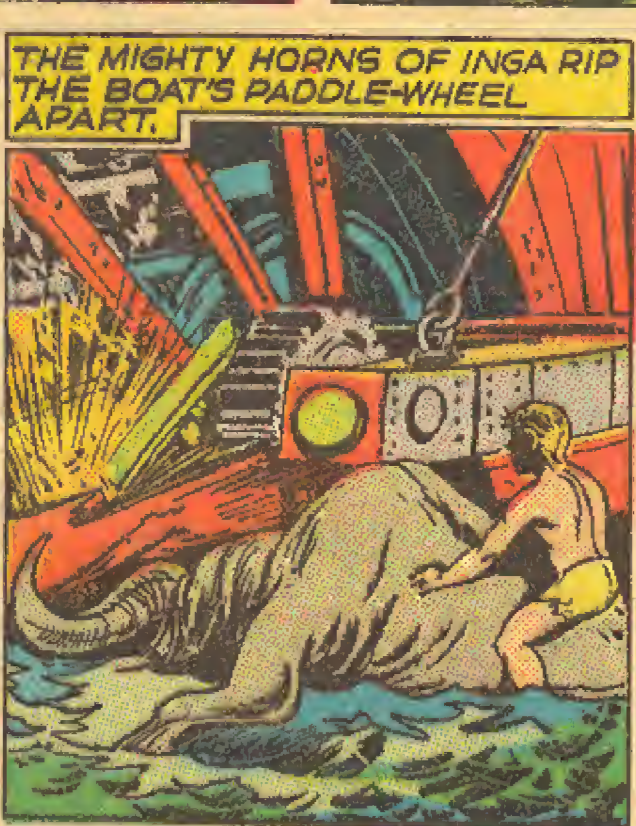
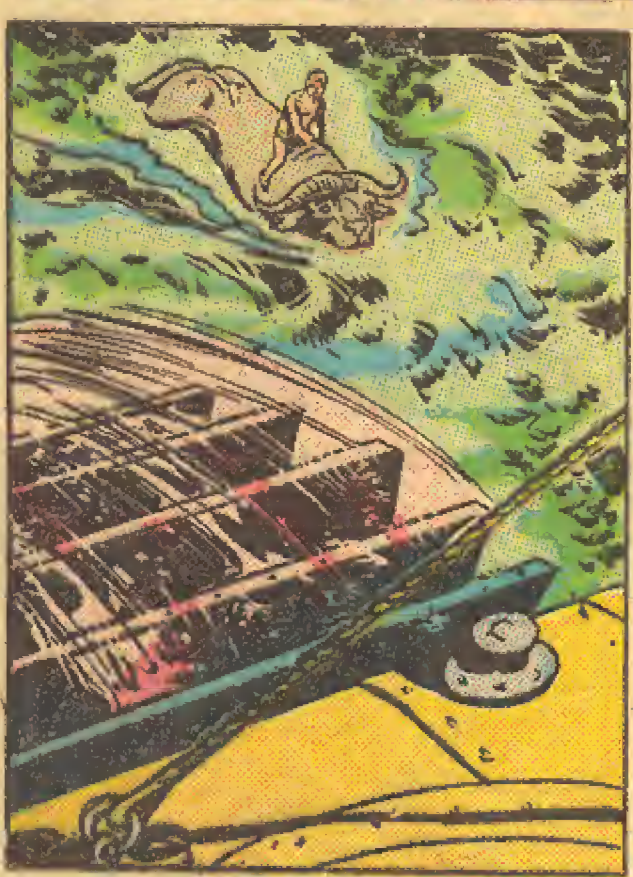
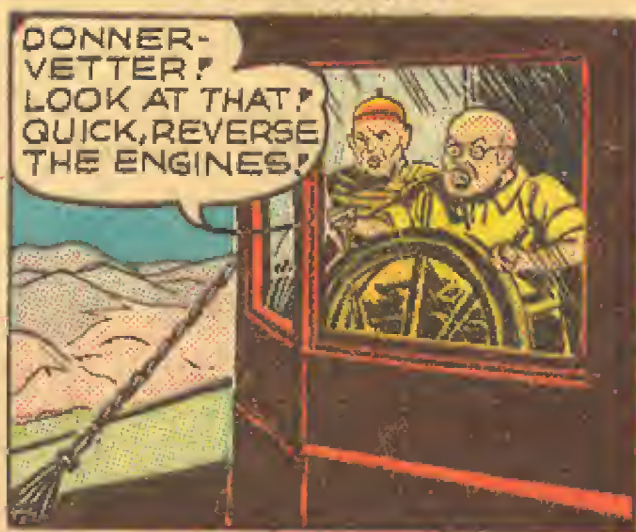


HIMMEL!

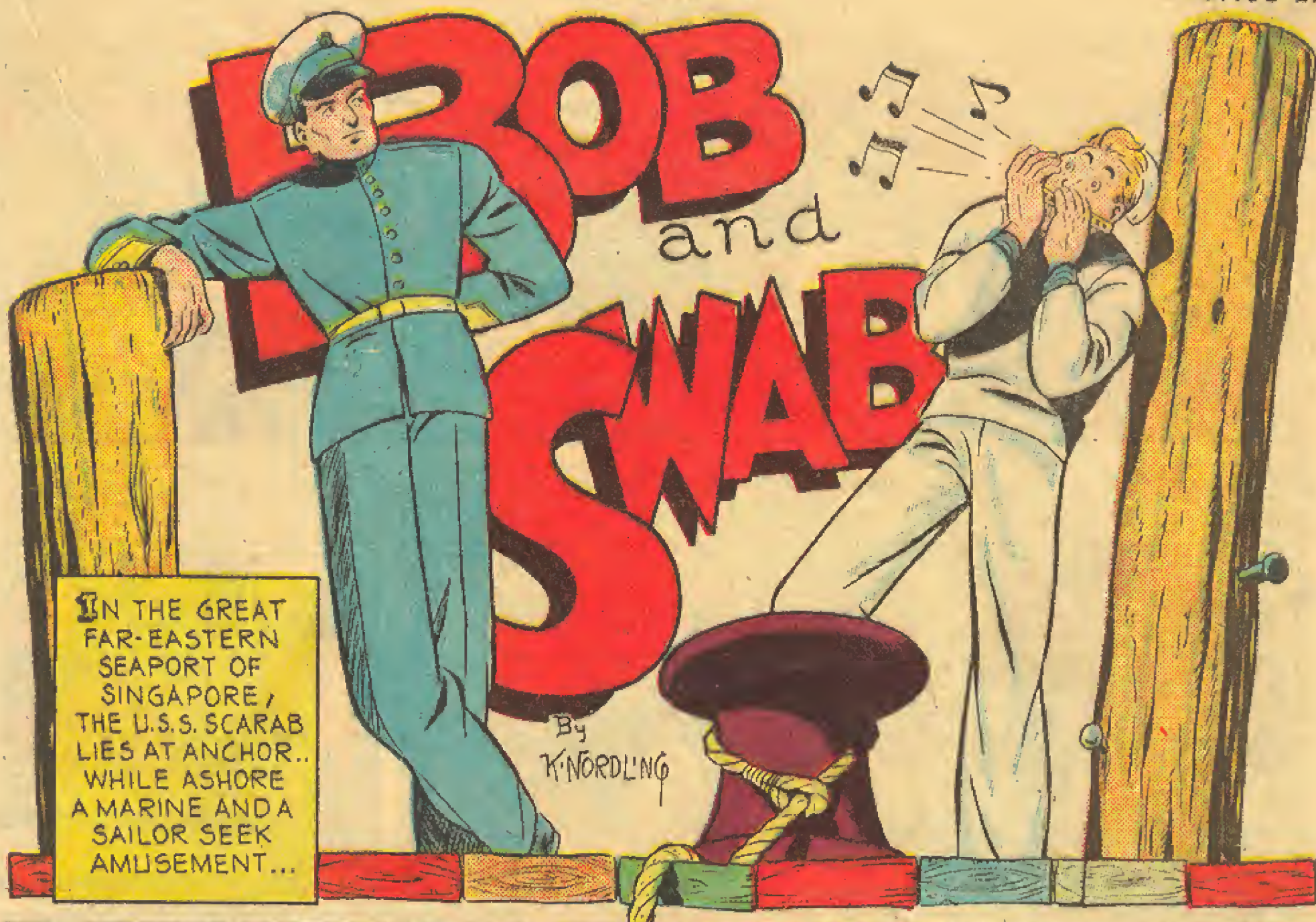
I LEARNED THIS FROM A MONKEY FRIEND!







ANOTHER JUNGLE STORY WITH LION BOY NEXT MONTH IN **HIT COMICS**.

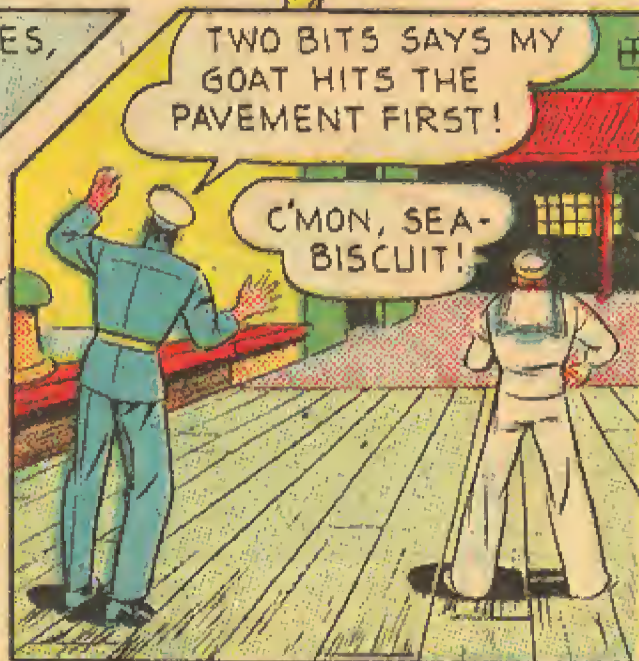


CAPTURING A PAIR OF COCKROACHES, BOB MASTERS AND SWAB DECKER PUT THE INSECTS TO A RACE...

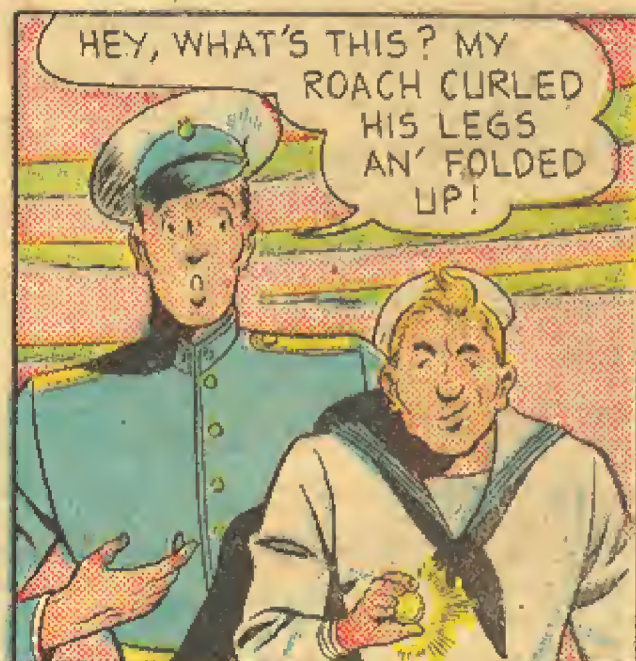


TWO BITS SAYS MY GOAT HITS THE PAVEMENT FIRST!

C'MON, SEA-BISCUIT!



HEY, WHAT'S THIS? MY ROACH CURLED HIS LEGS AN' FOLDED UP!



SO! YA PUT THE HEAT ON MY ENTRY WITH A POCKET MIRROR! YOU WEASEL!!



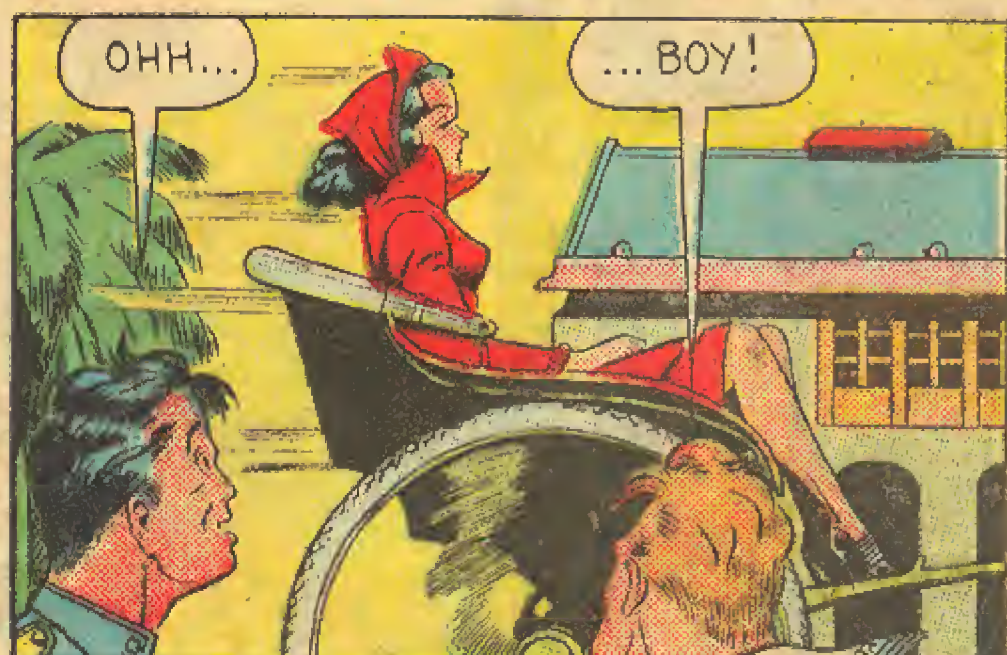
YOU CHISELER!

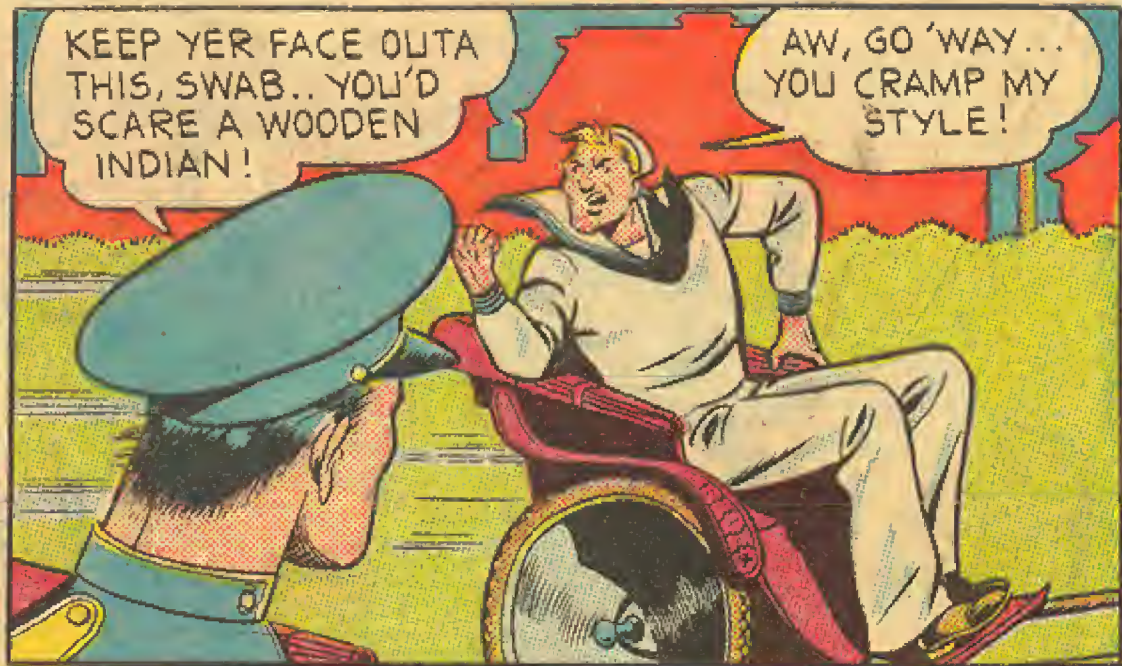
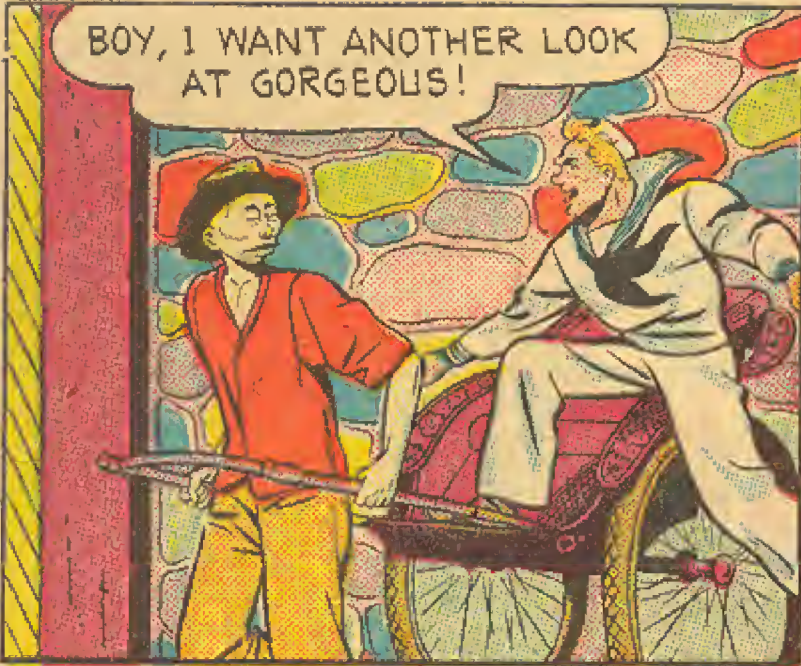
WHERE'D YA LEAVE YER SENSE O' HUMOR.. IN YER DUFFLE BAG?



OHH...

... BOY!

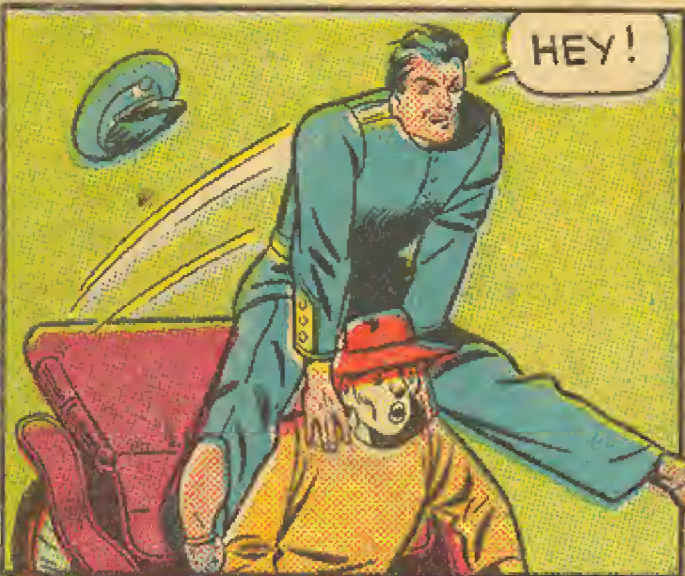


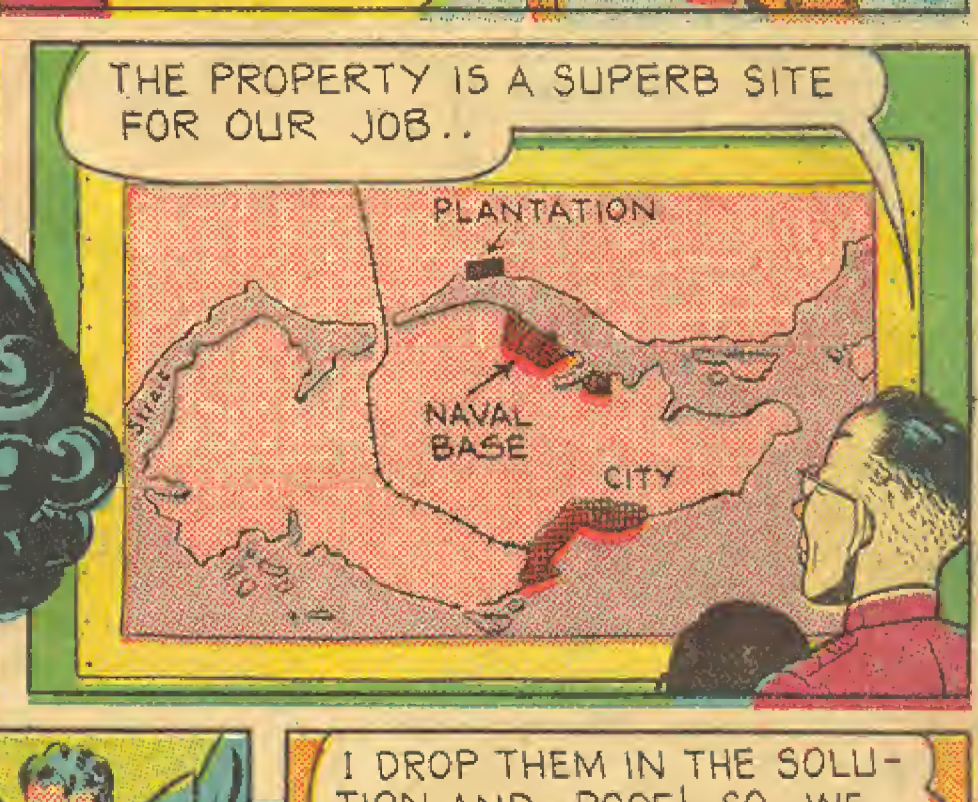
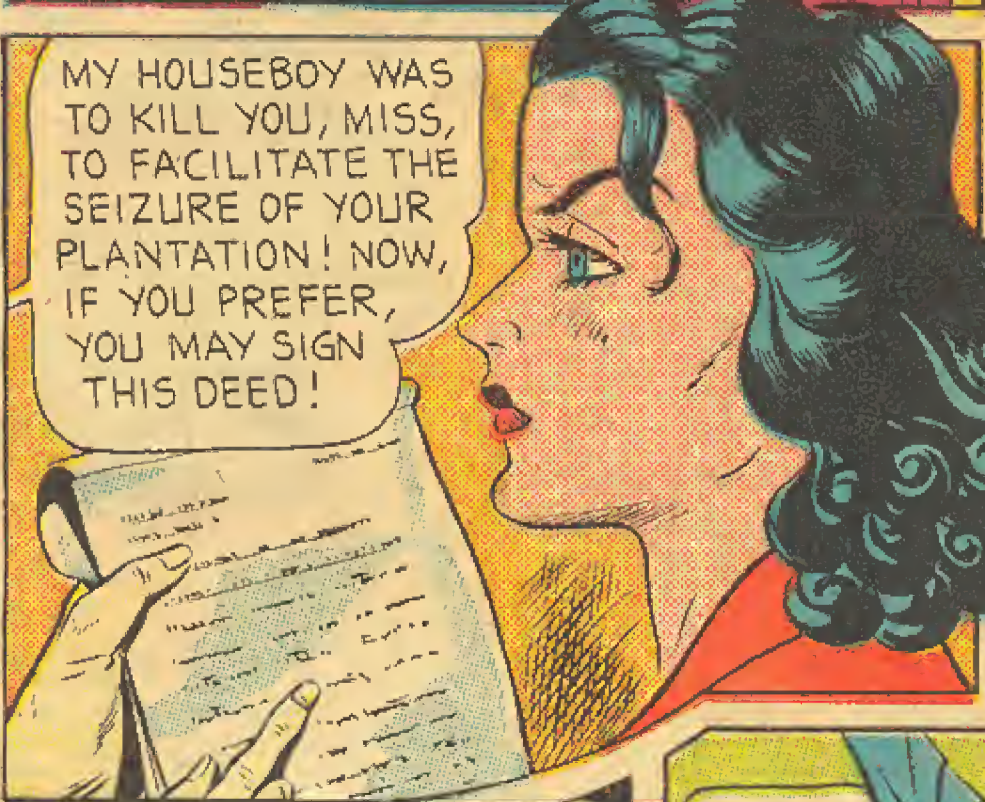
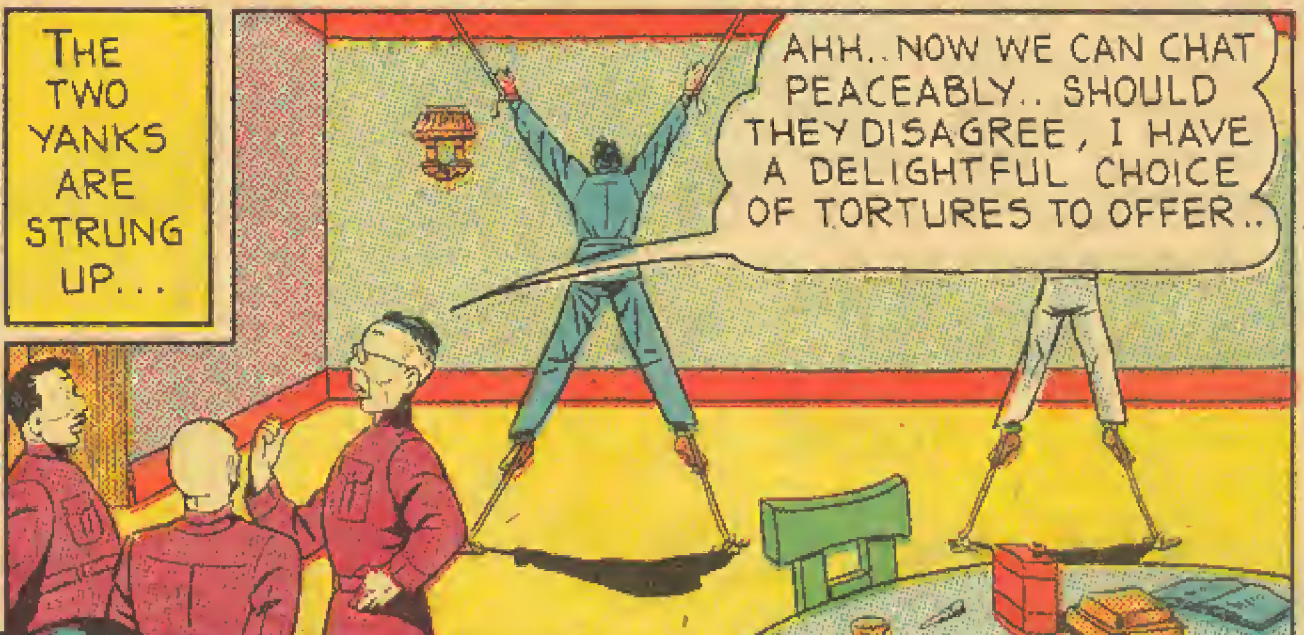
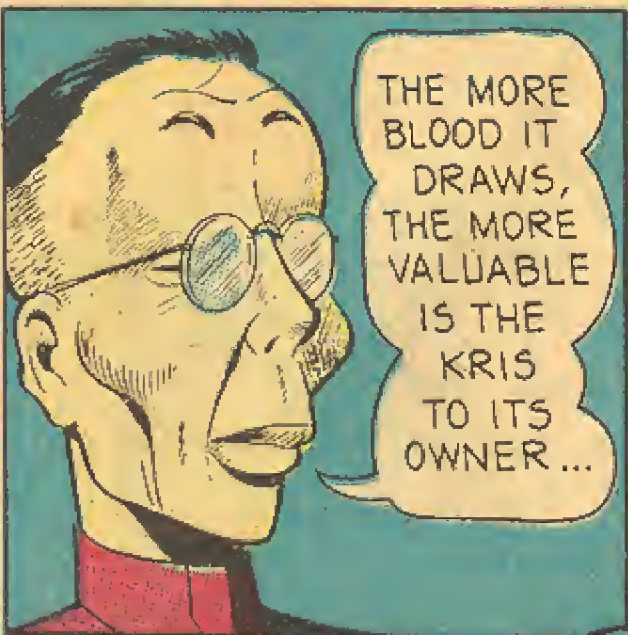


ON A NARROW STREET THERE IS A COMMOTION.



THE WILD-EYED MALAY MAKES FOR THE GIRL.





I'LL LEAVE YOU HERE UNDER GUARD AWHILE.. YOU CAN DISCUSS THE MATTER WITH YOUR FRIENDS...

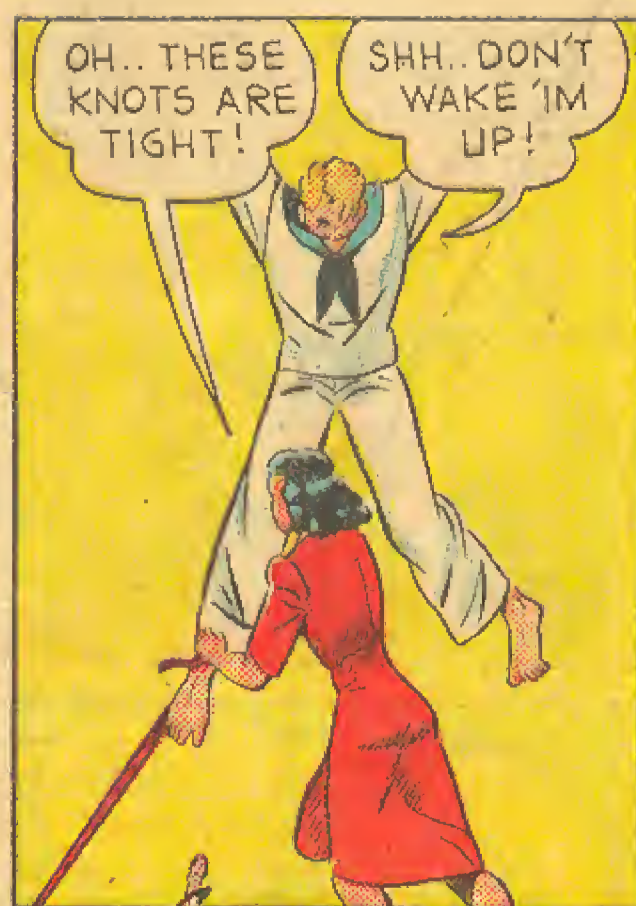


THE TORPOR OF THE NOON HOUR WEIGHS DOWN THE EYELIDS OF THE GUARD...



OH.. THESE KNOTS ARE TIGHT!

SHH.. DON'T WAKE 'IM UP!



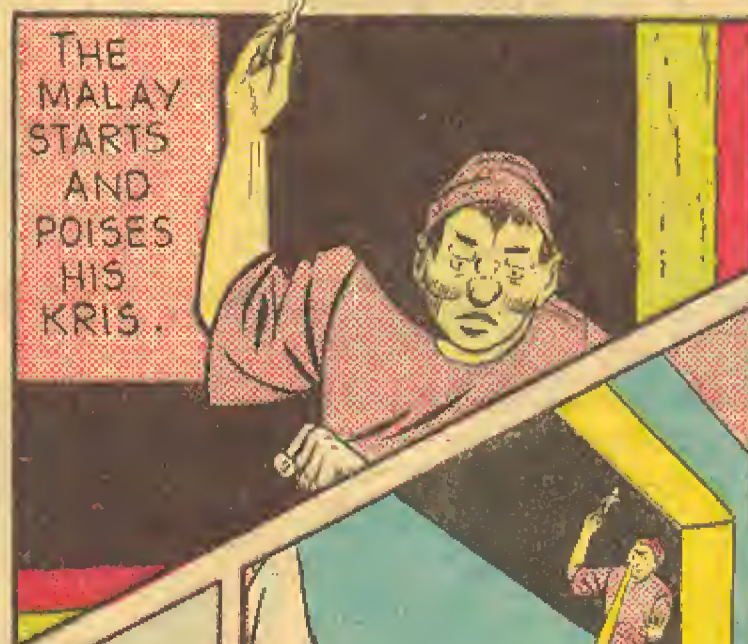
HIS LEGS FREE, THE GOB DRAWS HIMSELF UP WITH ONE ARM TO CHEW OFF THE ROPE AROUND HIS WRIST.



OOF! OUCH!!



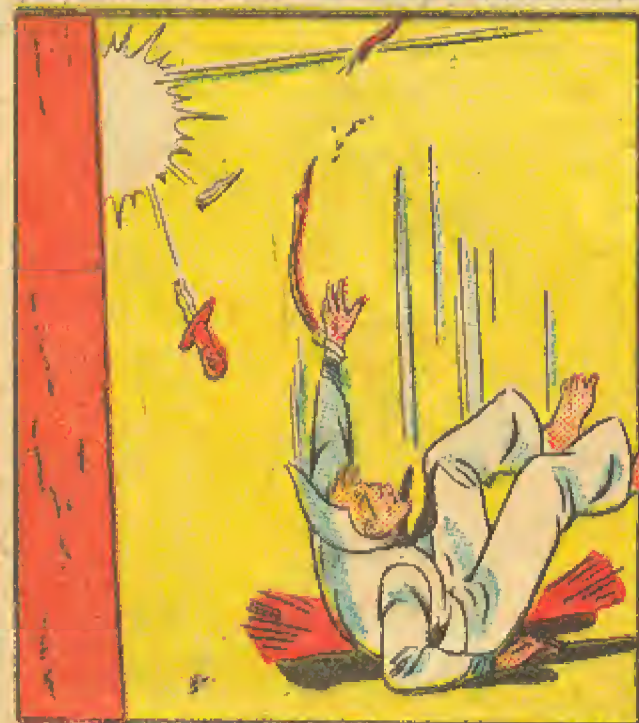
THE MALAY STARTS AND POISES HIS KRIS.



WHILE SWAB QUICKLY WHIPS OUT HIS MIRROR.



THE GLARE IN THE NATIVE'S EYES IS ENOUGH TO THROW HIS AIM AWRY.



IT IS BUT SHORT WORK TO RELEASE THE LEATHERNECK...



LOOK.. WE OUGHTA DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT THOSE TANKS FULL OF THAT CHEMICAL!

HERE, THEY'VE GOT A STORE OF SALT.. WE CAN ACTIVATE THE CHEMICAL AND MAKE A HOLY MESS OUTTA THIS DIVE!



THEY POUR THE SALT INTO THE TANKS.

BETTER MAKE A BREAK FOR IT, MISS, WHILE YA GOT THE CHANCE!



THE BURNING, SEARING LIQUID EATS THROUGH THE TANKS.

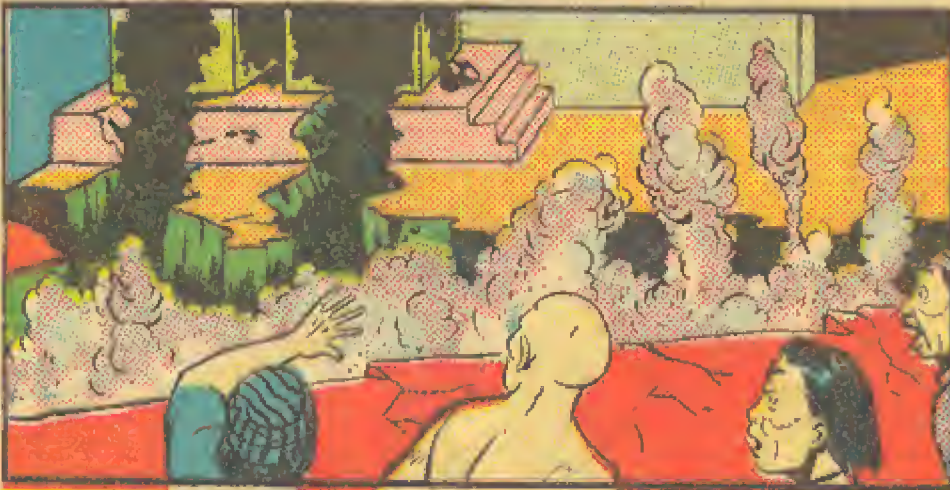


MEANWHILE..

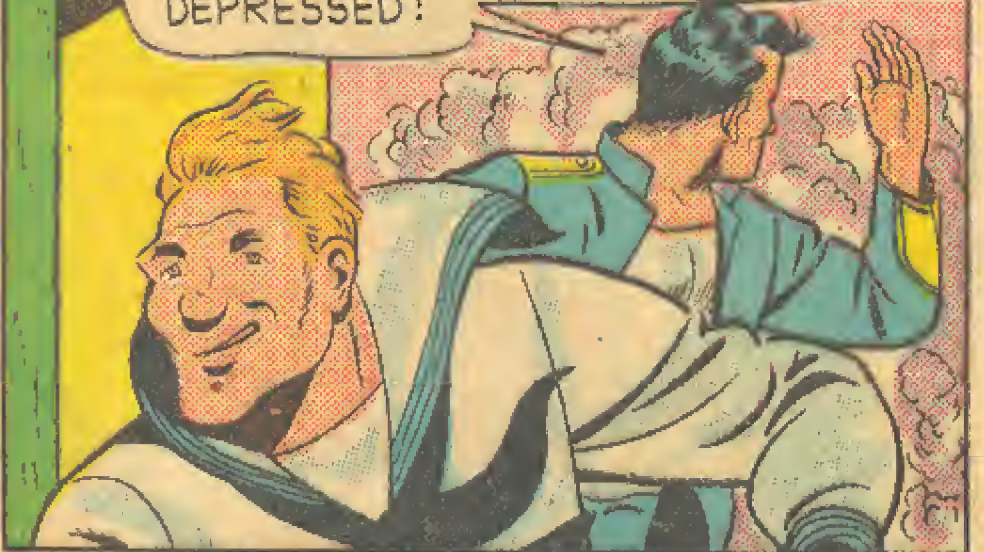
HELP! WHITE MEN TRY ESCAPE!



THE MALAYS STAND TRANSFIXED BY THE SIGHT THAT GREET'S THEM...



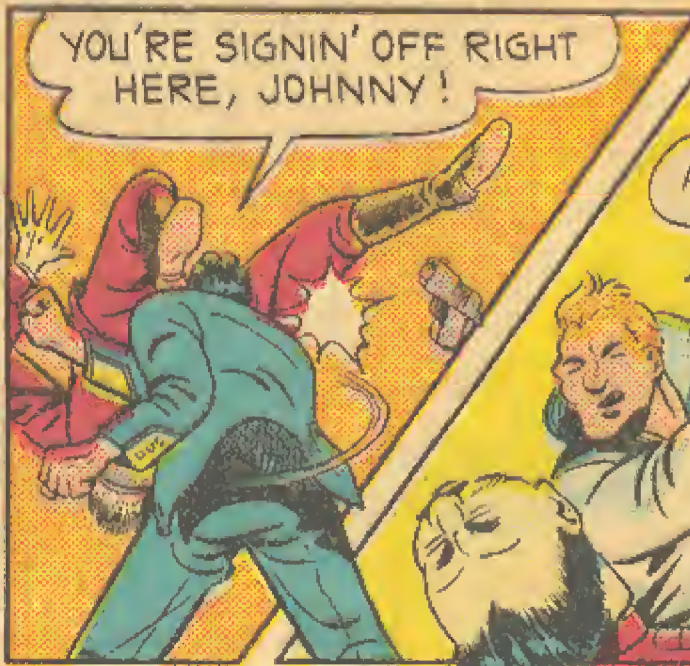
SO LONG, BOYS.. DON'T LOOK SO DEPRESSED!



YOU THINK IT SO SIMPLE?



YOU'RE SIGNIN' OFF RIGHT HERE, JOHNNY!



YOU GUYS ARE A NUISANCE!



AS THEY GAIN THE OUT-OF-DOORS...

WOW! THAT JUICE ATE OUT THE FOUNDATION!



I'M DEEPLY INDEBTED TO YOU BOYS.. COME TO DINNER AT SIX AT THE PLANTATION... 'BYE



DOGGONE! WE LEFT OUR SHOES IN THERE! OOOH!



OW! AN' WE CAN'T AFFORD A RIDE 'WAY OUT THERE! DOGGONE!



WATCH BOB AND SWAB BATTER THEIR WAY OUT OF ANOTHER SCRAPE IN THE NEXT **HIT COMICS**...

The RED BEE

BY B.H. APIARY



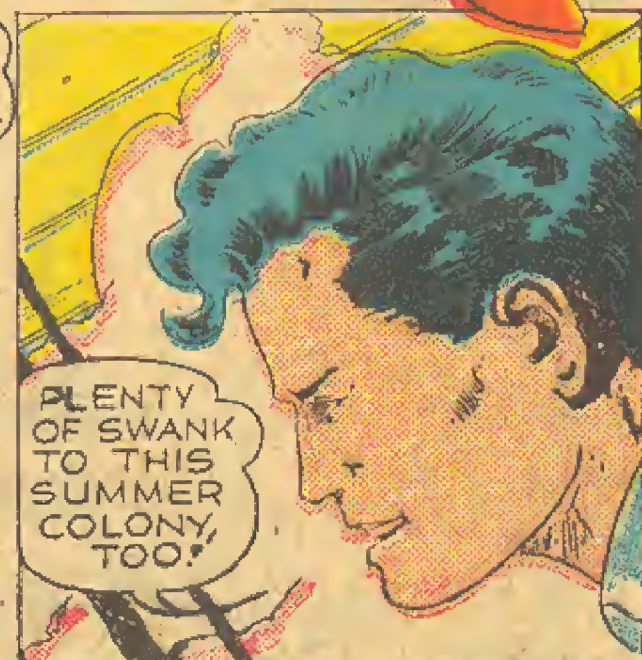
RICK RALEIGH, ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY, FIGHTS CRIME OUTSIDE THE COURTS AS THE RED BEE. HE FINDS MURDER AMONG MILLIONAIRES AS VICIOUS AS IN THE UNDERWORLD.

THIS IS THE LIFE, RICK!

YES, SIR! NO COPS, NO REPORTERS.

PLENTY OF SWANK TO THIS SUMMER COLONY, TOO!

RICK AND THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY ARE ENJOYING A WEEKEND OF SAILING.



OFF THE PORT SIDE, THEY SPOT A RUNAWAY SPEEDBOAT.



HEY? IT'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THAT OUTBOARD MOTOR SKIFF?

THE SKIFF PILOT STARES IN HORROR.



I CAN'T GET OUT OF ITS PATH! IT'S UNCANNY.. I'LL BE KILLED!

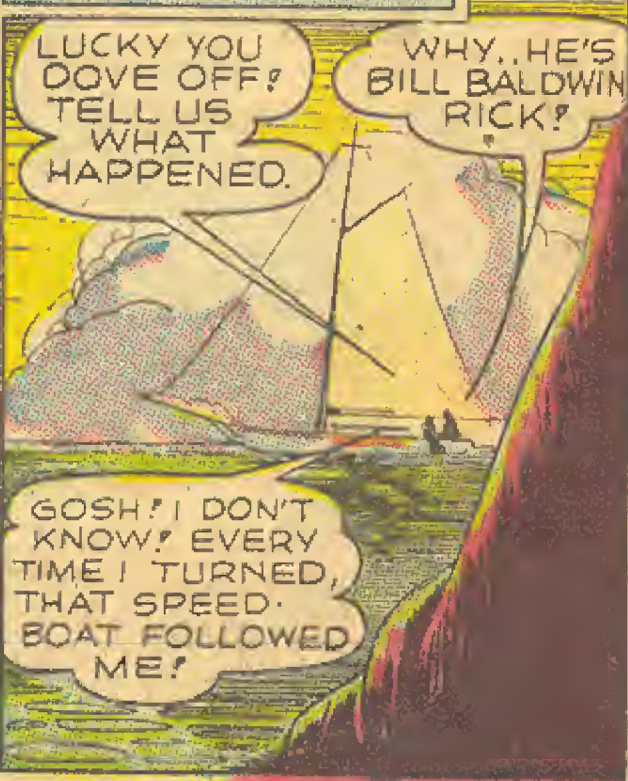
HE DIVES OVERBOARD AND MAKES RAPID STROKES.



WITH UNERRING AIM, THE SPEEDBOAT SMASHES INTO THE SKIFF.



RICK HAULS THE SURVIVOR ABOARD THE YACHT.

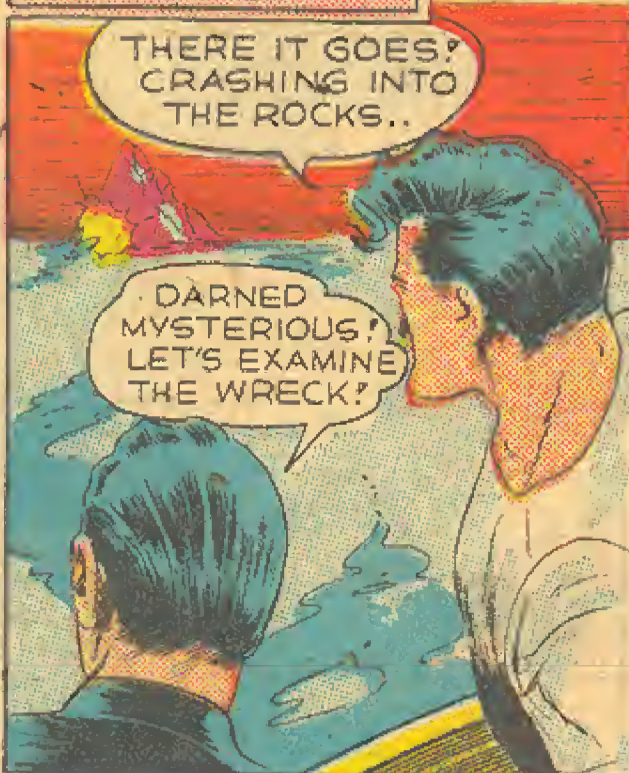


LUCKY YOU DOVE OFF? TELL US WHAT HAPPENED.

WHY.. HE'S BILL BALDWIN RICK?

GOSH! I DON'T KNOW! EVERY TIME I TURNED, THAT SPEED-BOAT FOLLOWED ME!

RICK AND BILL WATCH THE HIT AND RUN CRAFT.



THERE IT GOES? CRASHING INTO THE ROCKS..

DARNED MYSTERIOUS! LET'S EXAMINE THE WRECK?

RICK MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY.



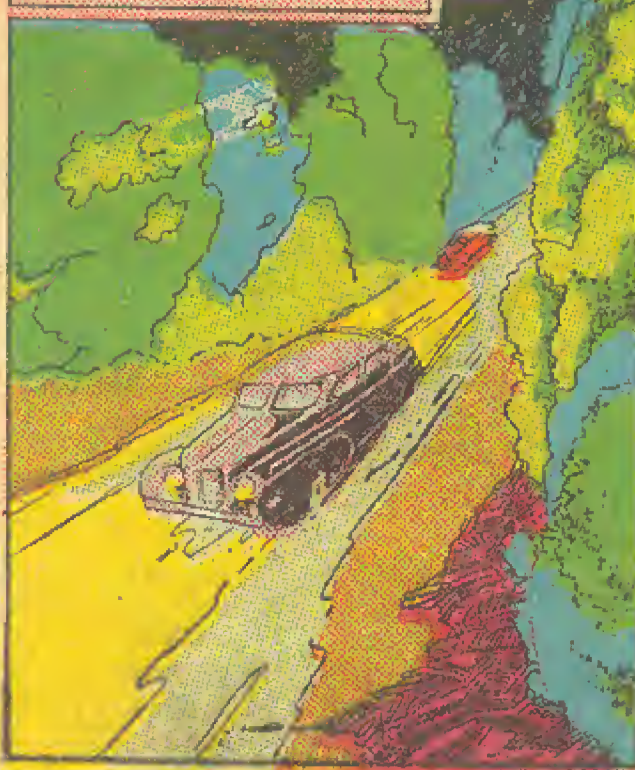
RADIO APPARATUS? THIS BOAT WAS GUIDED BY REMOTE CONTROL?

THEN IT WAS A DELIBERATE SCHEME TO MURDER ME?



YES.. YOU'D BETTER BE CAREFUL BILL..

THAT NIGHT AS BILL AND HIS SWEETHEART DRIVE TO A COSTUME BALL, A CAR FOLLOWS THEM.



IT IS RICK RALEIGH.. NOW AS THE RED BEE.



THE PERSON WHO SENT THAT SPEEDBOAT AFTER BILL WILL TRY TO KILL HIM AGAIN?

A DARK FIGURE LURKS IN THE BUSHES AHEAD...



BILL BALDWIN AND CAROL! I'LL HAVE TO TAKE GOOD AIM!



HE'S DRIVING FAST, BUT I CAN'T LET HIM ESCAPE THIS TIME!

A BULLET SMASHES THE WINDSHIELD AND HITS BILL BETWEEN HIS EYES.

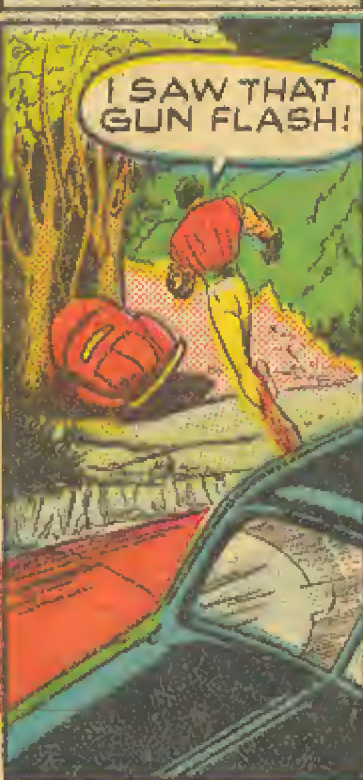


BILL! BILL! O-O-OH!! WE'LL HIT THOSE TREES!

CAROL DOESN'T PRESS THE BRAKE SOON ENOUGH...



THE RED BEE LEAPS OUT AND RUNS...



I SAW THAT GUN FLASH!

HE RELEASES MICHAEL, HIS PET BEE FROM A BELT POUCH.



SIC 'EM, MIKE!

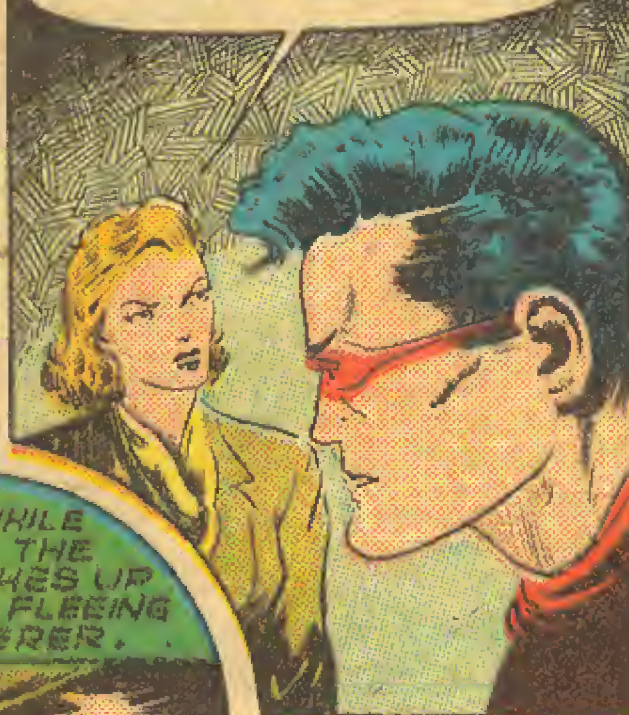
THE RED BEE HELPS CAROL FROM THE WRECKED CAR



ARE YOU HURT, MISS?

NO.. BUT BILL IS DEAD!

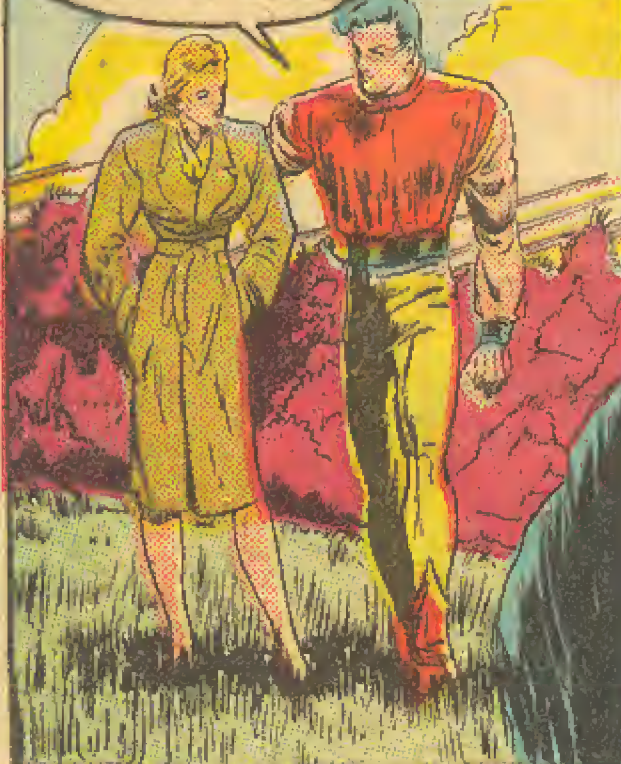
SOMEONE FIRED A GUN FROM THE BUSHES! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT. BILL HAD NO ENEMIES!



MEANWHILE MICHAEL THE BEE CATCHES UP WITH THE FLEEING MURDERER.



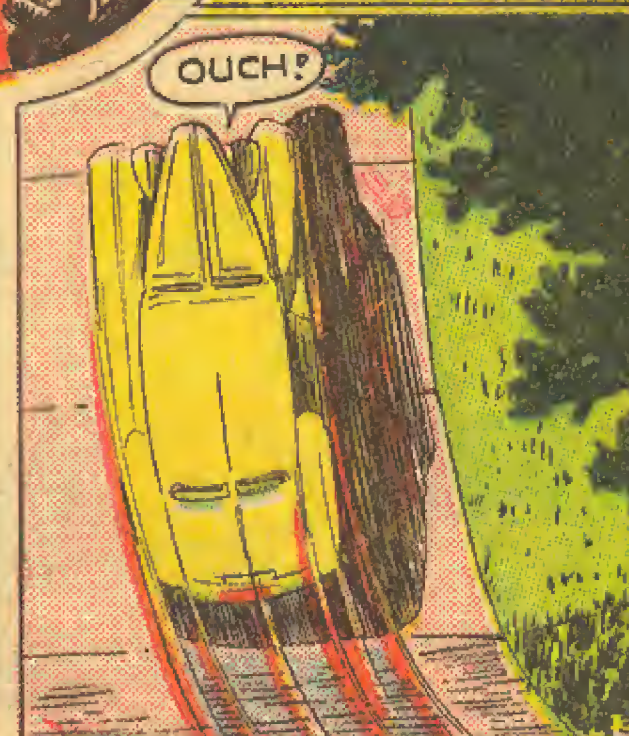
WE'LL PHONE THE STATE POLICE.. THEN I'LL GO WITH YOU TO THE BALL, PRETENDING I'M BILL!



MICHAEL IS FOLLOWING THE KILLER AS HE SPEEDS AWAY.

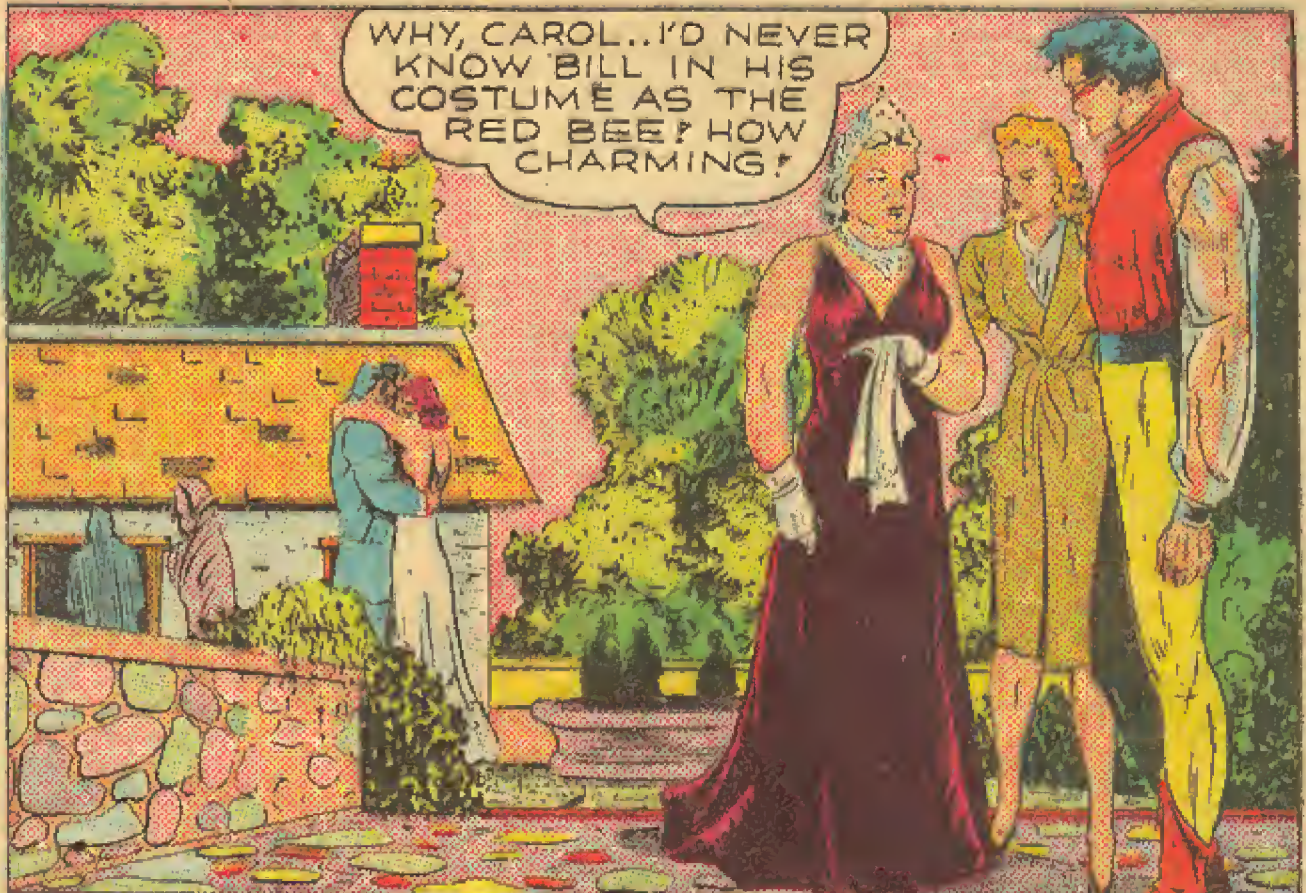
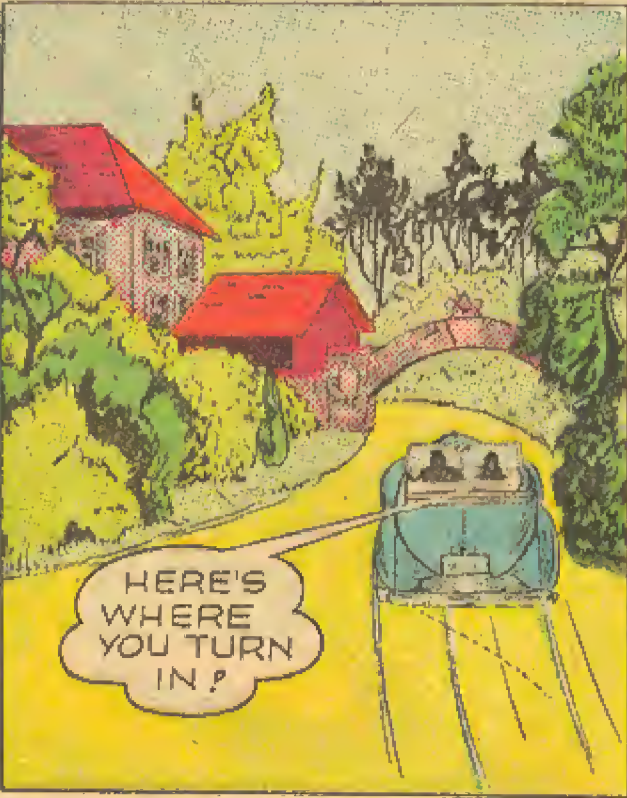


THE LITTLE BEE SINKS HIS STINGER AGAIN AND AGAIN INTO THE KILLER'S FACE.



OUCH?

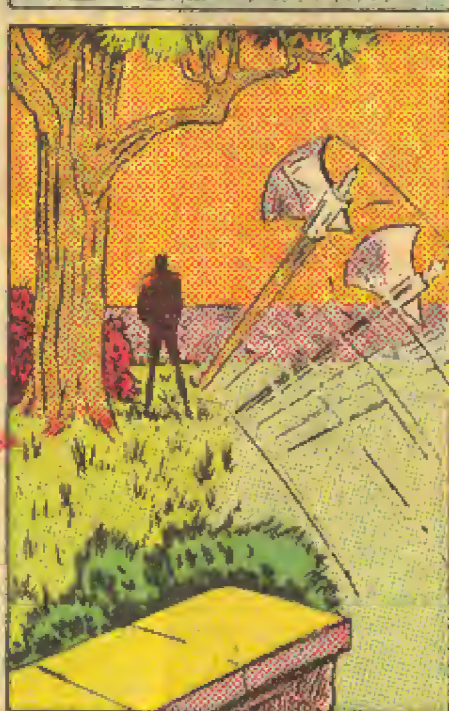
WITH CAROL AT HIS SIDE, THE RED BEE DRIVES SWIFTLY.



THE KILLER DIDN'T WAIT TO FIND BILL, SO HE'LL COME HERE...I'LL LOOK FOR HIM IN THE GARDEN!



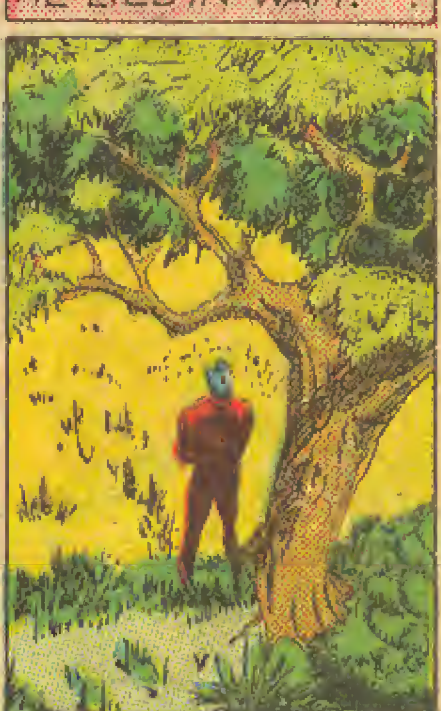
AS THE RED BEE GOES ACROSS THE LAWN, AN ANCIENT BATTLE AXE FLIES AT HIM.



THE SWISH OF THE WEAPON WARNS HIM TO LUNGE ASIDE.



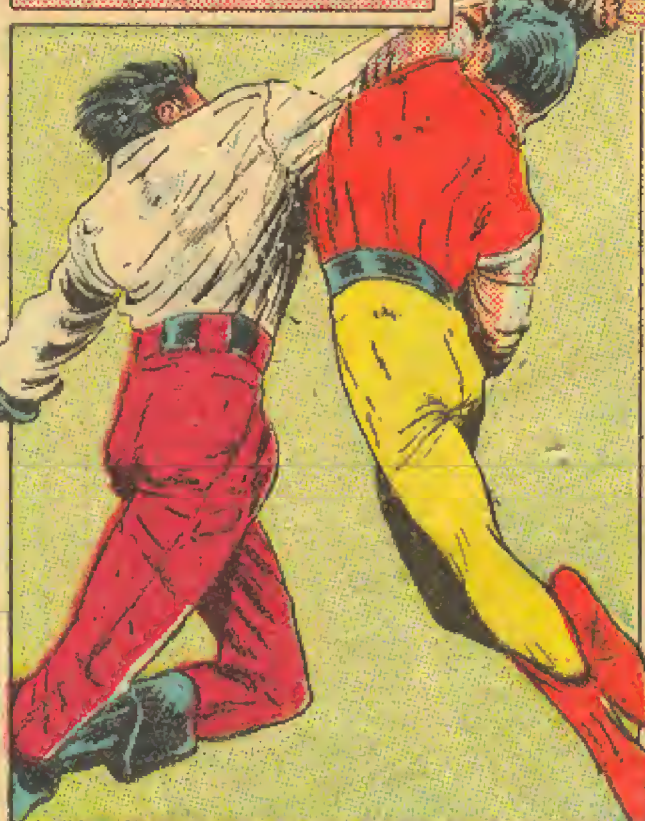
SPRINGING BACK INTO THE SHADOWS, HE LIES IN WAIT.



THEN A POWERFUL FIGURE CRASHES THROUGH THE SHRUBS.



THE RED BEE'S FIST WHIPS UP HARD.



KNOCKING HIS ATTACKER GROGGY, THE RED BEE TURNS SUDDENLY AS A GIRL SCREAMS.



AS THE RED BEE DASHES BACK TO THE HOUSE, MICHAEL LANDS ON HIS SHOULDER.



HI, MIKE! YOU FOLLOWED THE KILLER HERE? LET'S GIVE HIM THE WORKS!



INSIDE, THE RED BEE LEAPS UP THE STAIRS.

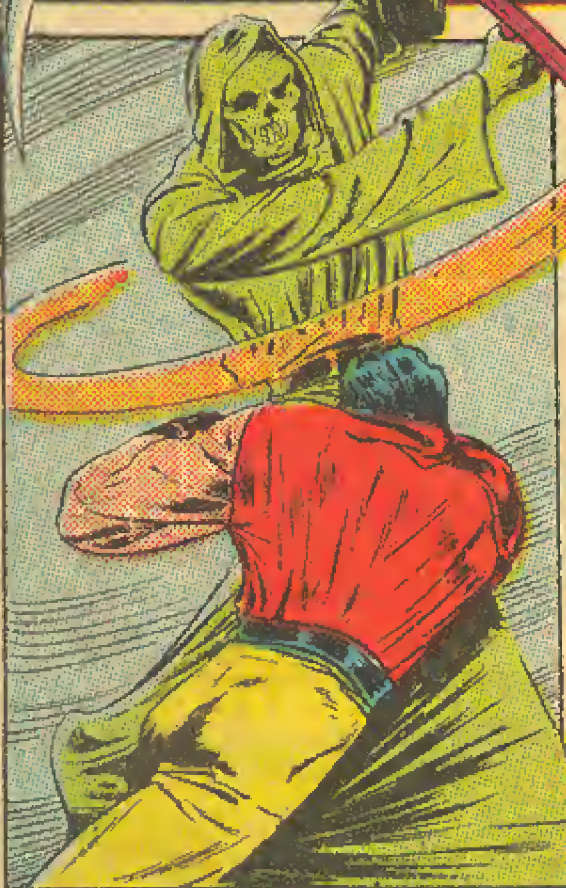


THAT SCREAM CAME FROM THE SECOND FLOOR!

BUT A MENACING FIGURE IN A HOODED SHROUD MEETS HIS CHARGE WITH A SCYTHE.



DROP THAT HAYCUTTER, SPOOK!



THE RED BEE'S HARD RIGHT CRASHES THE HIDEOUS MASK..

THIS WILL RATTLE YOUR BONES, CAESAR!



THE GRIM REAPER TAKES A NOSE DIVE WHICH REVOLVES INTO FAST SOMERSAULTS.



SIC 'EM MIKE!

AND HE TUMBLES OUT THE FRONT DOOR.

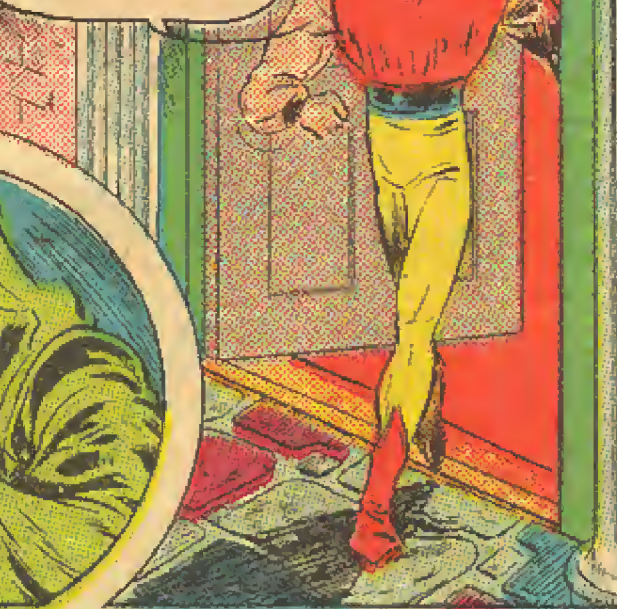
OH, RED BEE.. YOU CAME JUST IN TIME! HE WAS GOING TO USE ME AS BAIT TO TRAP YOU!

STAY HERE, CAROL! I'LL CORNER HIM!

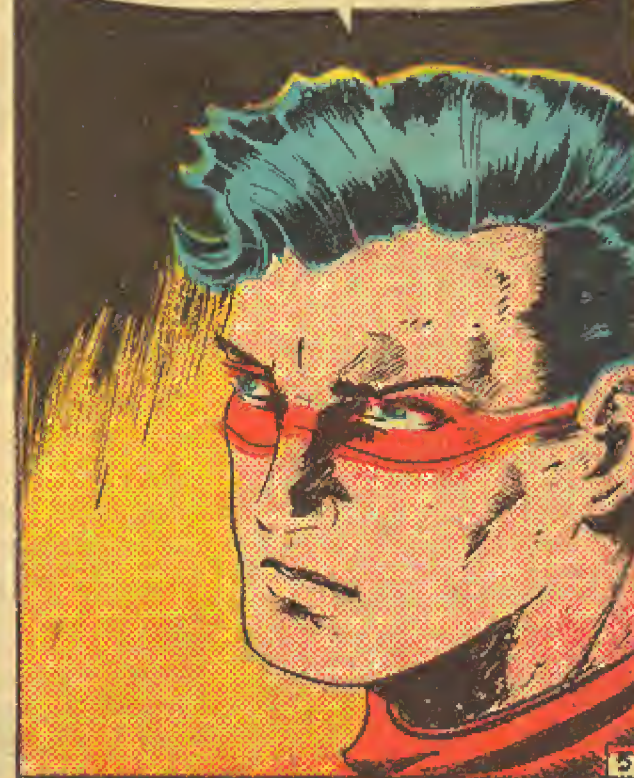


THE RED BEE RACES OUT FURIOUSLY.. HE HEADS FOR THE STABLE..

THAT YELL!.. MIKE MUST BE GIVING HIM A DOSE OF BEE VENOM!



STRANGE.. THERE'S NO ONE HERE! BUT I'D BETTER BE ON MY GUARD!



MEANWHILE MICHAEL GOES TO WORK.

IN THE STABLE, THE RED BEE MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

HE THREW OFF HIS COSTUME! I WONDER HOW I CAN IDENTIFY HIM NOW?



THEN A STABLEMAN STEPS BEFORE HIM.

YOU LOOKIN' FER THE FELLA WHO LEFT THAT CRAZY OUTFIT? I THINK HE WENT OUT BACK.

GOOD! DID YOU SEE HIS FACE?



ER..YES..HE WAS SORT OF LEAN AND DARK. YOU'D BETTER HURRY BEFORE HE GETS AWAY!

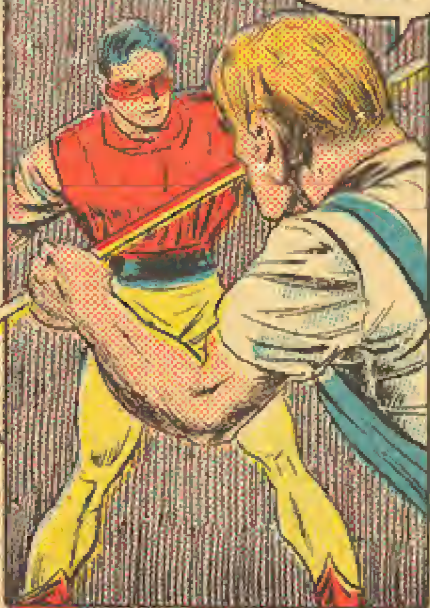


BUT AS THE RED BEE TURNS, THE MAN LUNGES WITH A PITCHFORK.

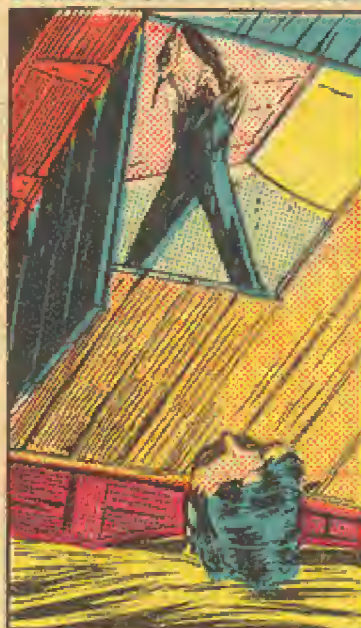


YOU WEREN'T QUICK ENOUGH TO FOOL ME THAT TIME!

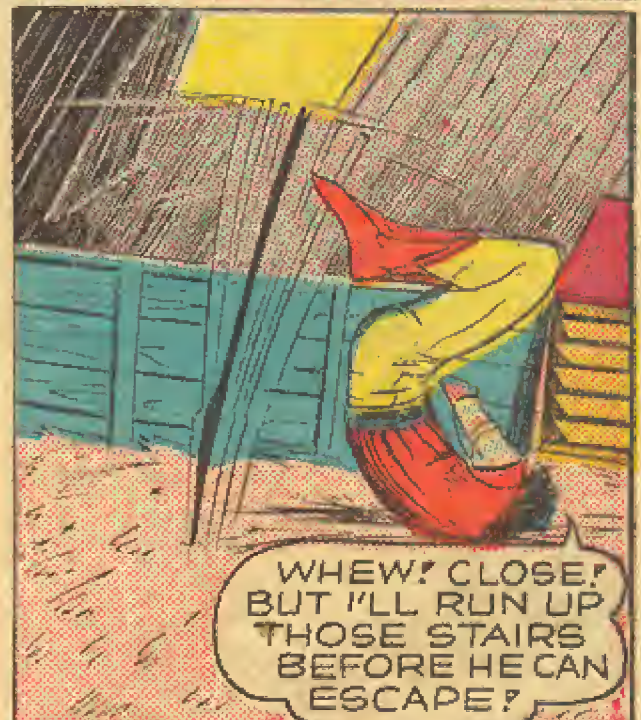
OH NO? WATCH THIS!



THE RED BEE FALLS THROUGH TRAPDOOR.. ABOVE, THE KILLER POISES HIS WEAPON.



SUDDENLY PULLING HIS BODY BACK, THE RED BEE AVOIDS DEATH BY INCHES.



WHEW! CLOSE! BUT I'LL RUN UP THOSE STAIRS BEFORE HE CAN ESCAPE!

THE KILLER WHIRLS AS THE RED BEE REAPPEARS.

YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!

YOU'RE COMIN' WITH ME TO THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY TO SIGN A CONFESSION?



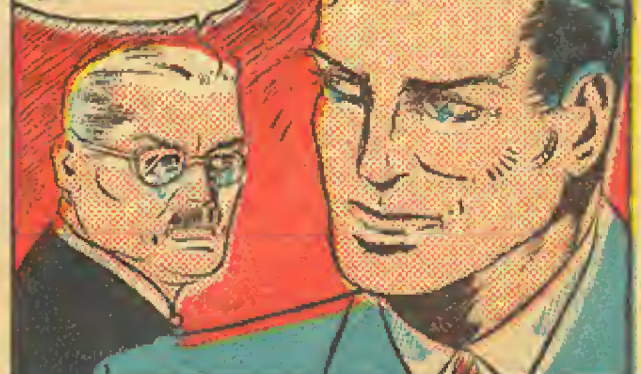
THIS WILL KEEP YOU QUIET WHILE I GRAB YOUR PAL IN THE GARDEN.. YOU KILLED BILL BALDWIN BECAUSE CAROL TURNED YOU DOWN FOR HIM?



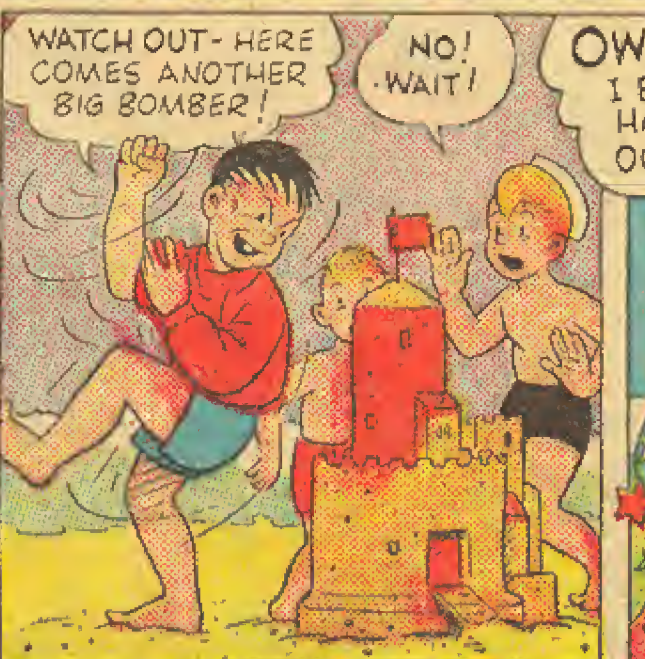
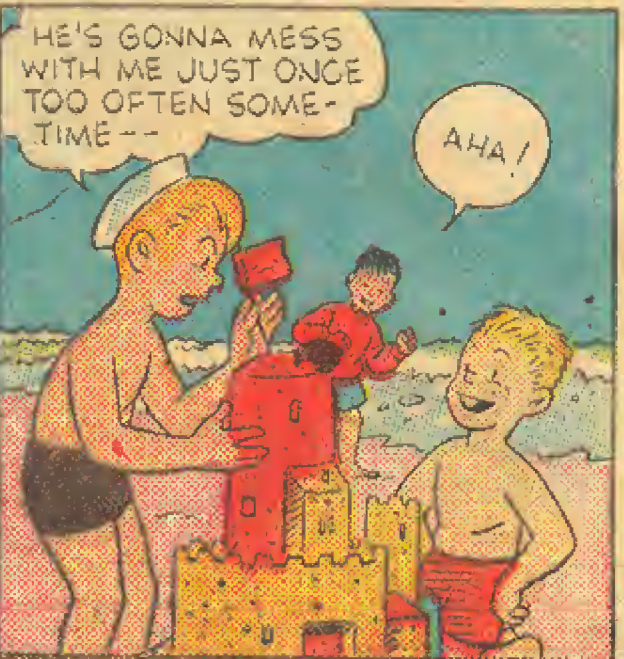
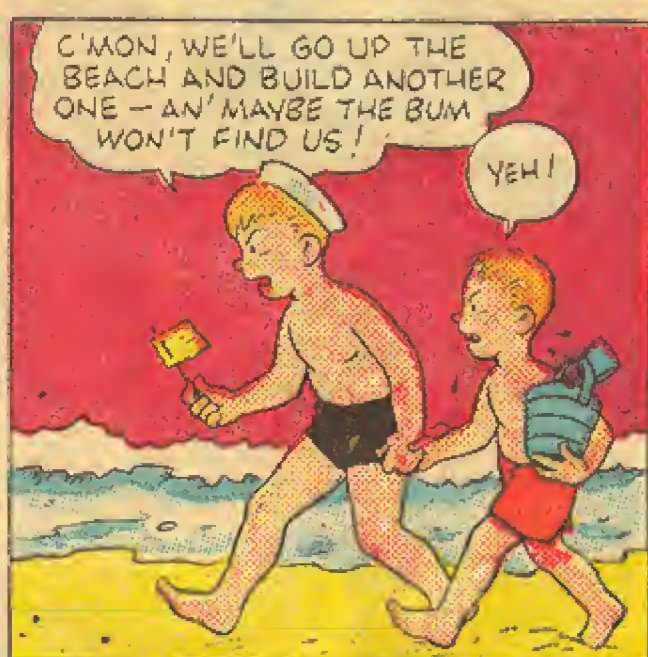
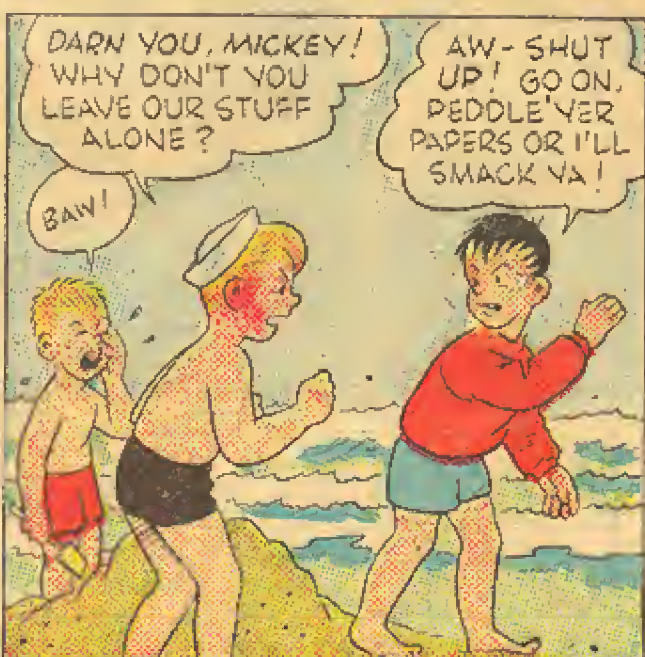
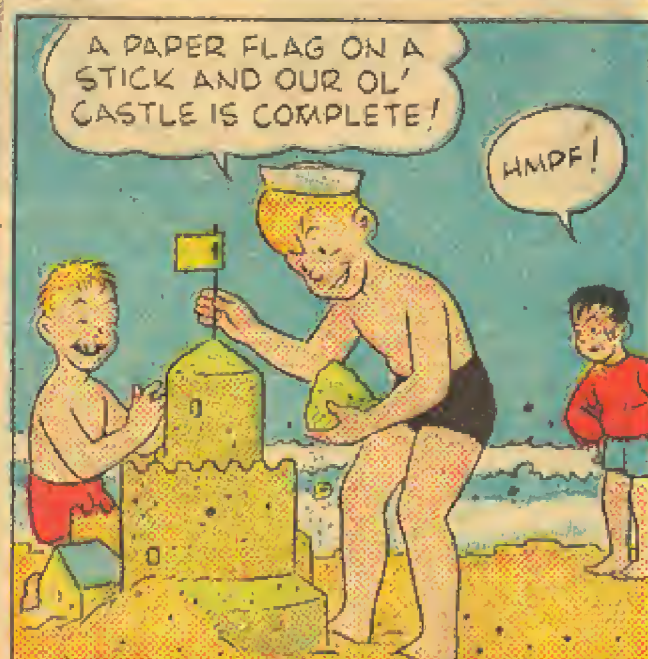
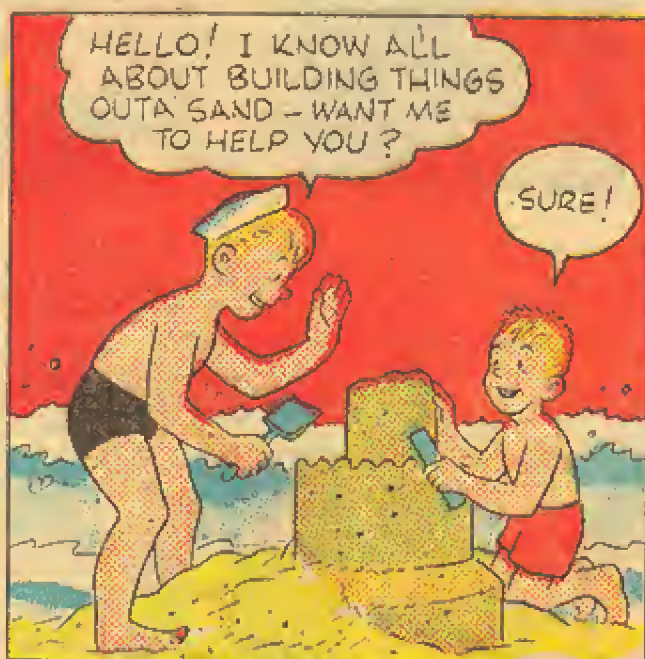
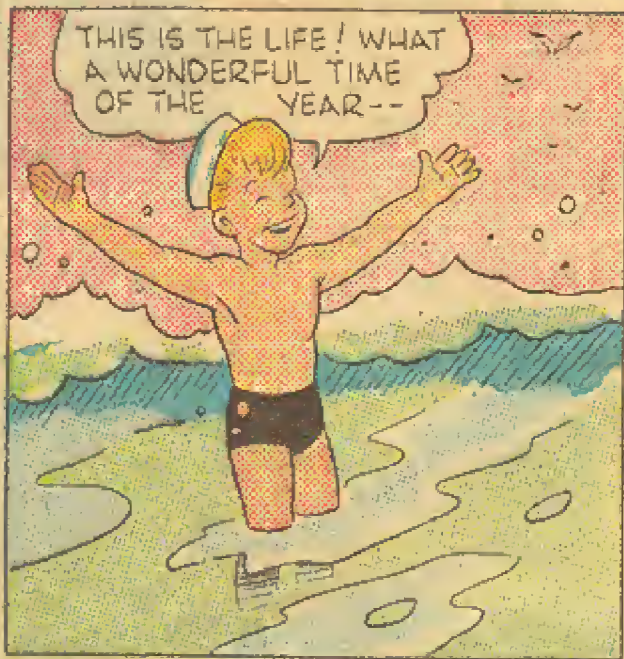
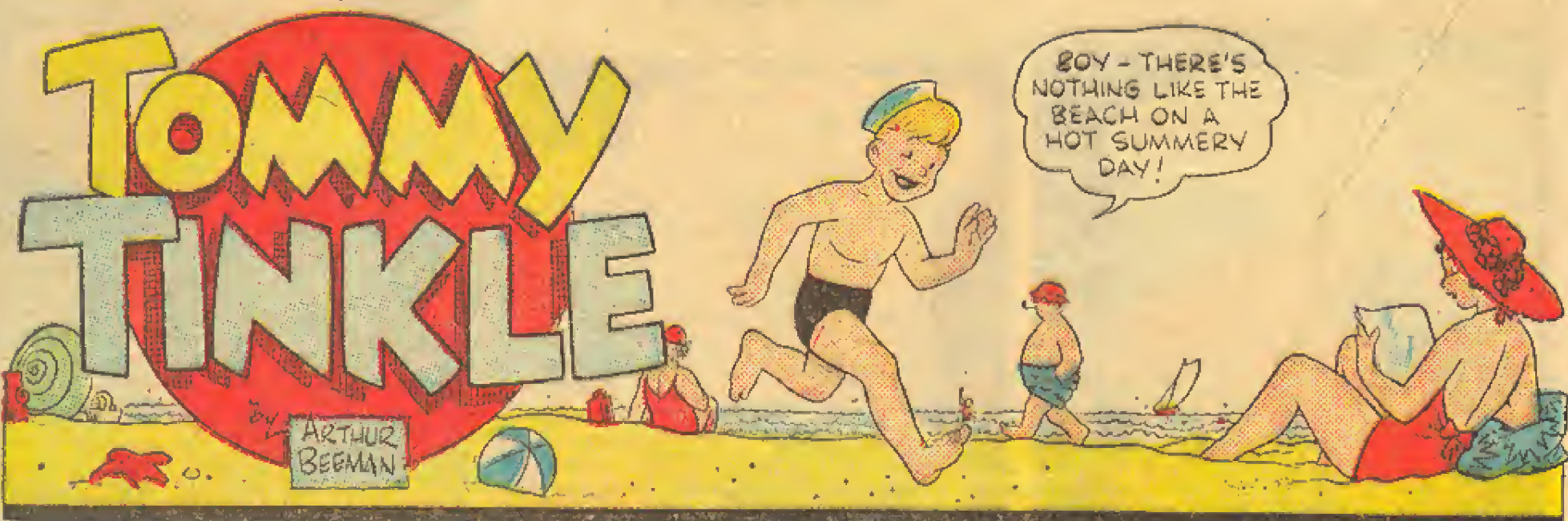
NEXT MORNING.

SEARCH ME, MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

SAY, RICK.. WHO WAS THE MAN IN COSTUME WHO LEFT BALDWIN'S MURDERER AT THE POLICE STATION?



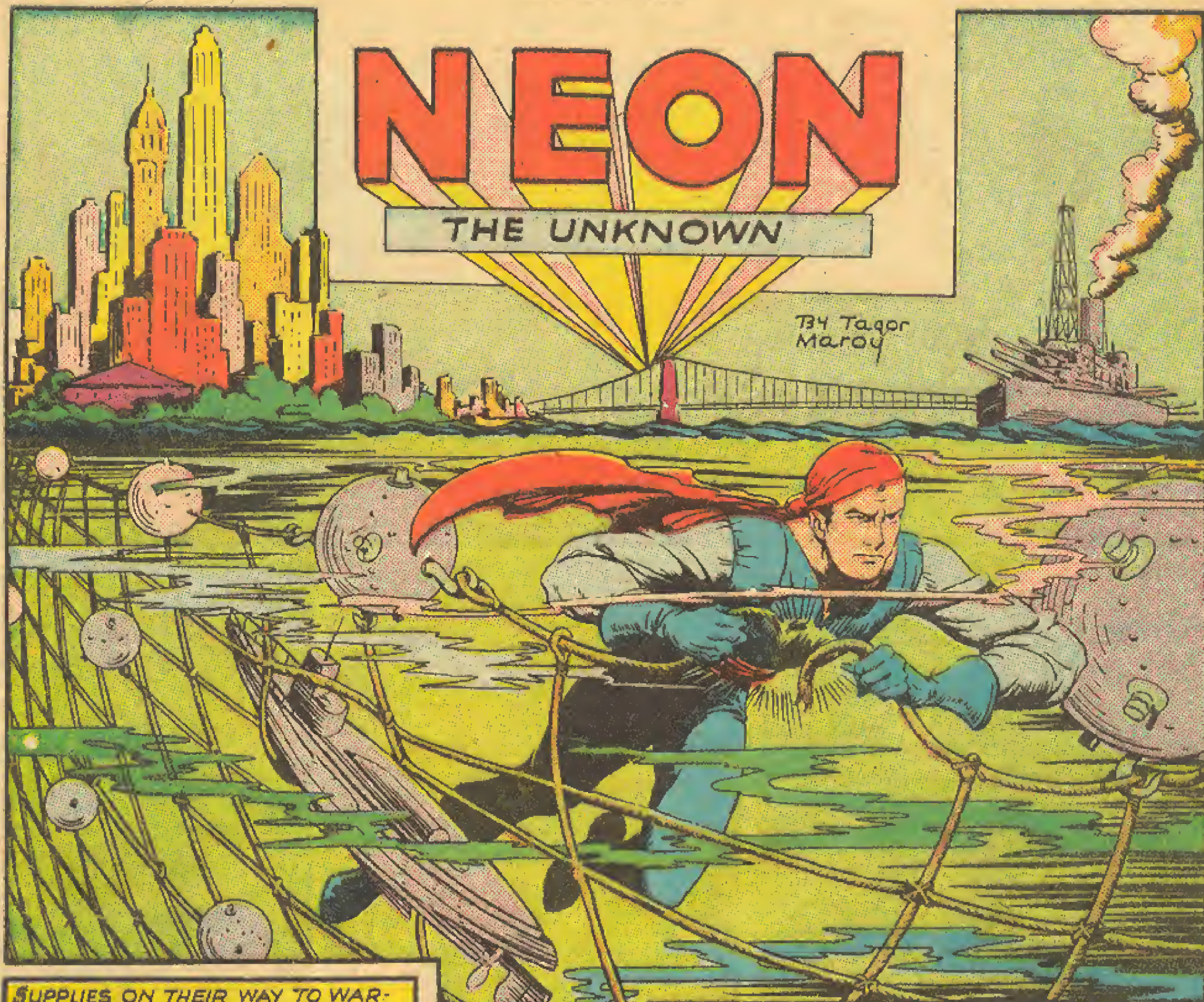
THE RED BEE WHIZZES THROUGH ANOTHER PERILOUS ADVENTURE NEXT MONTH IN **HIT COMICS**.



NEON

THE UNKNOWN

BY Tabor
Marou

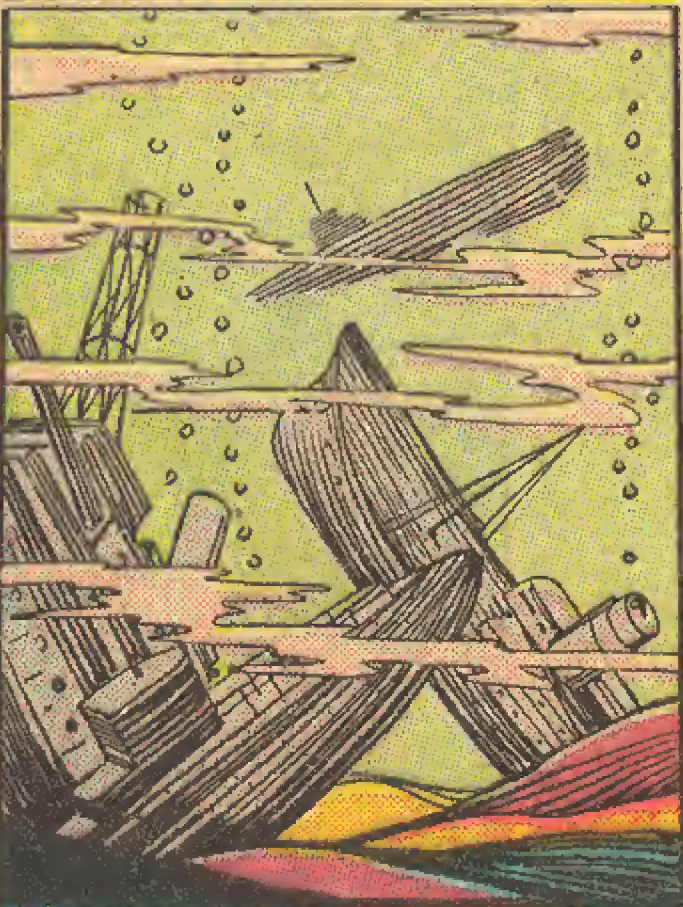
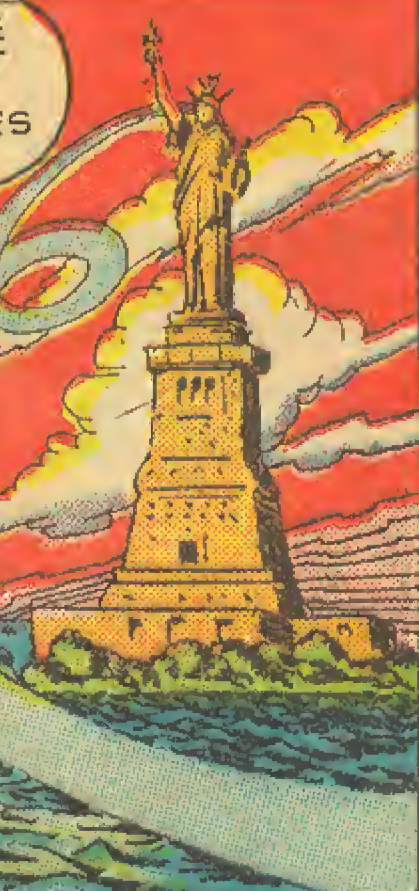
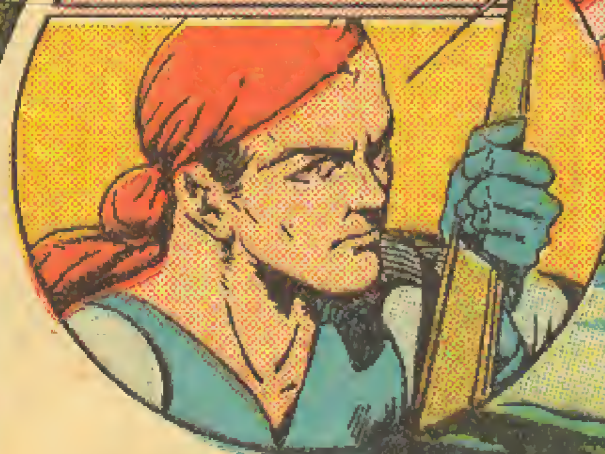


SUPPLIES ON THEIR WAY TO WAR-RING LANDS MEET WITH SUDDEN DISASTER. HUNDREDS OF TONS OF AMERICAN SHIPPING ARE SUNK MYSTERIOUSLY, JUST OUT OF NEW YORK HARBOR.

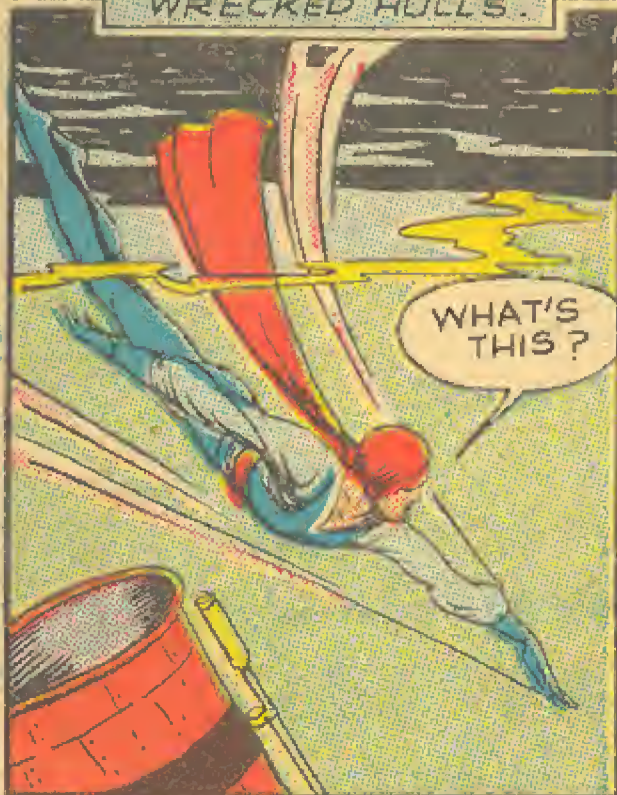
FROM HIS PERCH ATOP THE GIANTESS THAT SYMBOLIZES FREEDOM, HE ZOOMS OUT TO SEA.

THOSE SHIPS ARE BEING MINED. BUT HOW COULD AN ENEMY LAY MINES SO CLOSE TO AMERICAN SHORES?

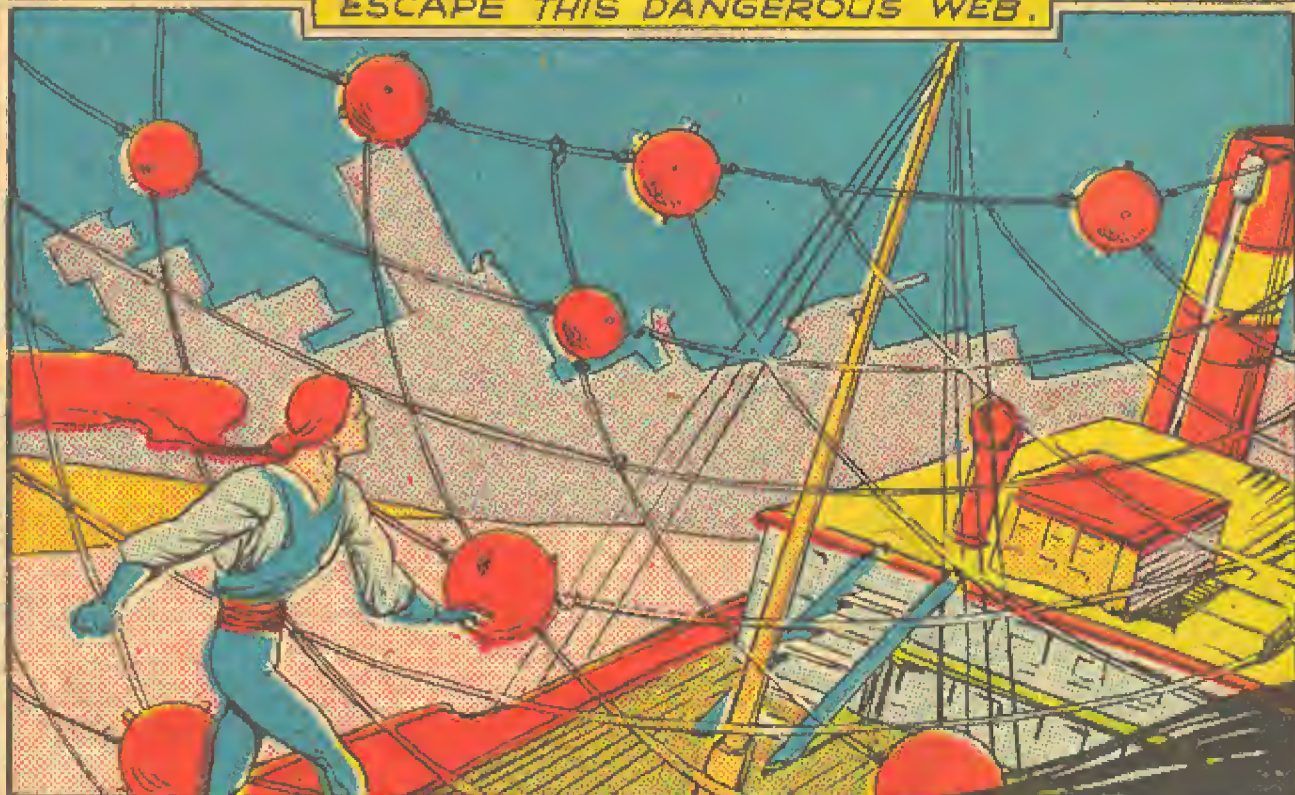
NEON, THE UNKNOWN, WITNESSES THE TRAGEDIES.



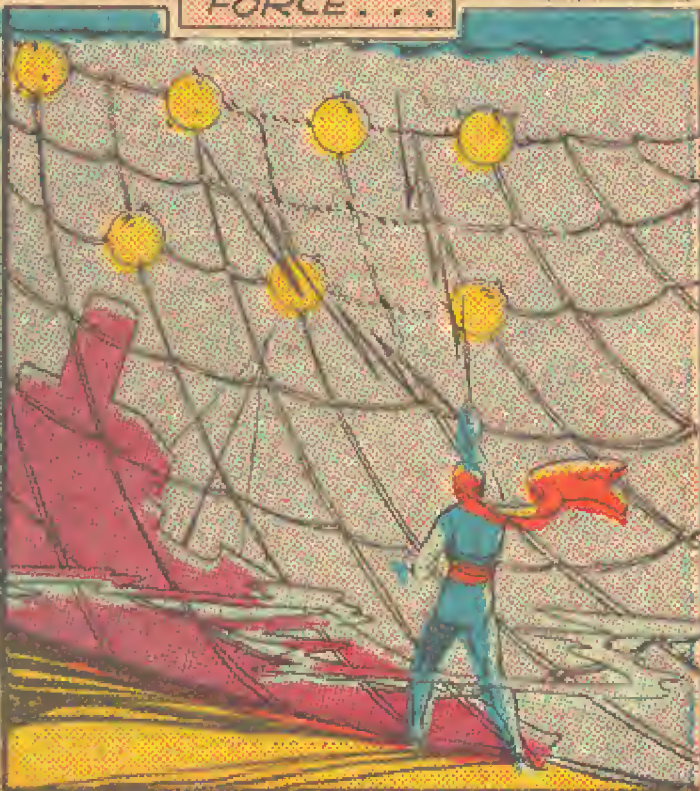
NEON PLUNGES FAR BELOW THE SALTY SURFACE TO THE WRECKED HULLS.



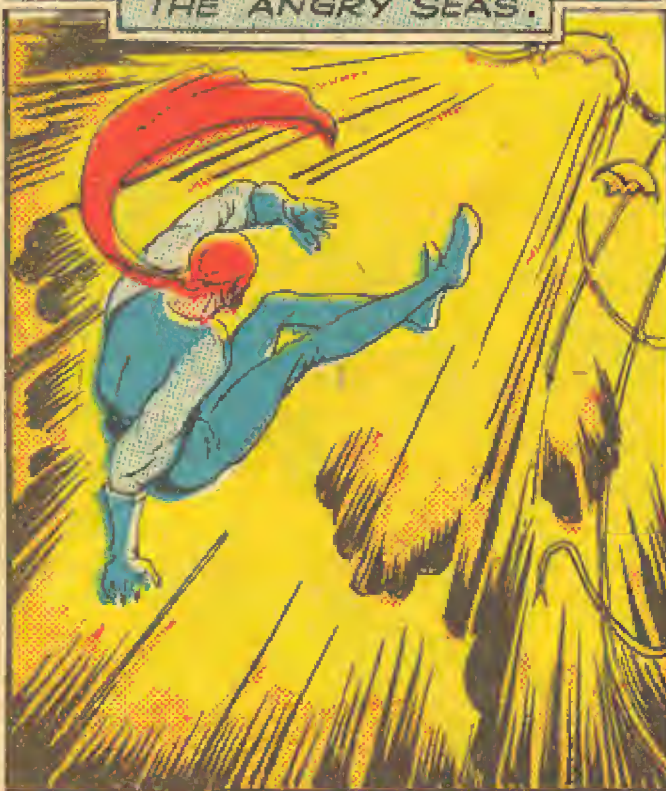
A NET OF MINES STRETCHES ACROSS THE HARBOR ENTRANCE .. NO SHIP OR SUBMARINE COULD POSSIBLY ESCAPE THIS DANGEROUS WEB.



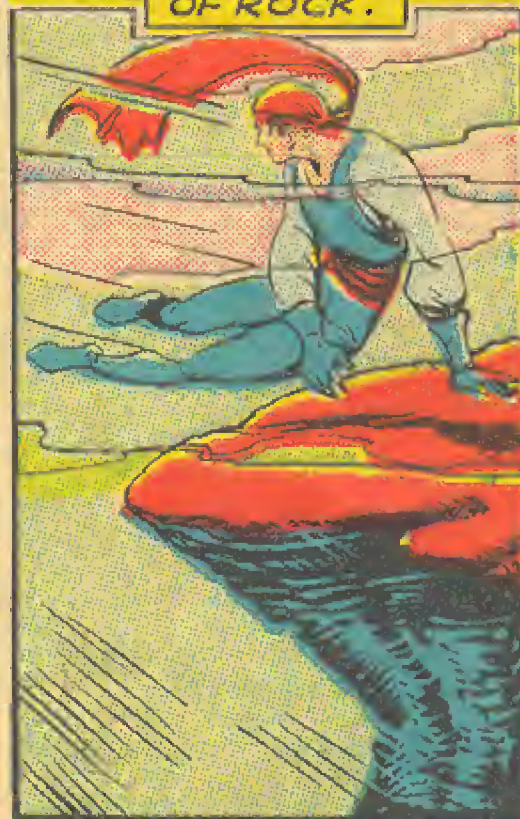
NEON CHARGES THE MINES WITH A POWERFUL NEONIC FORCE...



THE BLAST IS SO TERRIFIC HE IS TOSSED BACK THROUGH THE ANGRY SEAS.



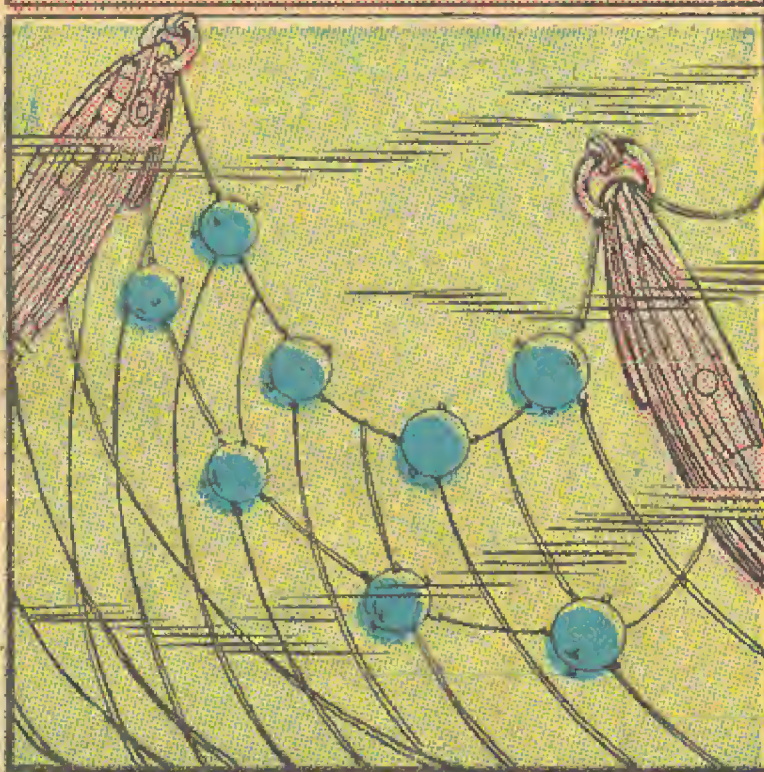
AND LANDS ON A LEDGE OF ROCK.



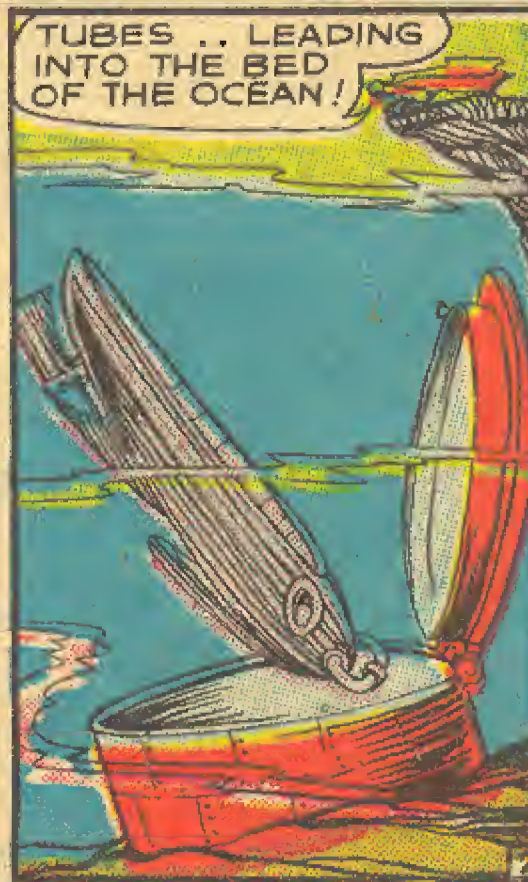
OH, SO THAT'S THE ANSWER .. LITTLE SUBS! BUT WHERE DID THEY COME FROM?



A NEW NET IS PUT IN PLACE BY THE MINIATURE SUBMARINES, HOOKING IT FROM LEDGE TO LEDGE.

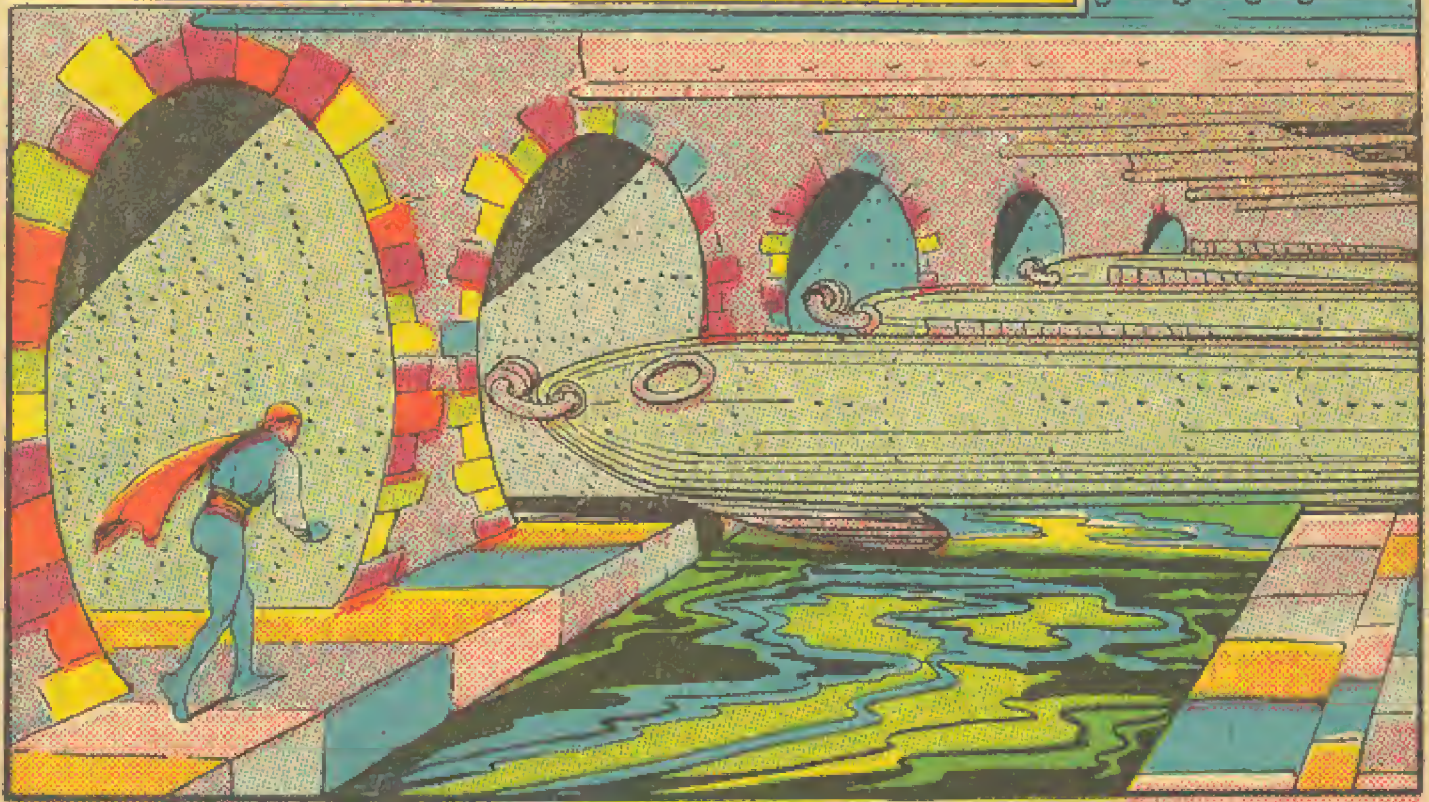


TUBES .. LEADING INTO THE BED OF THE OCEAN!

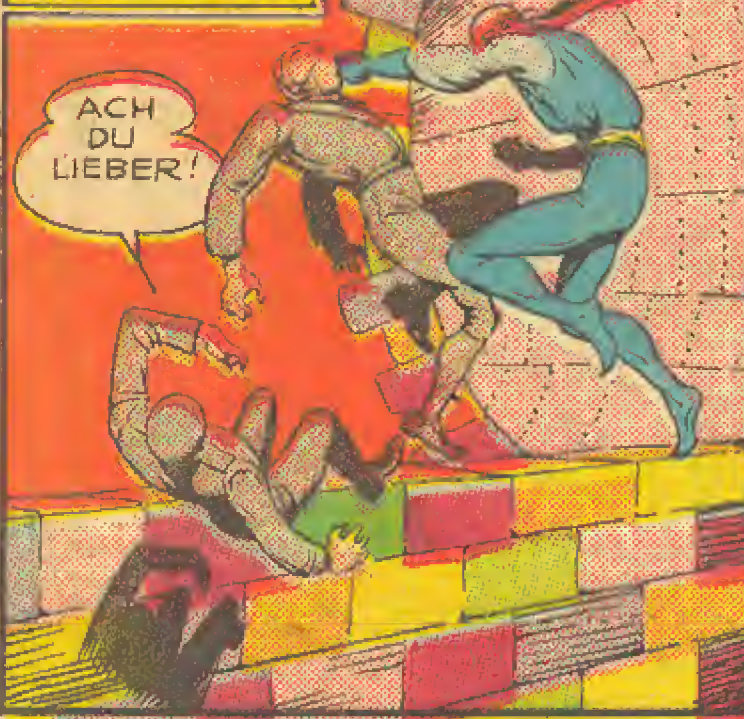


NEON FOLLOWS THE COMPRESSED AIR TUBES.

HE FINDS HIMSELF IN AN IMMENSE BASE, MANY HUNDREDS OF FEET BELOW THE FLOOR OF THE ATLANTIC . . .



NEON WHIRLS HIS DYNAMIC FISTS, MAKING SHORT WORK OF THE ARMED MEN..



ACH DU LIEBER!

HE EXPLORES FURTHER . . .



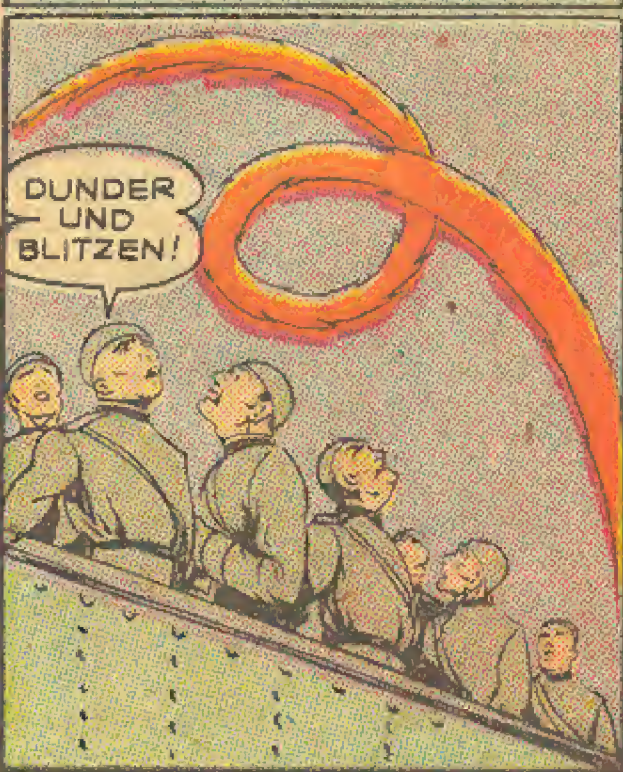
H-M-M..A REGULAR MANNERHEIM LINE. I WON'T WASTE TIME WITH AN ENCOUNTER WITH THIS BUNCH!

BUT HE IS SEEN BY GUARDS . .

HALT!

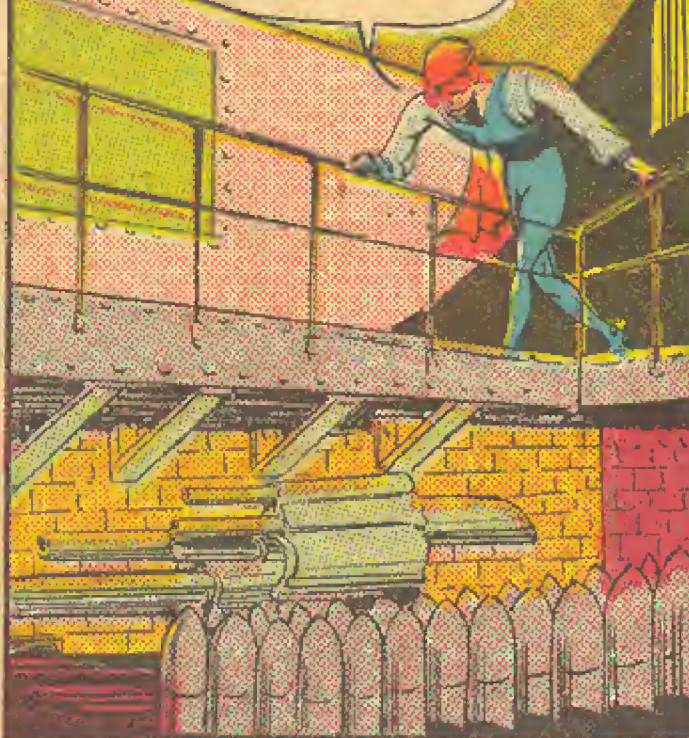


THE TROOP IS STARTLED AS A FLASH OF NEONIC LIGHT LOOPS ABOVE THEM. . .



DUNDER UND BLITZEN!

AN ARSENAL! THIS CERTAINLY BRINGS THE WAR TOO CLOSE TO HOME! I'LL DESTROY IT!

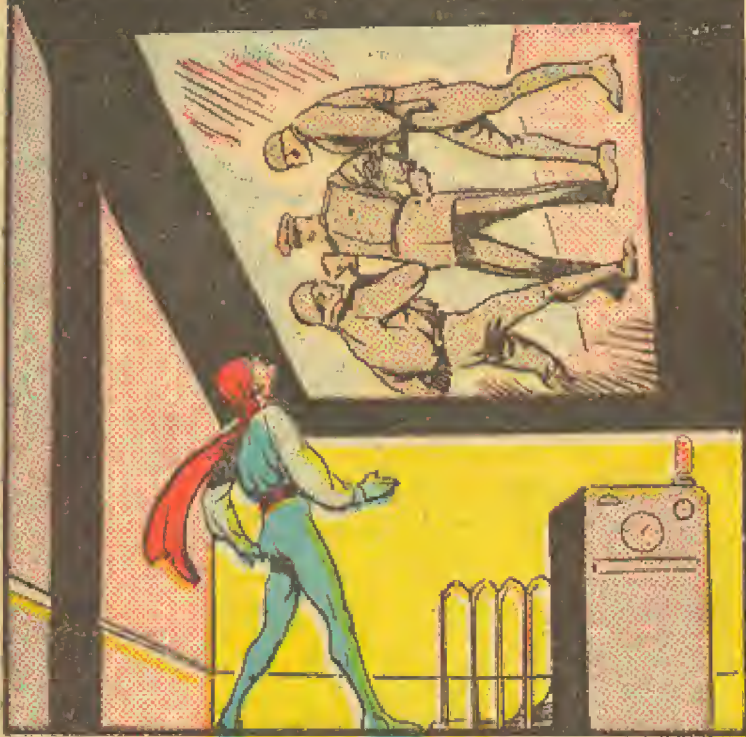


BUT BEFORE HE CAN FIRE A CHARGE . .

YOU VILL MURDER THE ADMIRAL OF YOUR FLEET IF YOU BLOW UP OUR ARSENAL!!



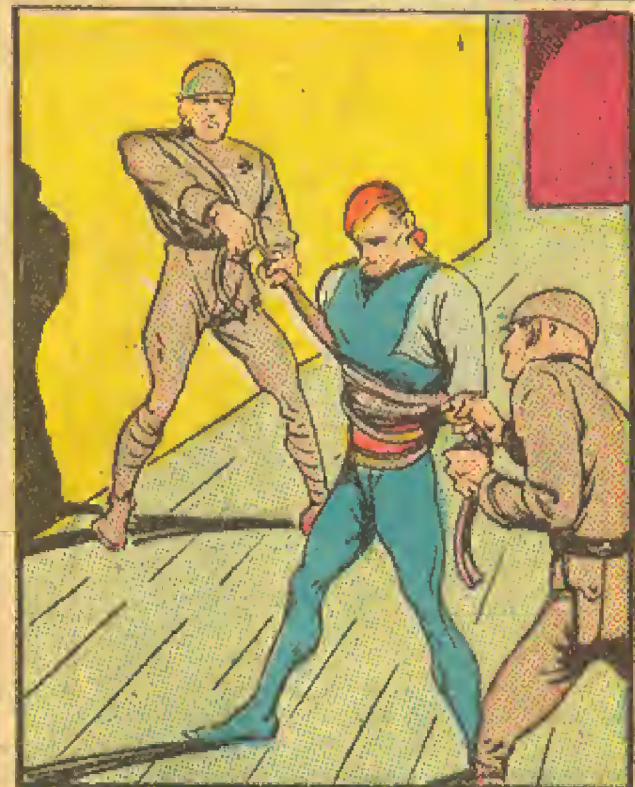
A PICTURE FLASHED ON A LARGE TELEVISION SCREEN SHOWS NEON THAT AN IMPORTANT NAVY OFFICIAL HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED



BUT HE IS MADE TEMPORARILY HELPLESS BY A VICIOUS BLOW.



STILL DAZED, HE IS BOUND TIGHTLY IN HEAVY STEEL BANDS.



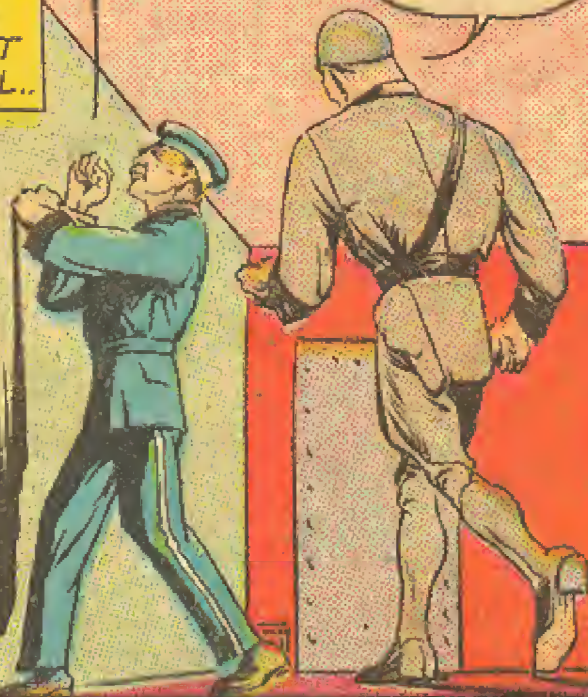
HE REGAINS COMPLETE CONSCIOUSNESS IN A DARK CELL.



PERHAPS I'D BETTER STAY HERE TILL I LEARN MORE ABOUT THE ADMIRAL!

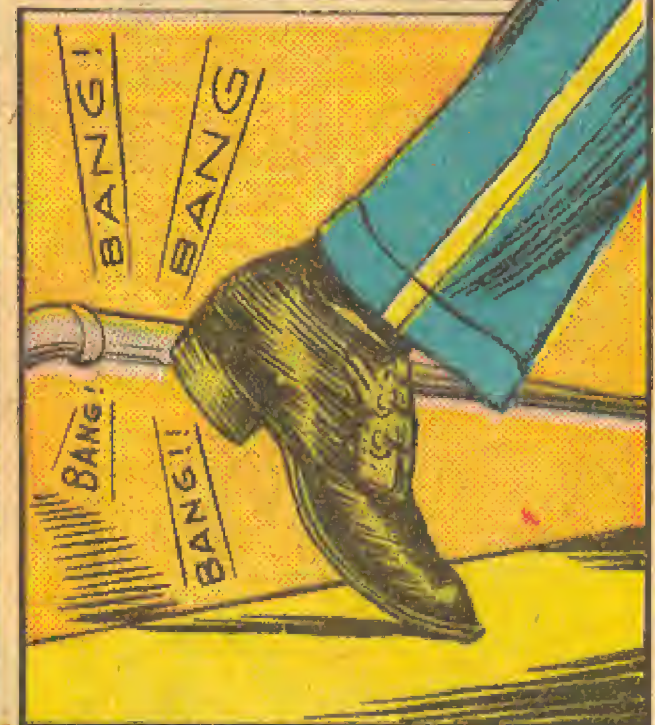
HELP! GET ME OUT OF HERE!

IN THE NEXT CELL..

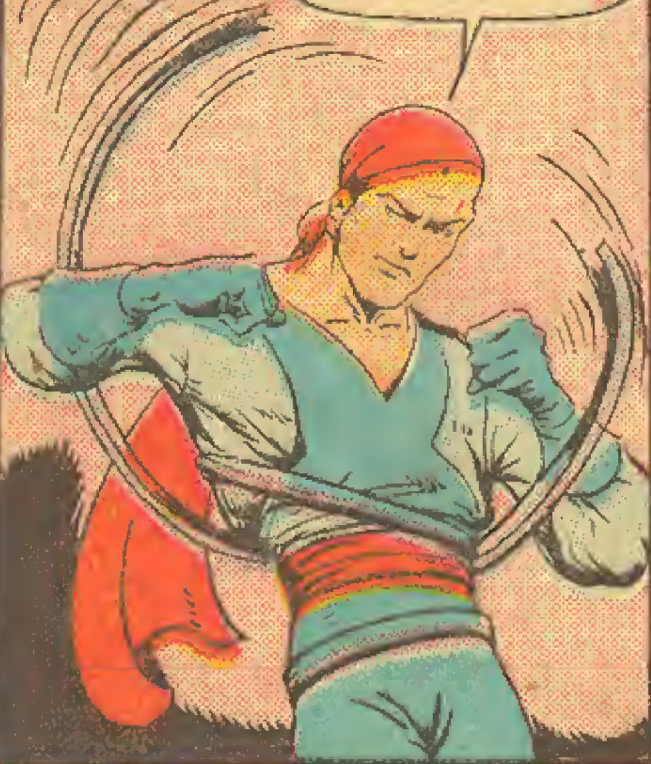


SAVE YOUR BREATH. HE CANNOT HEAR OR HELP YOU, SWINE!

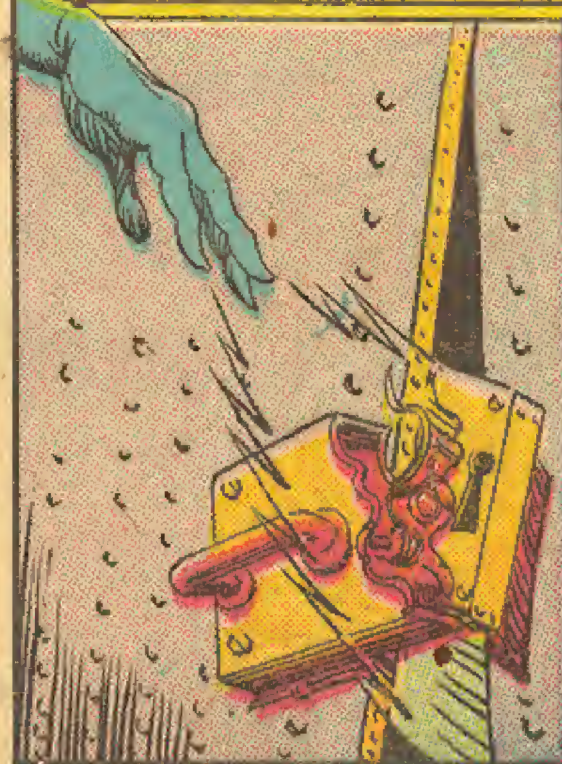
THE ADMIRAL SEES A PIPE RUNNING BETWEEN CELLS, AND KICKS OUT A MESSAGE.



THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW . . HE'S RIGHT NEXT DOOR!



NEON BLASTS THE LOCK FROM THE ADMIRAL'S CELL DOOR.



SEEING HIS AMAZING POWER, THE GUARDS RUN IN TERROR.

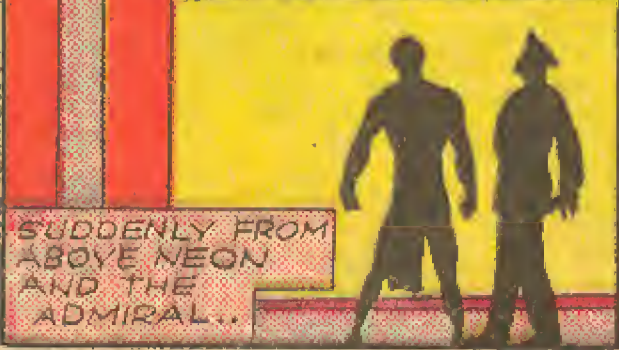


COME, HANSEL! VE GO QUICK!

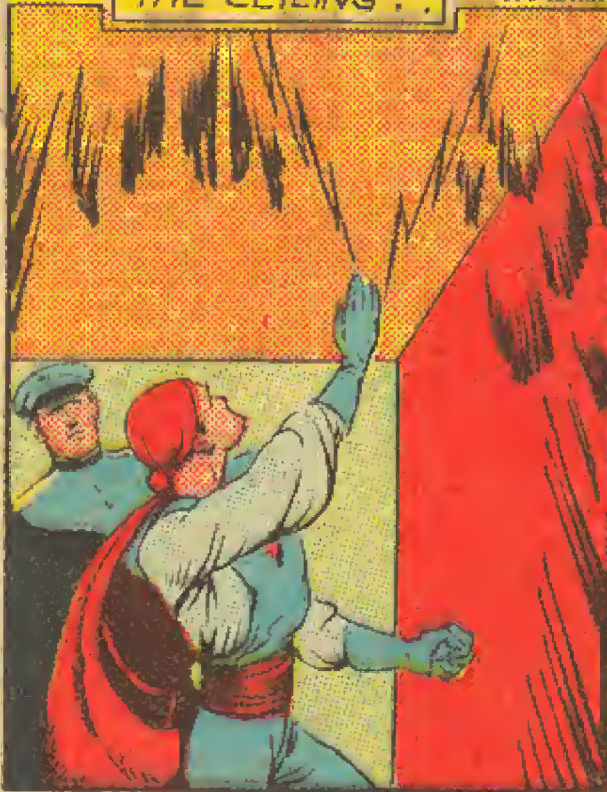
STOP WHERE YOU ARE! I AM WATCHING YOUR MOVES!! YOU CANNOT ESCAPE..



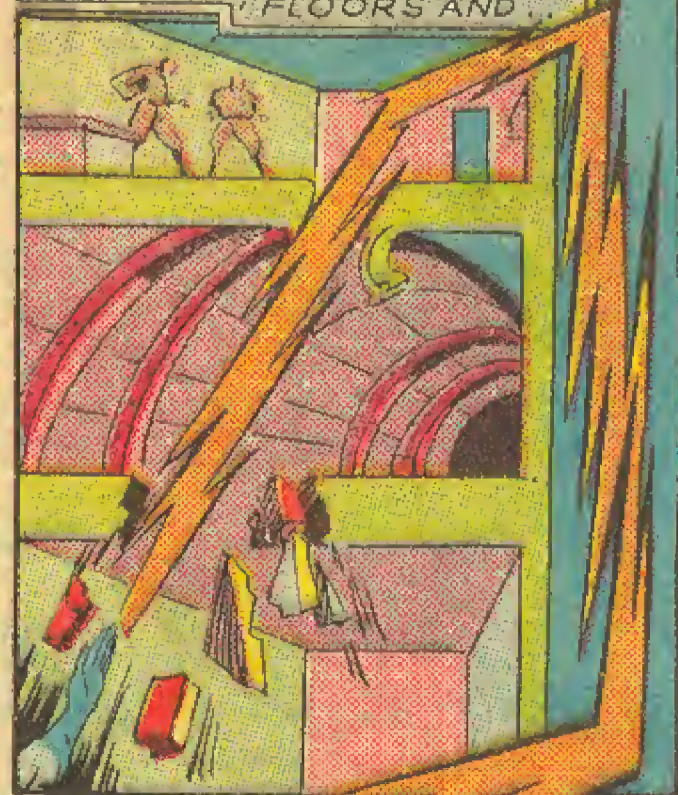
SUDDENLY FROM ABOVE NEON AND THE ADMIRAL..



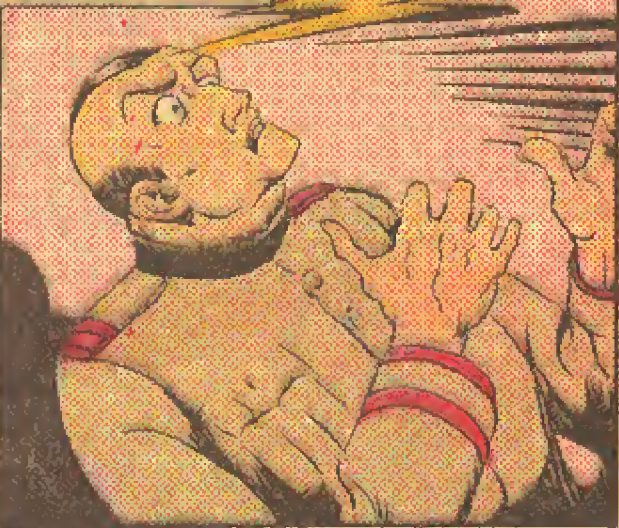
BUT NEON INTERRUPTS THE COMMANDER'S SPEECH BY SMASHING THE SCREEN ON THE CEILING..



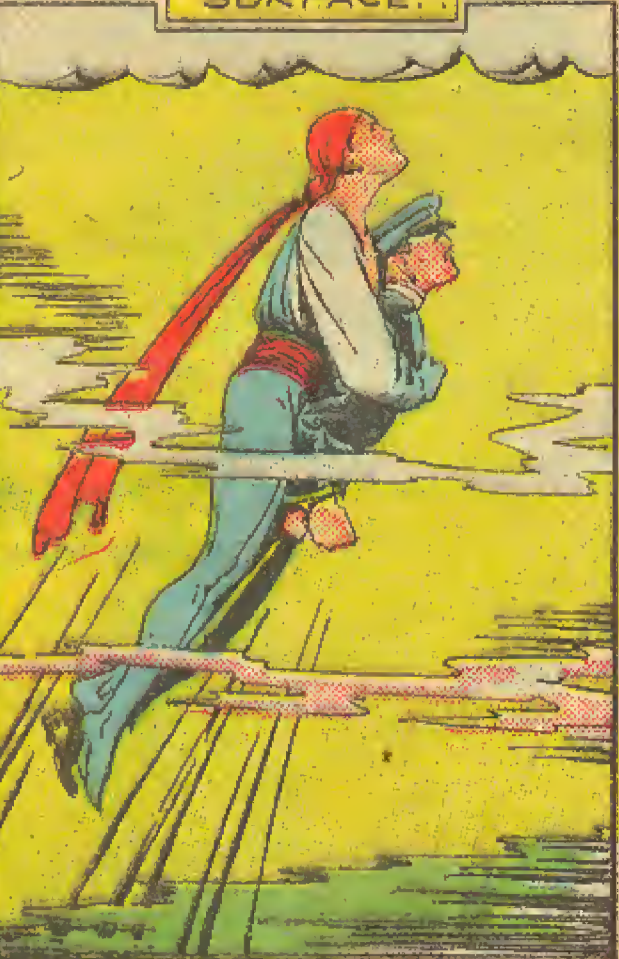
NOW NEON'S POWERS REALLY PROVE THEIR STRENGTH.. THEY CUT THROUGH THE CEMENT FLOORS AND..



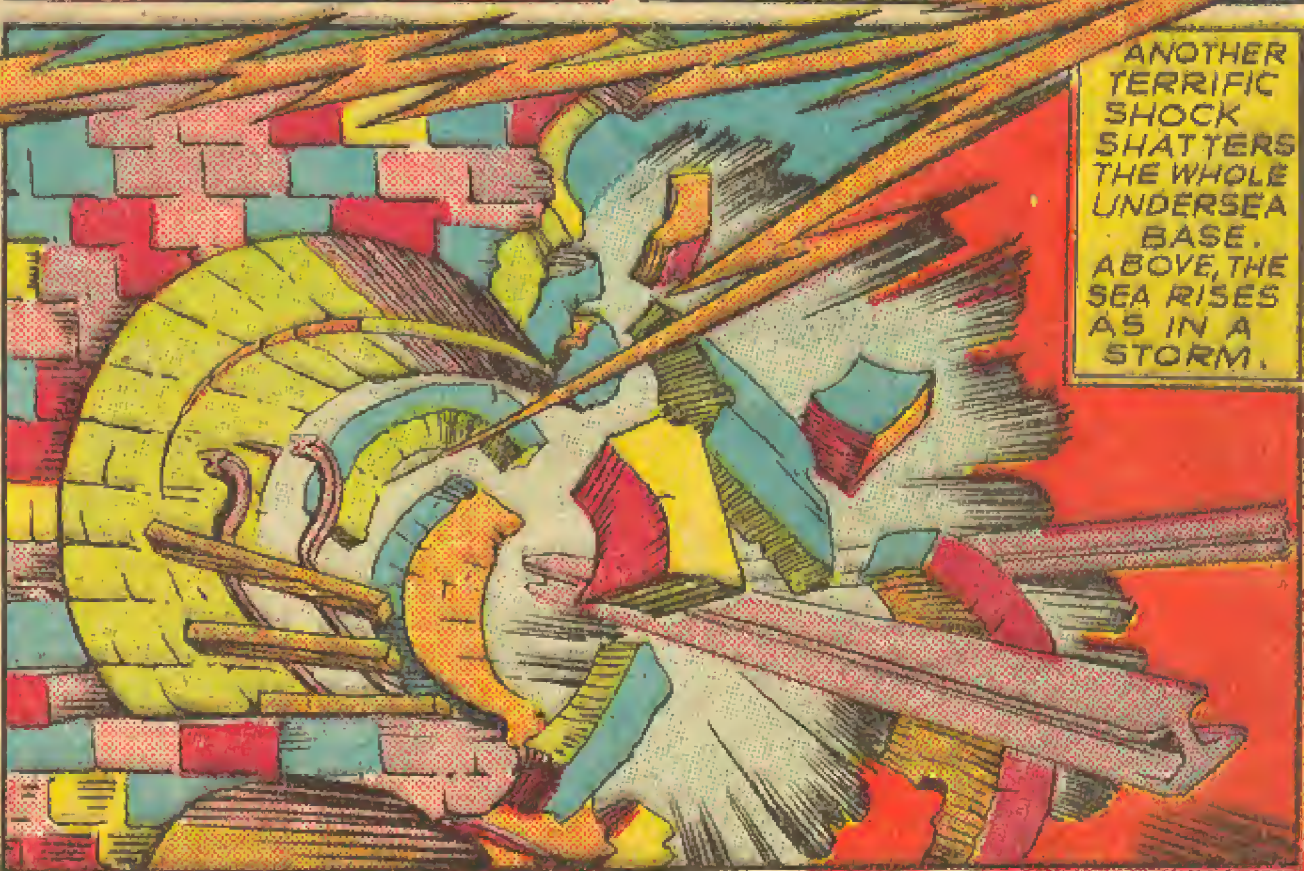
FIND THE COMMANDER IN HIS PRIVATE OFFICE, AND STRIKE HIM DEAD..



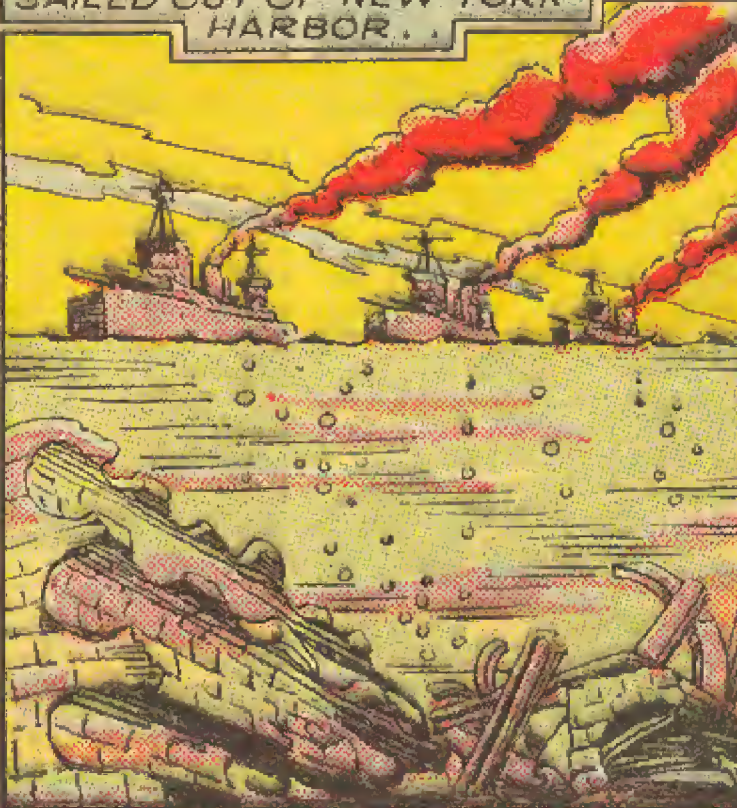
WITH THE ADMIRAL IN TOW, NEON SHOOTS TO THE SURFACE..



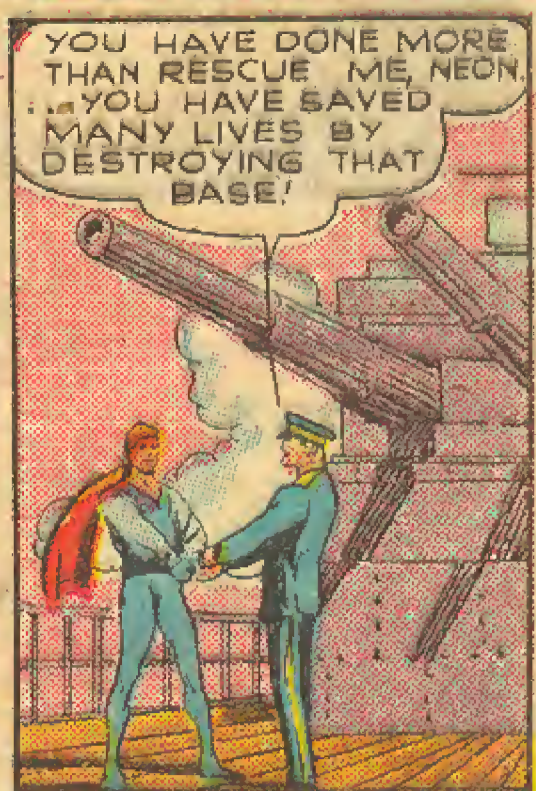
ANOTHER TERRIFIC SHOCK SHATTERS THE WHOLE UNDERSEA BASE. ABOVE, THE SEA RISES AS IN A STORM.



SOON THE SUPPLIES ARE SAFELY SAILED OUT OF NEW YORK HARBOR..



YOU HAVE DONE MORE THAN RESCUE ME, NEON. YOU HAVE SAVED MANY LIVES BY DESTROYING THAT BASE!



NEON RETURNS IN THE NEXT **HIT** COMICS.

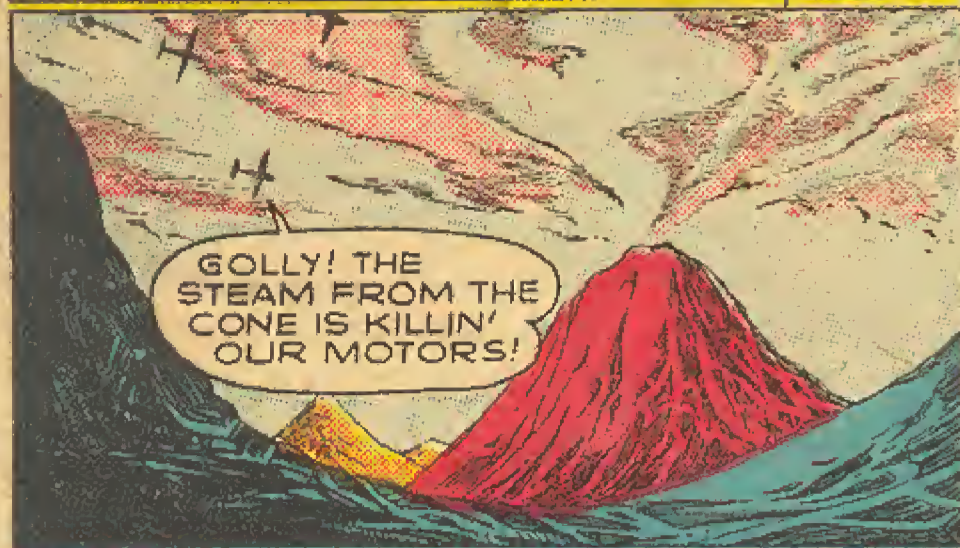
HELL DIVER

By Ace N. Hoell



DANGER DARROW, "HELL DIVER" IS THE CRACK TROUBLE SHOOTER OF THE MARINE FLYING CORPS..NOW HE IS STATIONED ABOARD THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER U.S.S. GETTYSBURG, IN CENTRAL AMERICAN WATERS.

A FLIGHT OF NAVAL SCOUTING PLANES IS ON ROUTINE OBSERVATION DUTY..AS THEY PASS OVER A DORMANT VOLCANO.

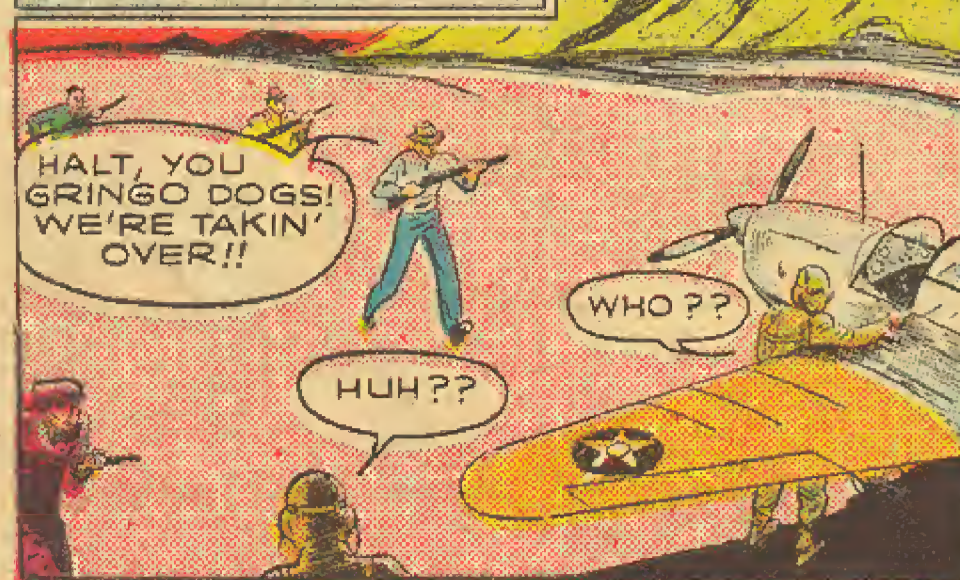


GOLLY! THE STEAM FROM THE CONE IS KILLIN' OUR MOTORS!

ENGINES SPUTTERING, THE PLANES ARE FORCED TO A LAND-ING IN A NARROW VALLEY BETWEEN CRATERS.



THE PILOTS GET OUT TO EXAMINE THEIR SHIPS .. SUDDENLY ..



HALT, YOU GRINGO DOGS! WE'RE TAKIN' OVER!!

HUH??

WHO??

LATER.. ABOARD THE U.S.S. GETTYSBURG..

DARROW, OUR SCOUTING SHIPS ARE LONG OVERDUE. I'M SENDING YOU OUT TO SEARCH FOR THEM!



YES, SIR!

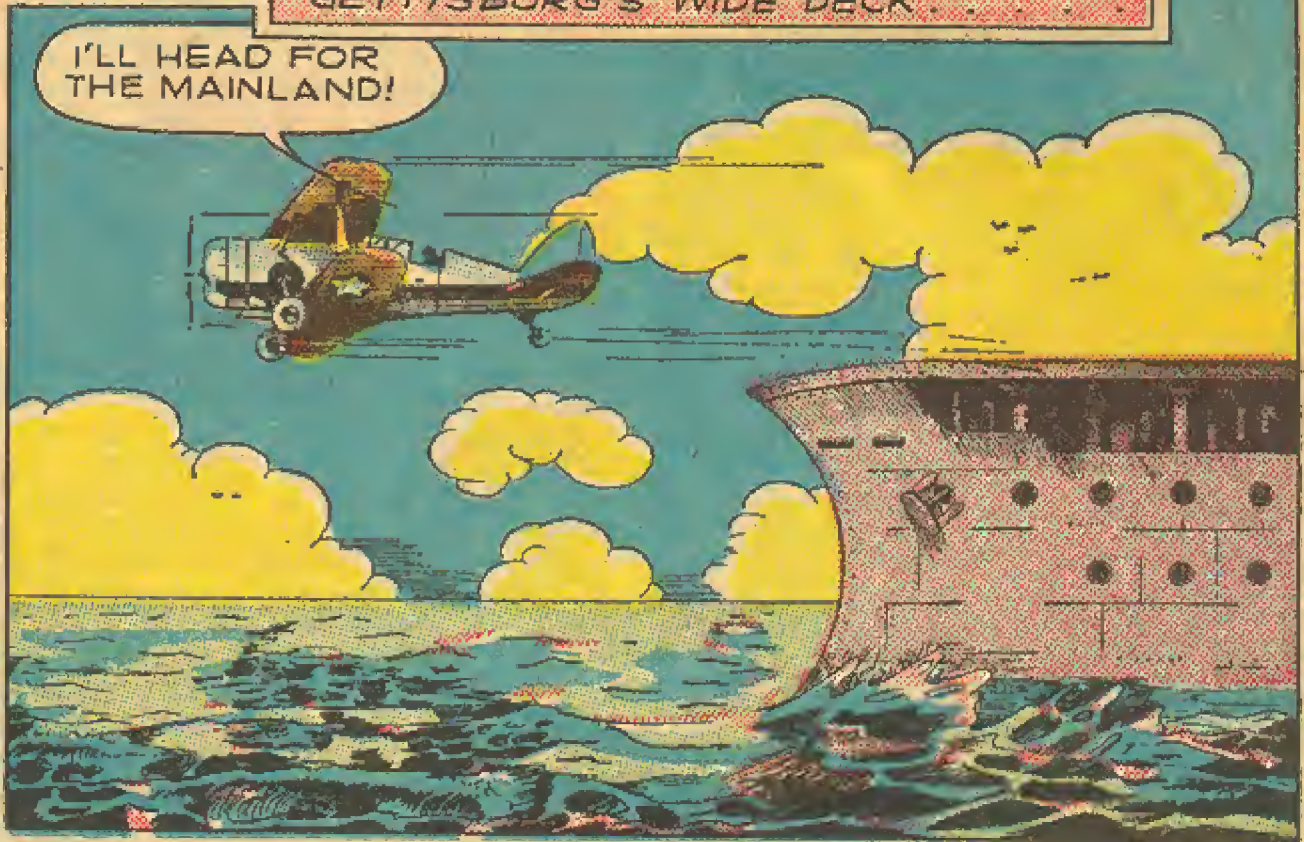
A FEW SECONDS LATER,
DANGER IS IN HIS PLANE.

S'LONG, BOYS!
SEE YOU
LATER!



WITH A ROAR LIKE THE WIND, HE SHOOTS OFF THE
GETTYSBURG'S WIDE DECK.

I'LL HEAD FOR
THE MAINLAND!

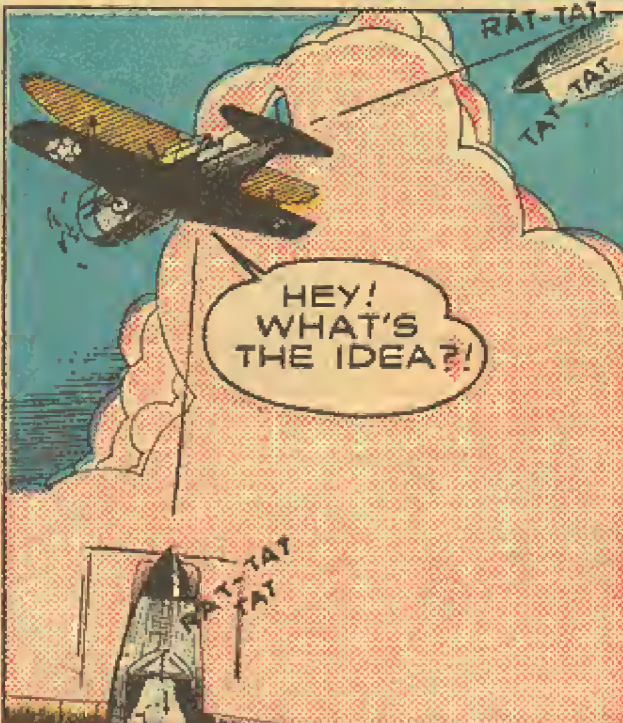


THEY WENT TOWARD
THE MOUNTAINS...
HEY! I DON'T HAVE
TO GO AFTER ALL!
HERE THEY ARE,
COMING BACK!



BUT INSTEAD OF A GRACEFUL
DIP GREETING, THE NAVAL
SCOUTERS OPEN FIRE.

HEY!
WHAT'S
THE IDEA?!

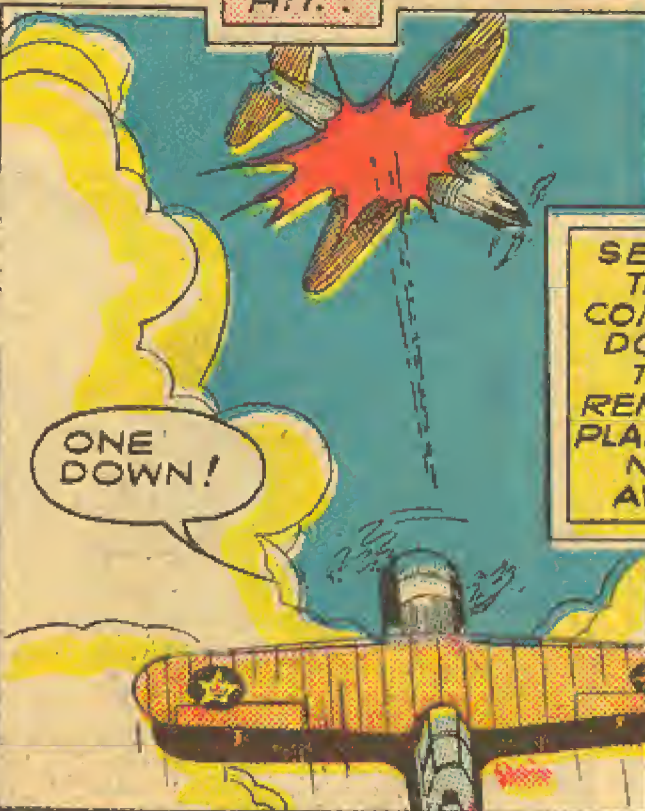


NOW I GET IT!
THOSE ARE OUR
PLANES ALL RIGHT,
BUT NOT OUR
PILOTS!



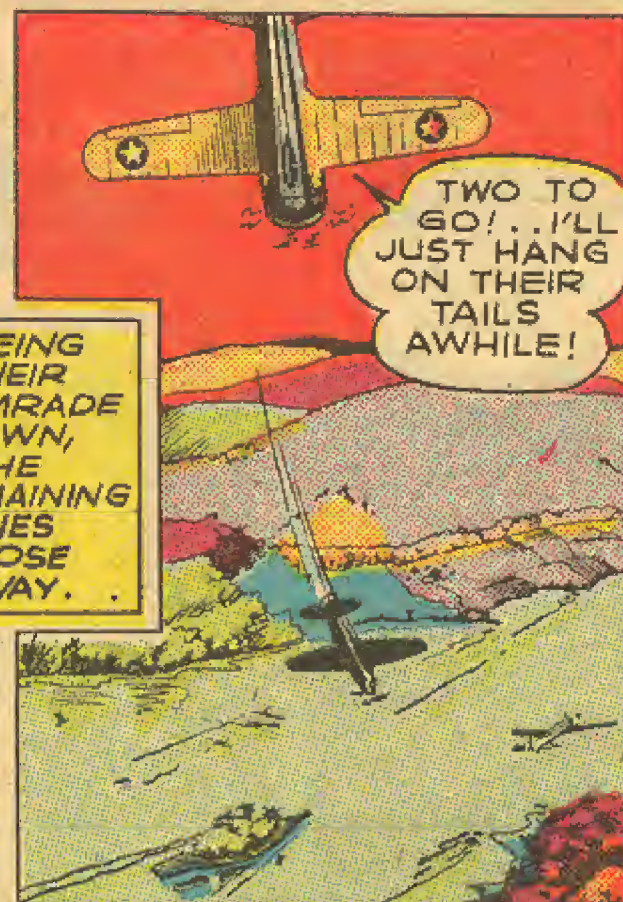
ANGRILY, DANGER RETALIATES.
HIS FIRST SHOT IS A DIRECT
HIT.

ONE
DOWN!

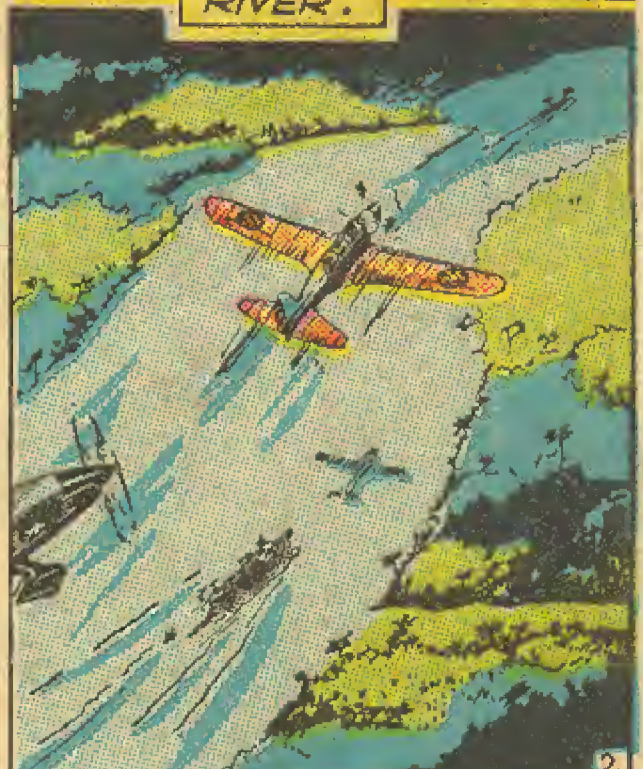


SEEING
THEIR
COMRADE
DOWN,
THE
REMAINING
PLANES
NOSE
AWAY.

TWO TO
GO!...I'LL
JUST HANG
ON THEIR
TAILS
AWHILE!



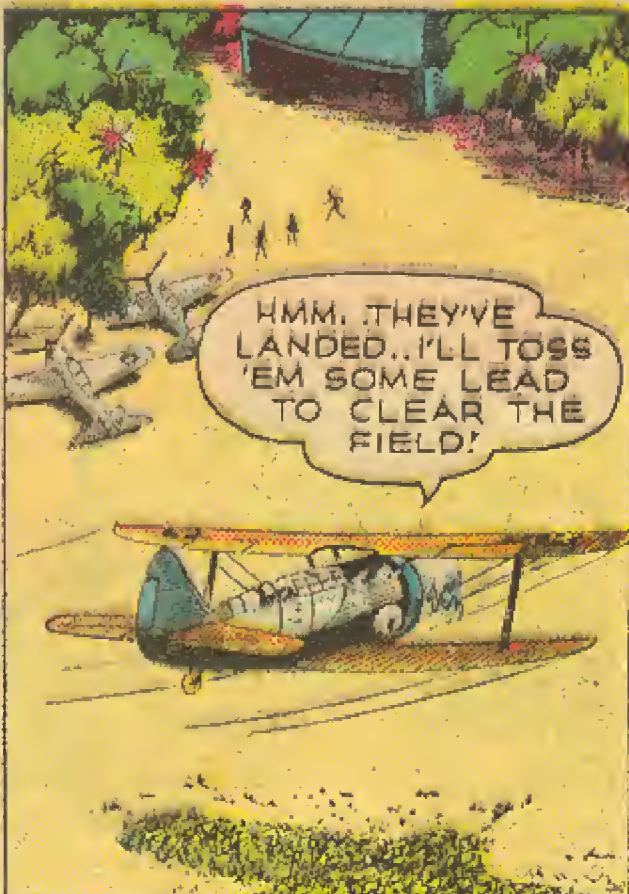
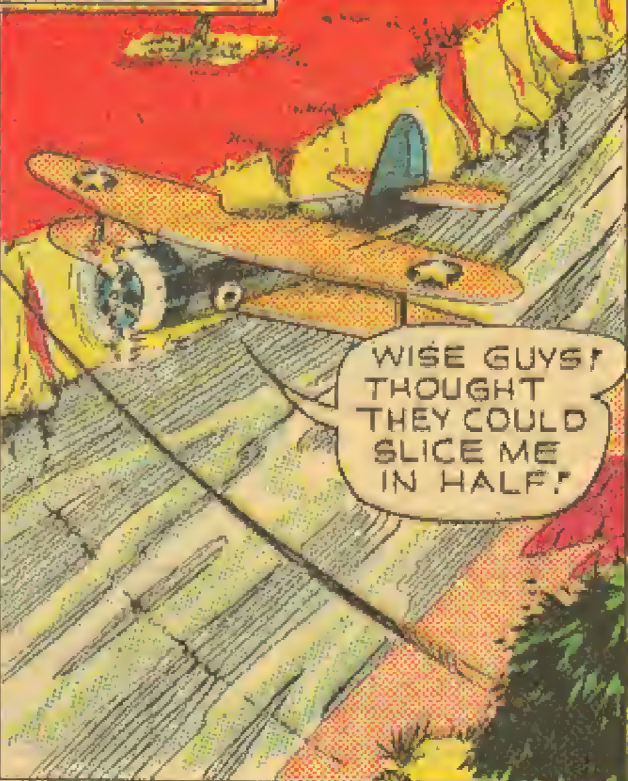
THE TWO FLEEING SHIPS
LEVEL OFF AND HEAD
UP A RUSHING TROPICAL
RIVER.



FAR BELOW, TWO MEN DRAW A STEEL CABLE TAUT ACROSS THE RIVER.



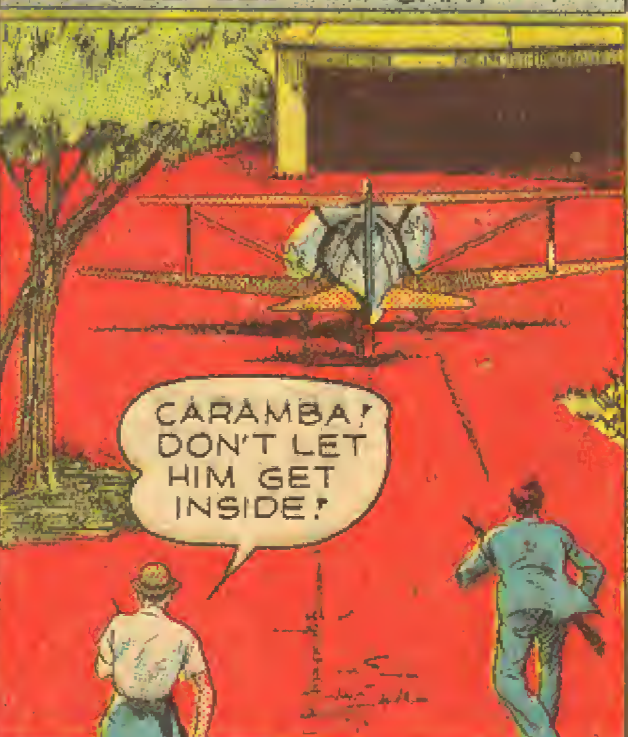
BUT MISSING THE TREACHEROUS CABLE BY INCHES, DANGER ZOOMS UP.



DANGER SWOODS DOWN.. HIS 30 CALIBRE WING GUNS STRAFING THE WILDLY-SHOOTING MEN.



TAXIING ACROSS THE NARROW FIELD, DANGER STOPS BEFORE A CONCEALED HANGAR.



HE CRAWLS OUT, FIRING FAST.



BUT DARROW MOWS THEM DOWN AND STARTS FOR THE HANGAR.



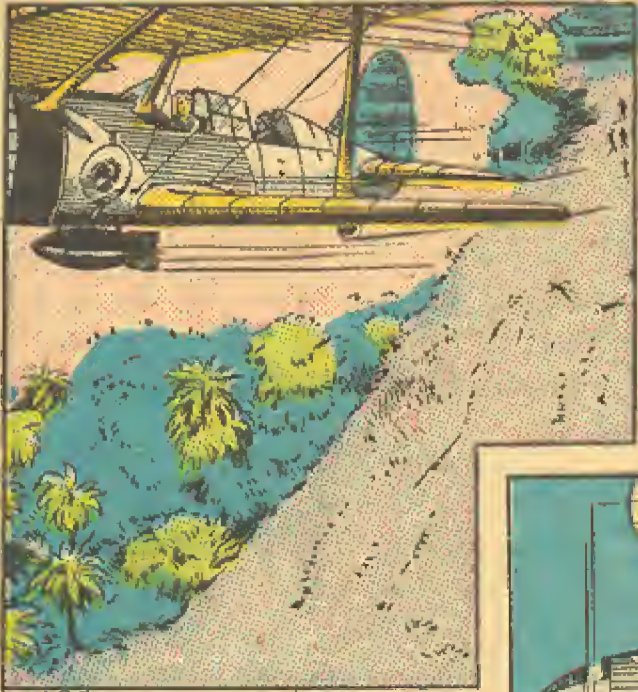
INSIDE



DANGER UNTIES HIS BUDDIES QUICKLY.. SUDDENLY..



ACCOMPANIED BY ONE NAVAL FLIER, DARROW TAKES OFF.



ABOVE THE OUTLAW'S PLANE, DANGER DESCENDS A ROPE LADDER.

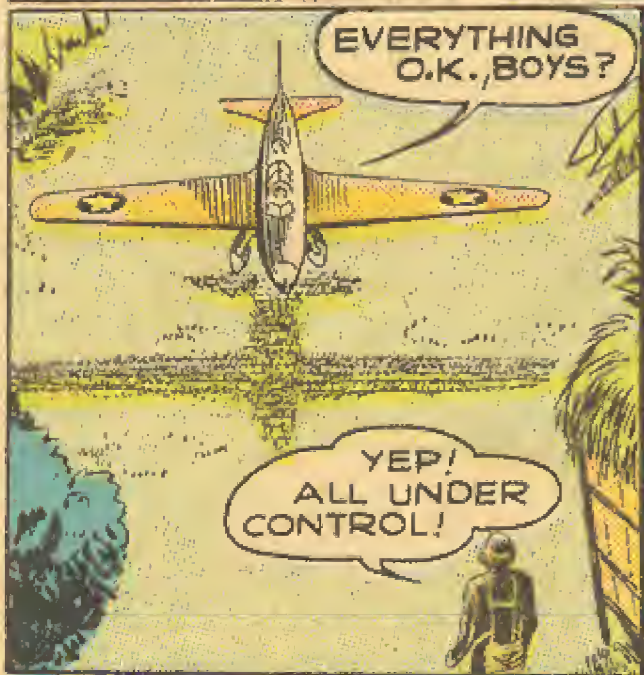


BROTHER, YOU'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT YOU!

THE OUTLAW STRUGGLES BRIEFLY, BUT DANGER, WITH A DYNAMITE LOADED SOCK, SENDS HIM TO HIS DOOM.



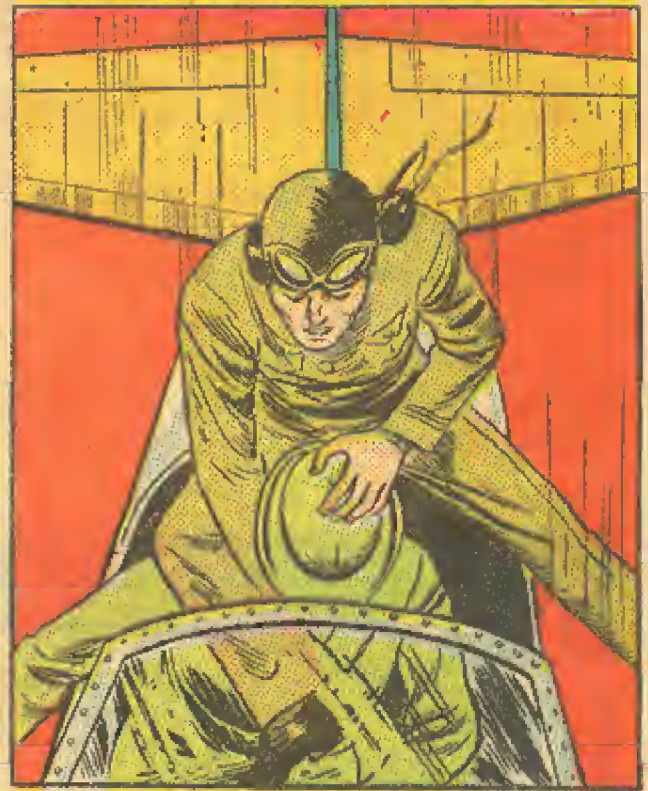
GRABBING THE CONTROLS, DARROW LANDS THE SHIP.



EVERYTHING O.K., BOYS?

YEP! ALL UNDER CONTROL!

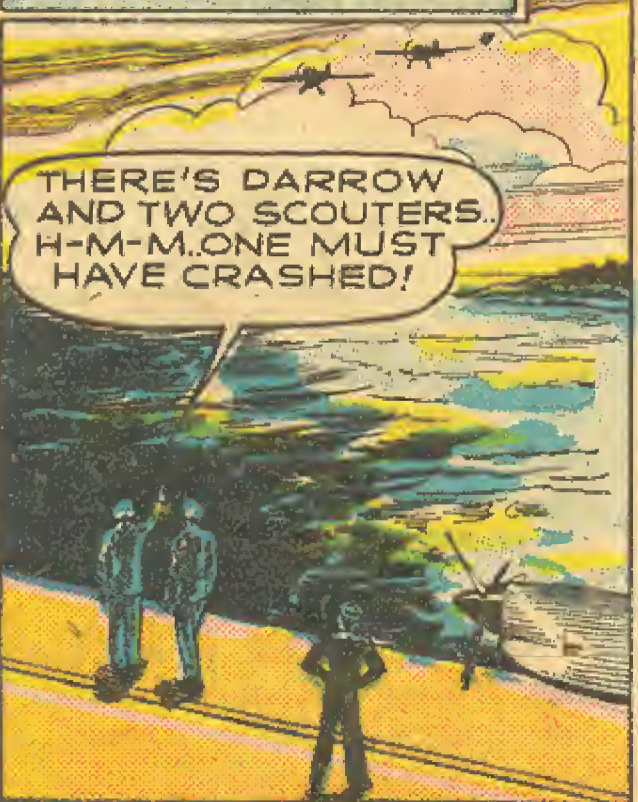
LIKE A LEAD WEIGHT, DANGER PLUMMETS ATOP HIS STARTLED VICTIM.



THREE OF YOU STAY HERE WITH THE PRISONERS. WE'LL FLY BACK TO THE GETTYSBURG AND GET A LAUNCH FOR THOSE GUYS!



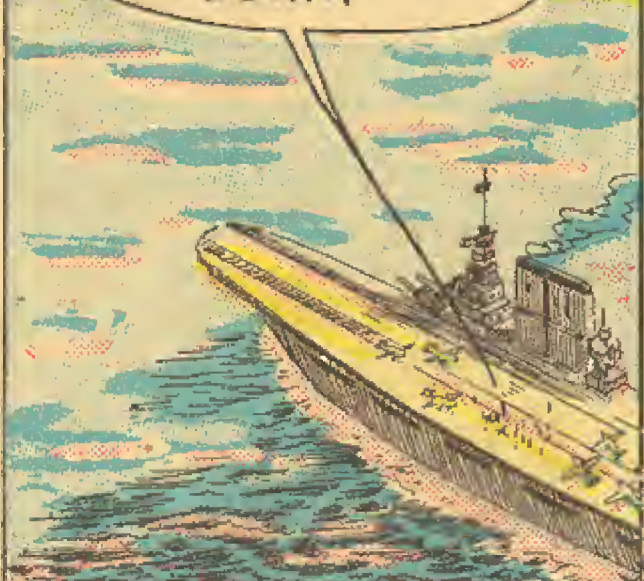
A SHORT WHILE LATER, ABOARD THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER.



THERE'S DARROW AND TWO SCOUTERS. H-M-M. ONE MUST HAVE CRASHED!

DANGER EXPLAINS THE SITUATION.

THOSE OUTLAWS WERE GOING TO SELL OUR PLANES TO A REBEL GENERAL. THEY PUMPED RIVER WATER INTO THE VOLCANO AND THE STEAM ARISING FORCED THE SHIPS DOWN!



FINE WORK, DARROW. I'LL SEND LAUNCHES OVER FOR THE BOYS. YOU TAKE A REST! YOU'VE EARNED IT!



DANGER DARROW, "HELL DIVER", FLIES TO NEW DARING EXPLOITS IN NEXT MONTH'S **HIT COMICS**.

THE NIGHT PROWLER

By TONI BOONE

Someone had been through all my pockets, turned them inside out, left the contents strewn about the room and not taken a thing. My suitcase, in which most of my clothes still lay unpacked, was in disorder. But nothing was

missing. Someone had come into my room the night before and ransacked my belongings. But who? And why?

Stuffing everything back in pockets and valise I decided that as long as nothing had been taken I wouldn't mention a thing to my hostess. I was more or less an uninvited guest at the home of my wife's very wealthy relatives and wanted to remain as inconspicuous and out of the way as possible. They weren't exactly uncordial to me but distant enough to make me wish Alice would hurry up and join me here so that we could be on our way home. That was our plan. Alice had been delayed at her mother's in Chicago and my visit to the Gelbys was longer than we had expected.

It wasn't that the Gelbys didn't like me. It was because of the Grand Count Tolvar who was a guest at the time I made my unannounced appearance. I didn't like his looks the first time I saw him, and not being used to Counts or up in my fancy manners, I guess I made myself felt. Anyway the Gelbys chilled at the sight of me every time the Count was in their company.

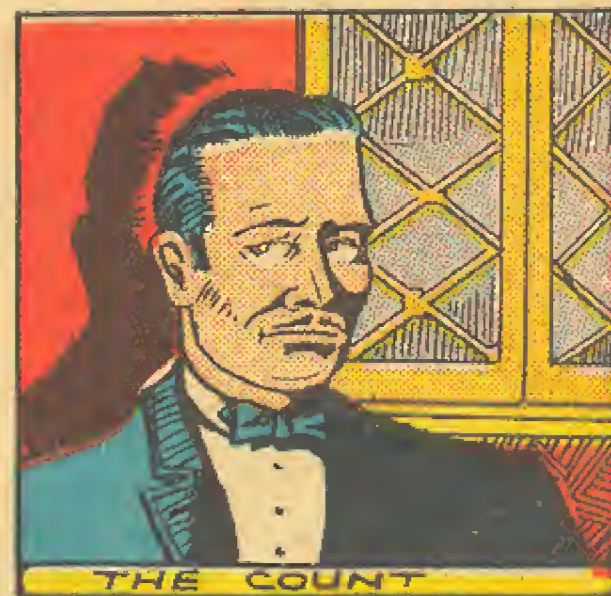
I couldn't imagine who would be interested in my possessions. I was just a poor relation. Even the servants, and there were plenty of them, made more money than I did, from tips alone. And they knew me of old as a small change tipper.

We breakfasted separately, but at lunch Cousin Francis seemed particularly pleased at my silence. Though I'm sure Beatrice noticed how edgy I was, and how I probed each countenance with searching eyes.

There was Beatrice's elderly mother. She had a fine nose for other people's business, but I dis-

missed the thought because she was, after all, brought up in the old manner and would be shocked at the idea of entering a cousin-in-law's bedroom at night.

Not the servants, not the old lady, certainly not the Gelbys themselves. That left only the Count. For some reason, maybe envy, I suspected his title. I had a feeling that his fine clothes were either borrowed, rented, or stolen. He might have reason to prowl for valuables except that my room would be the most unlikely in the house for him to find them.



Still I said nothing and went to bed that night leaving the door unlocked to invite a recurrence of the last night's performance. But I couldn't stay awake. The country air and the exercise that I had taken in walking around the many acres of the Gelby estate made me heavy with sleep.

I woke the next morning to stare first at the dull grey skies outside and then at the disarray of my clothes that were scattered about the room. The mysterious search had been more thorough than the previous night's. Even the pockets of my sport shirt were turned inside-out.

Again I decided to say nothing. It rained all that day and I was invited to make a fourth at

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bridge. The Count was my partner. He was an exceptionally good player, I correspondingly bad. But he took his losses like a gentleman and I was almost grateful to him. At last, after the game was over, he became conversational.

"I hear you are a chemical engineer. That must be very interesting work."

I said it was, although not very lucrative. And we chatted pleasantly for about half an hour.

Then an idea began to dawn on me. In fact, it possessed me so that I turned a suspicious leer on the Count the whole time we were at dinner.

He was a foreign agent, I reasoned. He knew I was connected with defense work. He thought I might be carrying secret information in chemical warfare about my person. That is why he ransacked my room.

But I had no proof. Now I actually wanted him to come again to my room. I would lay a trap. He had found nothing before. I would make him believe there still was something to find.

After dinner I called Beatrice aside and said in a stage whisper loud enough to reach the Count, who was sipping liquors by the fireplace, "Tell me, Bea, are your servants reliable? You know I have some very valuable things in my room. I'd like to know that they were all right. Not per-possessions, you understand. Something vital to the national interest."

I could see my cousin's estimation of me rise many degrees when she thought of me as being important to the government. She offered me the security of her safe for my "valuables." But I told her I distrusted safes—they were too easily cracked by experts. I left her pretending to be assured of the sterling quality of her servants and retired. I knew the Count had overheard our conversation, for I saw him smile slightly.

But once more sleep betrayed

me and I suddenly leaped out of bed to realize with great annoyance that it was morning. The Count had indeed paid me a visit the night before. But this time he had gone too far. I was sitting up in bed stark-naked. He had stripped me.

My pajamas lay in a heap by my bed and as I reached for them I found that they were wringing wet. The French doors to the balcony were wide open and the rain, which had been coming down all night, swept into the room.

I was about to stalk indignantly into the Count's room and rouse him with angry protestation. I rehearsed to myself what I would say.

"My dear Count—or whatever you are, probably Gas House Harry from across the track—I said nothing when you rumpled my clothes in your mad search—but an indignity to my person is going too far—"

Just then I caught sight of myself in the mirror and decided I would make a better impression on the Count if I put something on. While doing so I cooled off and changed my mind. After all he was a deucedly clever fellow—I had no proof, and he could easily make a fool of me.

I was hardly civil to anyone at lunch and Francis and Bea gave audible sighs of relief when Alice arrived looking fresh as a daisy and announced that she would take me away the very next morning.

I didn't tell Alice of my nocturnal visitor for fear of upsetting her. Besides I knew she would go straight to Beatrice with an even more gruesome tale. I knew my wife.

It was when we were going to bed that Alice asked me if I had bought my ticket to go on to New York that I remembered something I'd forgotten since I entered the Gelby's house. I had

lost that ticket, a fact which bothered me considerably when I first realized it. Now, I thought it best not to mention this loss to Alice until the morning, so I mumbled "Yes" and, despite my desire to stay awake, I fell asleep at once.

I was awakened suddenly by Alice's startled voice.

"For goodness sake, dear, what are you doing?"

I tried to rise but found that I was bending over instead, for I was not in a horizontal position to start with. And my hand was caught in the lining of my tweed



vest behind the small pocket. In it was a piece of cardboard. I pulled it out. It was the lost ticket!

So it was my own subconscious that had sent me looting my own possessions. I had been hard at work on the problem that my conscious mind had forgotten. I mumbled something unintelligible and went back to bed.

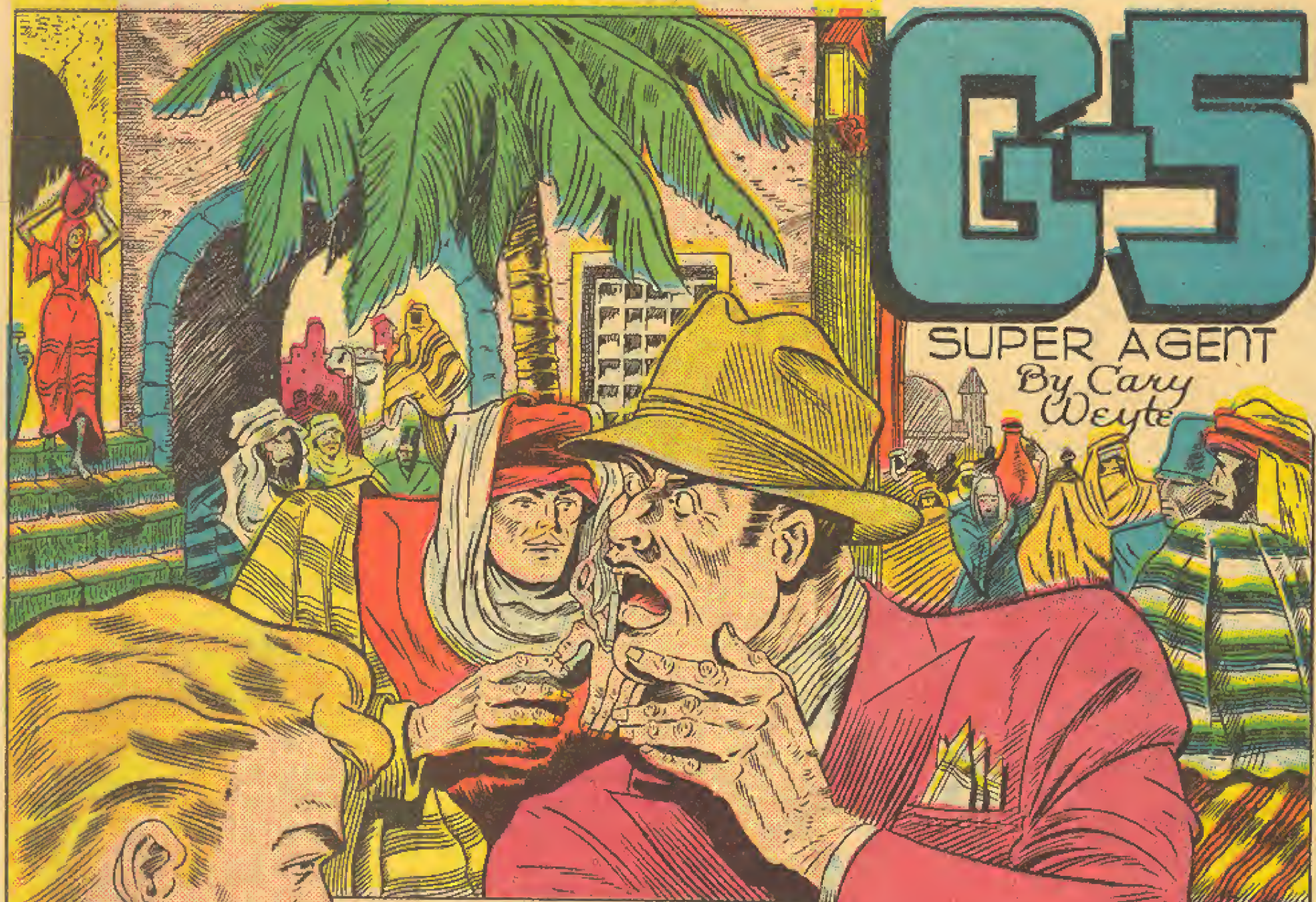
The next day I was extremely pleasant to the Count, who kissed Alice's hand as we said good-bye.

Beatrice was charming. "We're sorry to see your delightful husband go," she told my wife. "It's so thrilling to have a distinguished servant of the government with us. My dear, your husband braves much danger for his country."

Alice didn't know what she was talking about, but it pleased her, and that made me happy.

G-5

SUPER AGENT
By Cary
Weyte



IN A GLOOMY ALGERIAN ALLEY, A BEARDED YOUNG FRENCHMAN STOPS G-5.

SH-H...
COME EENSIDE
HERE... QUEEK!

THE FAMED INTERNATIONAL AGENT FINDS HIMSELF IN ALGIERS, GATEWAY TO INTRIGUE, WHERE SECRETS OF STATE ARE TOSSED ABOUT LIKE PAWNS ON A GAMBLING TABLE.

TWO COLONIAL OFFICERS AWAIT HIM.

WE HAVE IMPORTANT WORK FOR YOU.

YOU MUST LOCATE A GESTAPO SPY NEST HERE IN ALGIERS!

SUDDENLY A SHOT RINGS OUT.

SACRE' BLEU!
HE KEEL ZE
LIEUTENANT!

G-5 DASHES TO THE DOOR IN TIME TO SEE A MOTOR-CYCLE SPEED AWAY...

HE'S
THE
KILLER!

WELL, LOOK HERE!
HE DROPPED
THIS ODD CIGARETTE.
I CAN TRACE HIM
NOW.

HASTILY G-5 DONS NATIVE GARB.

I'LL GO TO THE TOBACCO BAZAAR.. THE MURDERER'S BOUND TO BUY CIGARETTES!

SOON..

OUI, M'SIEU! YOU WANT CLEOPATRA CIGARETTES?

THAT'S THE BRAND.

FLAT AGAINST THE WALL, G-5 WAITS FOR HIS SUSPECT TO LEAVE THE BAZAAR.

HERE HE COMES!

HOLD ON, STRANGER!! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!

FURIOUSLY, THE STRANGER RESISTS.. THEY WRESTLE UP AND DOWN THE COBBLED STREET.

UNTIL G-5 SENDS HIS OPPONENT FLYING OVER HIS HEAD.

UGH!

H-M-M.. STATE PAPERS IN HIS POCKETS..

UNSEEN, TWO SINISTER FIGURES STEAL UP IN BACK OF G-5..

BUT THE AGENT SENSES THEIR PRESENCE.

THE BLACK-JACK, HANS!

S-H-H.

YOU'RE NOT SO CLEVER!

CONK

SEEING THE PLIGHT OF HIS COMPANION, THE SECOND SPY KNOCKS G-5 COLD.

SNOOPER!



THEY TOSS G-5'S LIMP FIGURE INTO THEIR CAR.

WE EMPTY INFORMATION FROM HIS HEAD!



ACH! CAN'T YOU GO FASTER?

BUT I AM!



A HALF HOUR OF STEADY DRIVING BRINGS THEM TO A HIDEOUT IN THE SHIFTING DESERT SANDS.



G-5 COMES TO...

THEY THINK I'M STILL UNCONSCIOUS!



BUT WHEN THE MEN COME TO REMOVE THEIR VICTIM, THEY FIND OUT OTHERWISE.



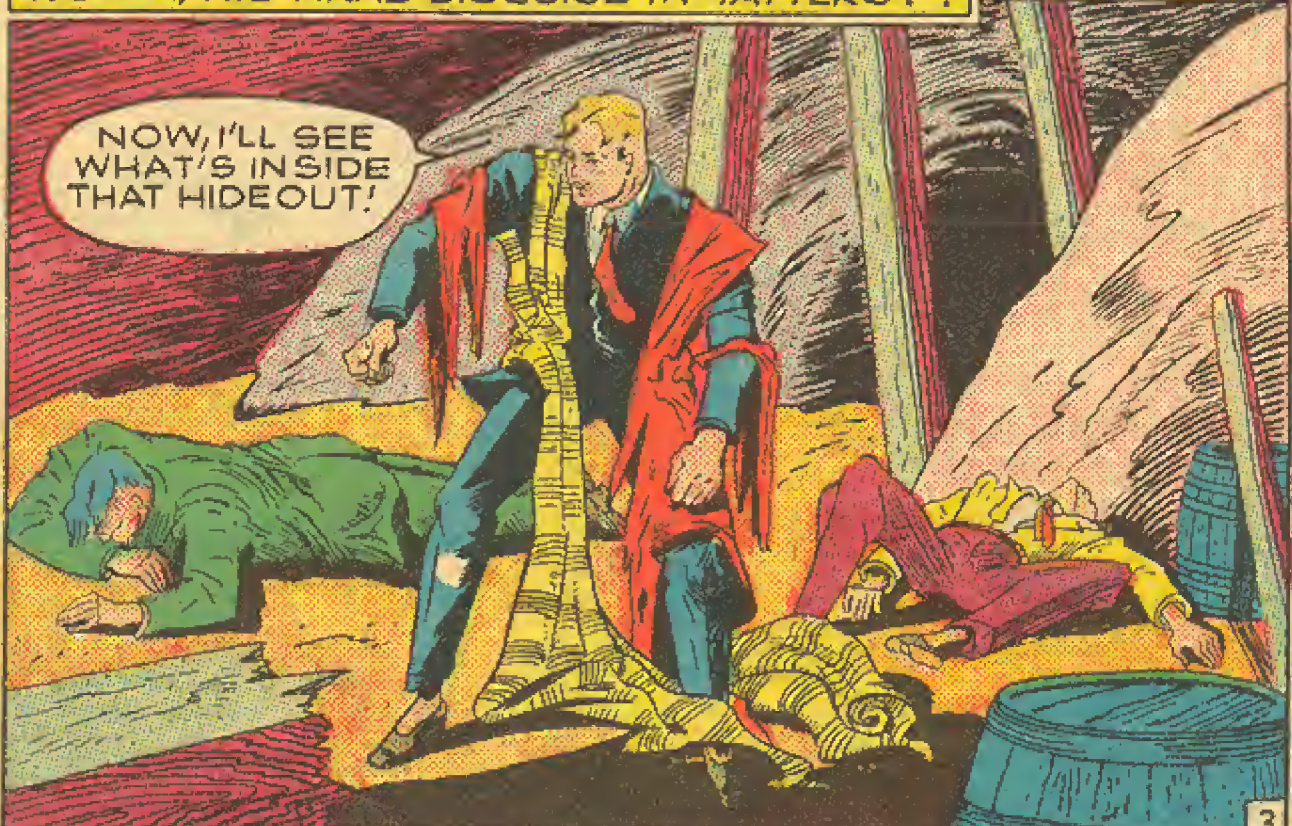
LIKE A SANDSTORM, G-5 LASHES INTO THE TWO SPIES.



DUMB-HEAD! WHY DIDN'T YOU KILL HIM?

WHY DIDN'T YOU? O-O-F!

THE BATTLE IS SHORT BUT THOROUGH... G-5 RISES, THE VICTOR, HIS ARAB DISGUISE IN TATTERS...



NOW, I'LL SEE WHAT'S INSIDE THAT HIDEOUT!

UNDER THE SAND DUNE IS A DEEP CAVE.

THE PLACE IS STUFFED WITH EXPLOSIVES!



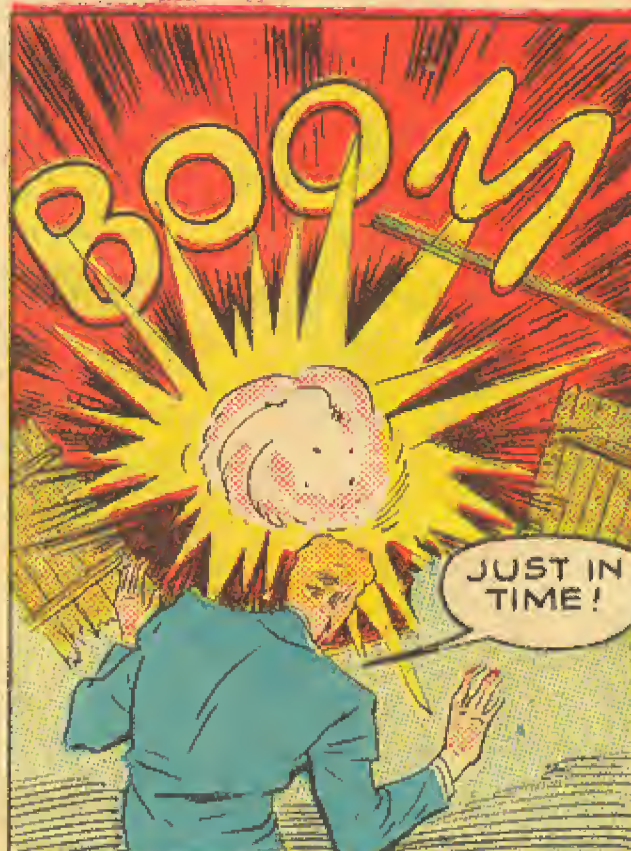
THE GESTAPO WAS PROBABLY GOING TO USE THIS TO BLAST THE FREE FRENCH OUT OF ALGERIA! WELL, I'LL LIGHT THE FUSE AND GET OUT!



BUT THE SPIES ARE AWARE OF G-5'S PURPOSE. THEY HURL TEAR GAS BOMBS INSIDE THE CAVE.



G-5 IS TRAPPED, WITH BARE SECONDS BEFORE THE EXPLOSION. . . FORTUNATELY A STRONG WIND CLEARS A GASLESS WAY FOR HIM. . .



JUST IN TIME!

THE SPIES TRY VAINLY TO START THEIR SAND-CLOGGED ENGINE.



IT'S NO USE!

AFTER BLINDFOLDING THEM AGAINST WHIRLING SAND, G-5 FORCES THEM TO WALK TO TOWN. . .

YOU DON'T HAVE TO SEE WHERE YOU'RE GOING!



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS. . .

AND YOU SAY THESE SPIES PLOT AGAINST ALGERIA, M'SIEU? THEN WE HAND THEM OVER TO THE FRENCH ARMY! THE FIRING SQUAD WILL FINISH THEM!



ONCE AGAIN G-5 UNCOVERS ENEMIES OF FREEDOM. HE'LL REPEAT THE PERFORMANCE NEXT MONTH IN **HIT COMICS**.

THE OLD WITCH

BY PIERRE WINTER



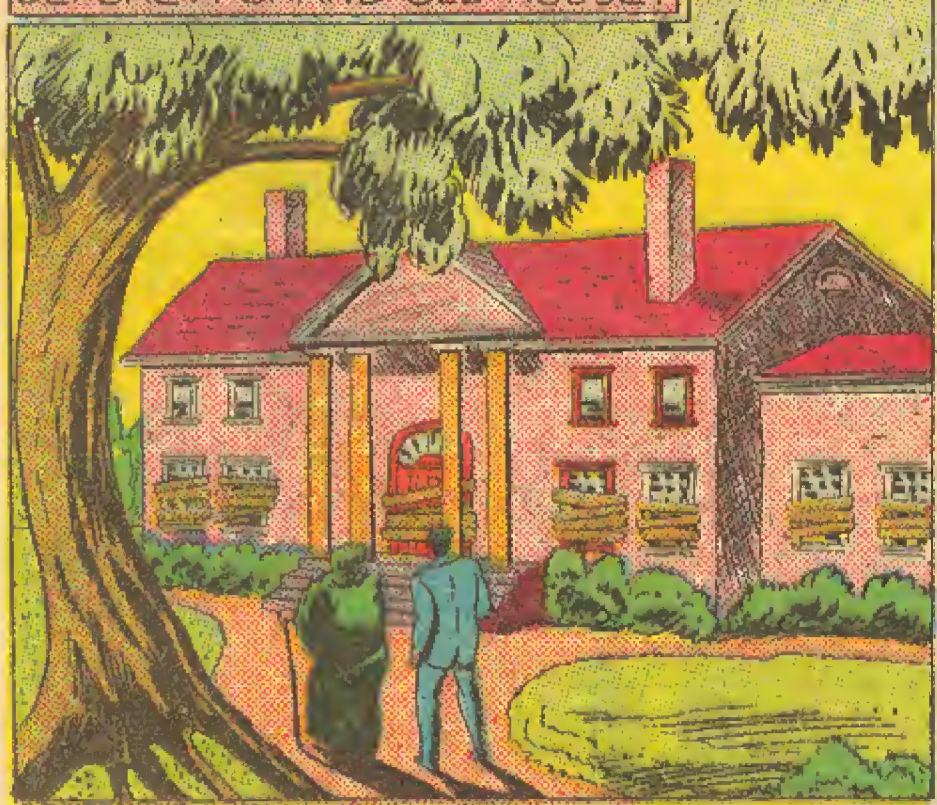
I'M JOHN WINSLOW III OF VIRGINIA, OLD WITCH... PERHAPS YOU KNOW WINSLOW PLANTATION.. IT BELONGED TO MY FAMILY UNTIL THE CIVIL WAR..IT'S A PITY WE LOST THE PLACE.

SECRET OF THE OLD SOUTH LIES HIDDEN IN THE GLOOM OF A DESERTED MANSION.. WHO CAN UNRAVEL THIS MYSTERY ??

THE OLD WITCH'S EYES LIGHT UP WITH INTEREST.

THAT'S NOT SO, JOHN? THE PLANTATION IS YOURS BY RIGHT..NOW COME WITH ME..

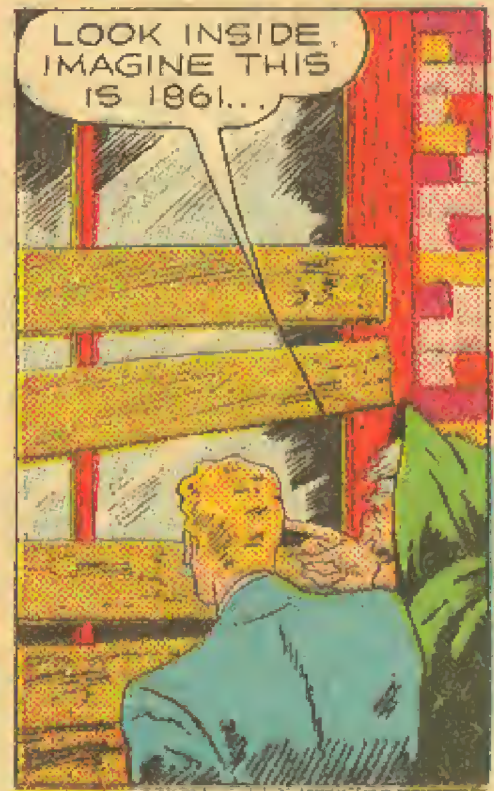
TOGETHER THEY SPEED INTO THE HEART OF THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS. THEY STOP BEFORE A GRAND OLD HOUSE.



JOHN, YOU MUST FIND PROOF THAT YOU OWN THIS PLANTATION. I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO GET IT?

HOW?

LOOK INSIDE. IMAGINE THIS IS 1861...



A BRILLIANT BALL IS IN PROGRESS.



SUDDENLY OL' MOSE, TREMBLING WITH FRIGHT, RUSHES IN.



THE GUESTS HASTEN FROM THE HOUSE...



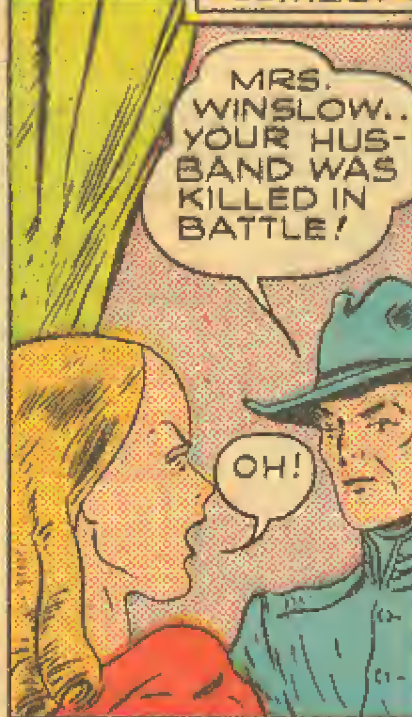
JOHN WINSLOW I IS LEFT WITH HIS WIFE.



UNSEEN, THE OVERSEER, ROLF CUTLER, LISTENS...



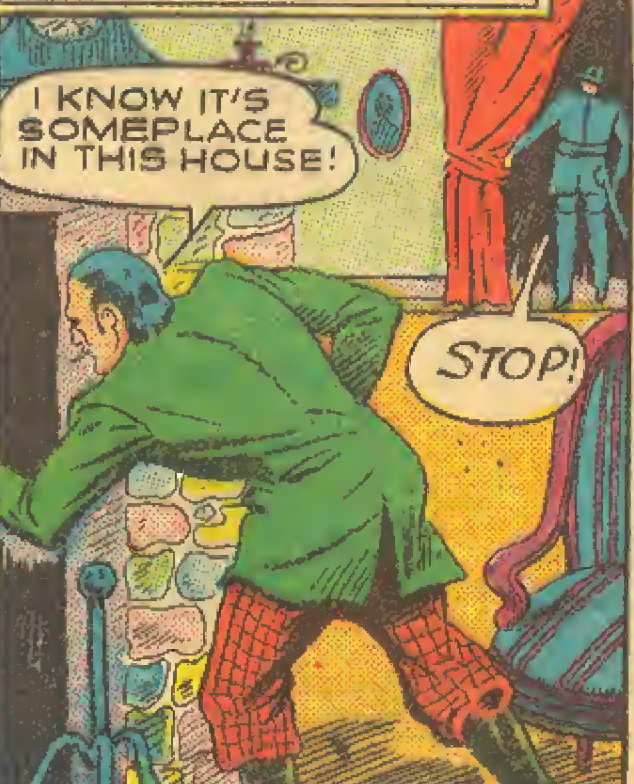
WEEKS PASS. A CONFEDERATE COURIER COMES.



IMMEDIATELY THE EVIL OVERSEER FORCES HER OUT...



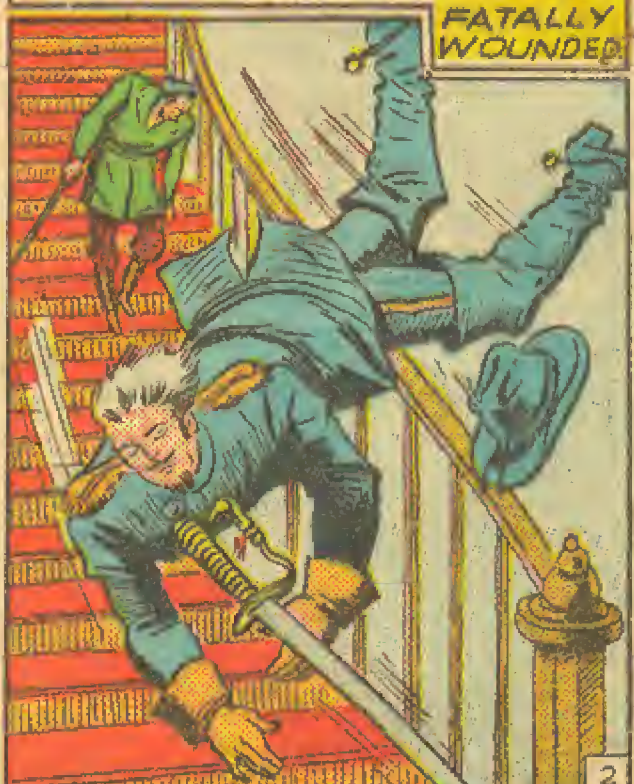
CUTLER DOESN'T HOLD THE DEED EITHER... ONE DAY WHILE HE SEARCHES...



HE WHIRLS ABOUT.



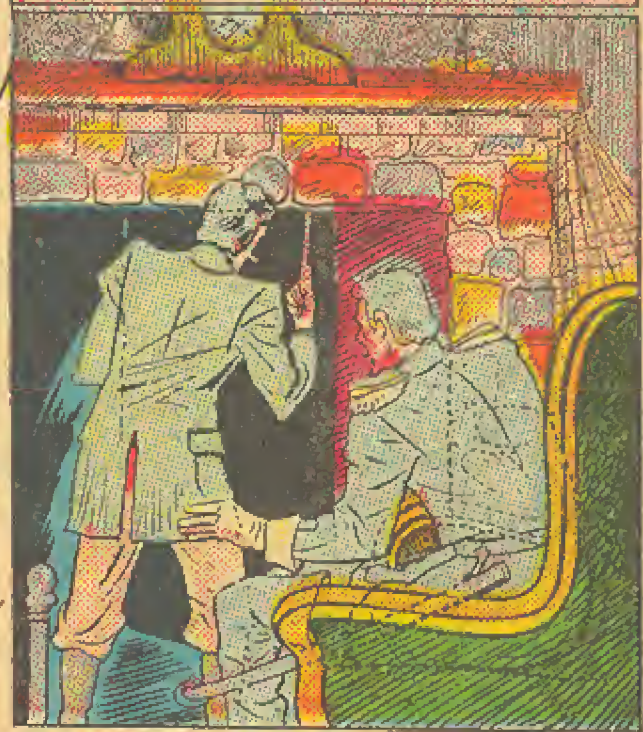
FURIOUSLY THEY DUEL FOR POSSESSION OF WINSLOW PLANTATION.. BOTH ARE FATALLY WOUNDED.



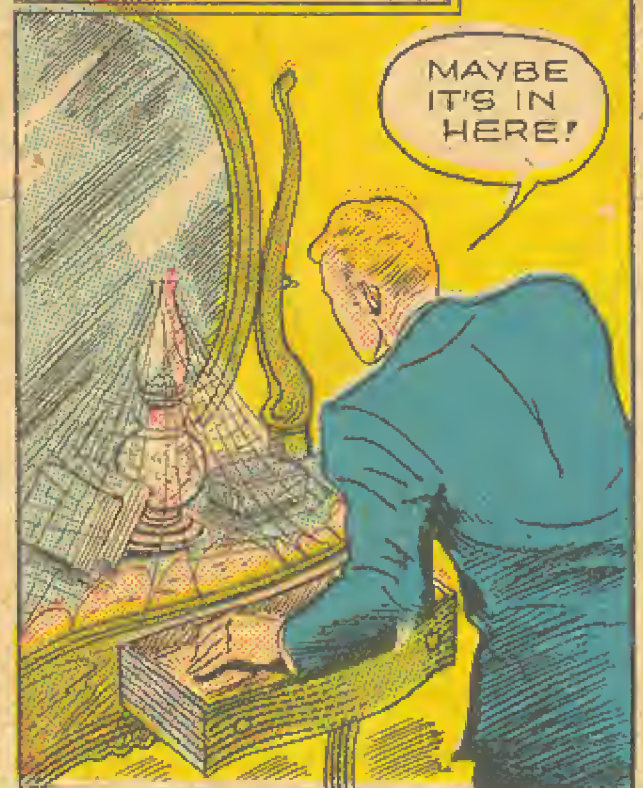
AND WINSLOW, DYING ON THE STAIRWAY, CLUTCHES THE THIRD STEP'S BAR.



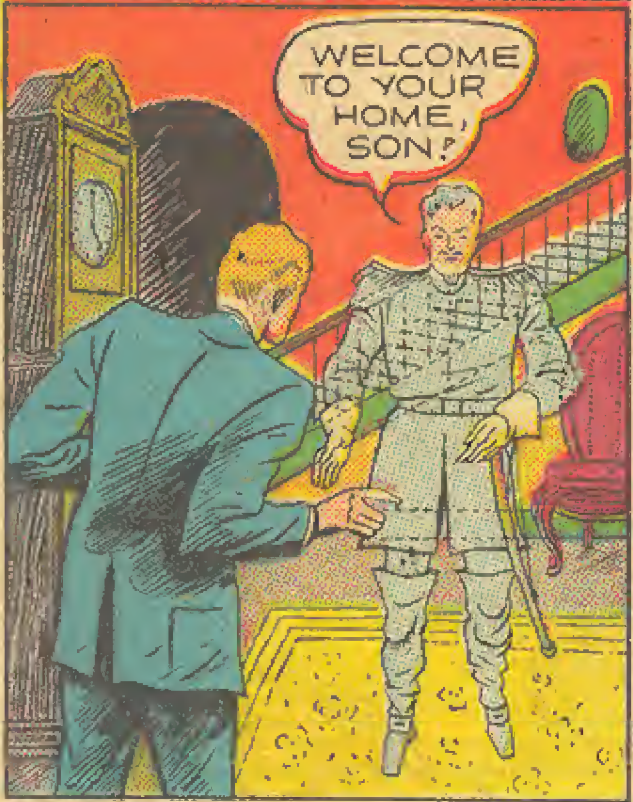
TWO GHOSTLY FIGURES ROAM THROUGH THE MANSION. WINSLOW'S SPIRIT ALWAYS HINDERING CUTLER IN HIS SEARCH FOR THE DEED.



NOW, JOHN WINSLOW III, IN 1941, WANDERS THROUGH THE ABANDONED ROOMS.



HE GOES INTO THE GREAT HALL.



I'M JOHN WINSLOW I, YOUR GREAT GRANDFATHER... COME.. I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE THE DEED IS. ONLY A WINSLOW CAN OWN MY HOUSE!



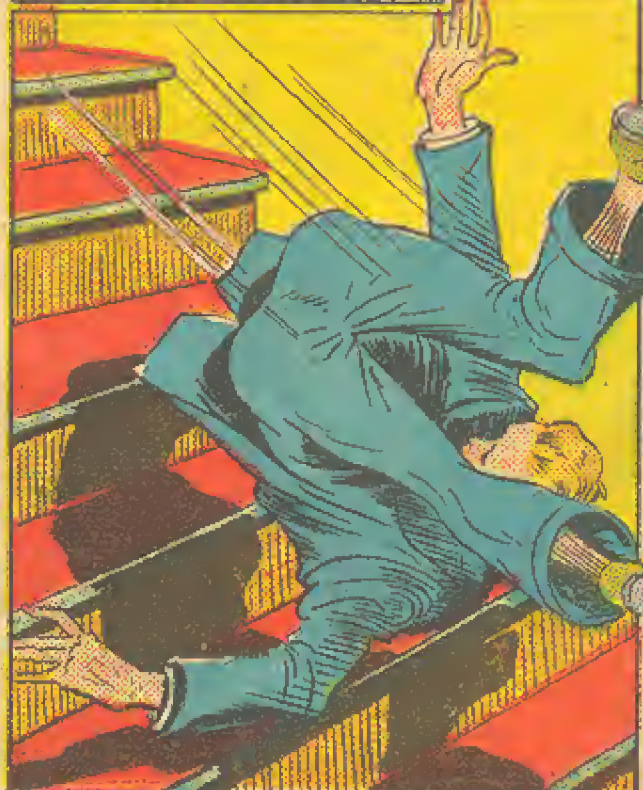
JOHN FOLLOWS HIS SPIRIT ANCESTOR TO THE STAIRS.. SUDDENLY..



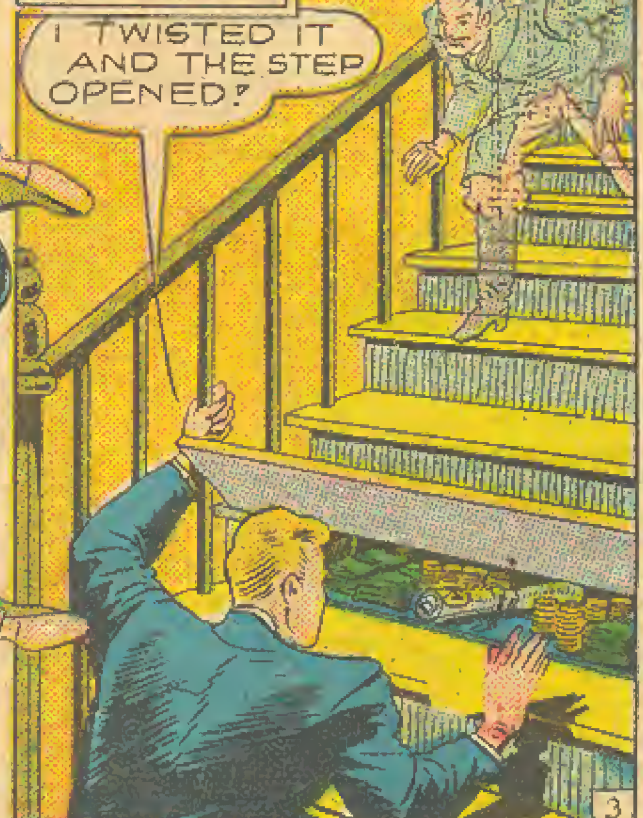
IN FURY, JOHN III LUNGES AT CUTLER'S GHOST.



BUT HIS BLOW HITS AIR.. JOHN, OFF BALANCE, TUMBLES DOWN THE STAIRS.



HE GRABS THE THIRD BAR.. AND..



GHOSTLY LAUGHTER ECHOES THROUGH THE HALL...

HA! HA! FOILED, EH, CUTLER? YOU NEVER THOUGHT OF THE STAIRS... AND NOW THE WINSLOWS CLAIM THEIR RIGHT!

CLUTCHING THE PRECIOUS DEED, JOHN DASHES OUT TO FILE IT...

WHAT LUCK!

BUT WHEN HE GETS OUTSIDE...

...SO I AM FORCED TO SELL THIS MANSION. IT'S BEEN IN THE CUTLER FAMILY FOR YEARS, BUT NOW THE TAXES...

SO YOU'RE ROLF CUTLER'S GREAT GRANDSON!... YES, I'D LIKE TO BUY THE PLACE WHERE'S THE DEED?

THE DEED?
OH... THE DEED...

SUDDENLY...

HE LIES! I OWN THE PLANTATION AND HERE ARE THE PAPERS TO PROVE IT!

WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT?

AGAIN AN ANGRY WINSLOW FACES A CUTLER...

YOU CAN'T SAY ANYTHING! I FOUND THE DEED WHERE MY GREAT GRAND-DAD HID IT!

YEAH?

SEE IF YOUR GREAT GRAN'PAW KIN HELP YOU NOW!!

I THINK YOU'RE THE ONE WHO NEEDS HELP!

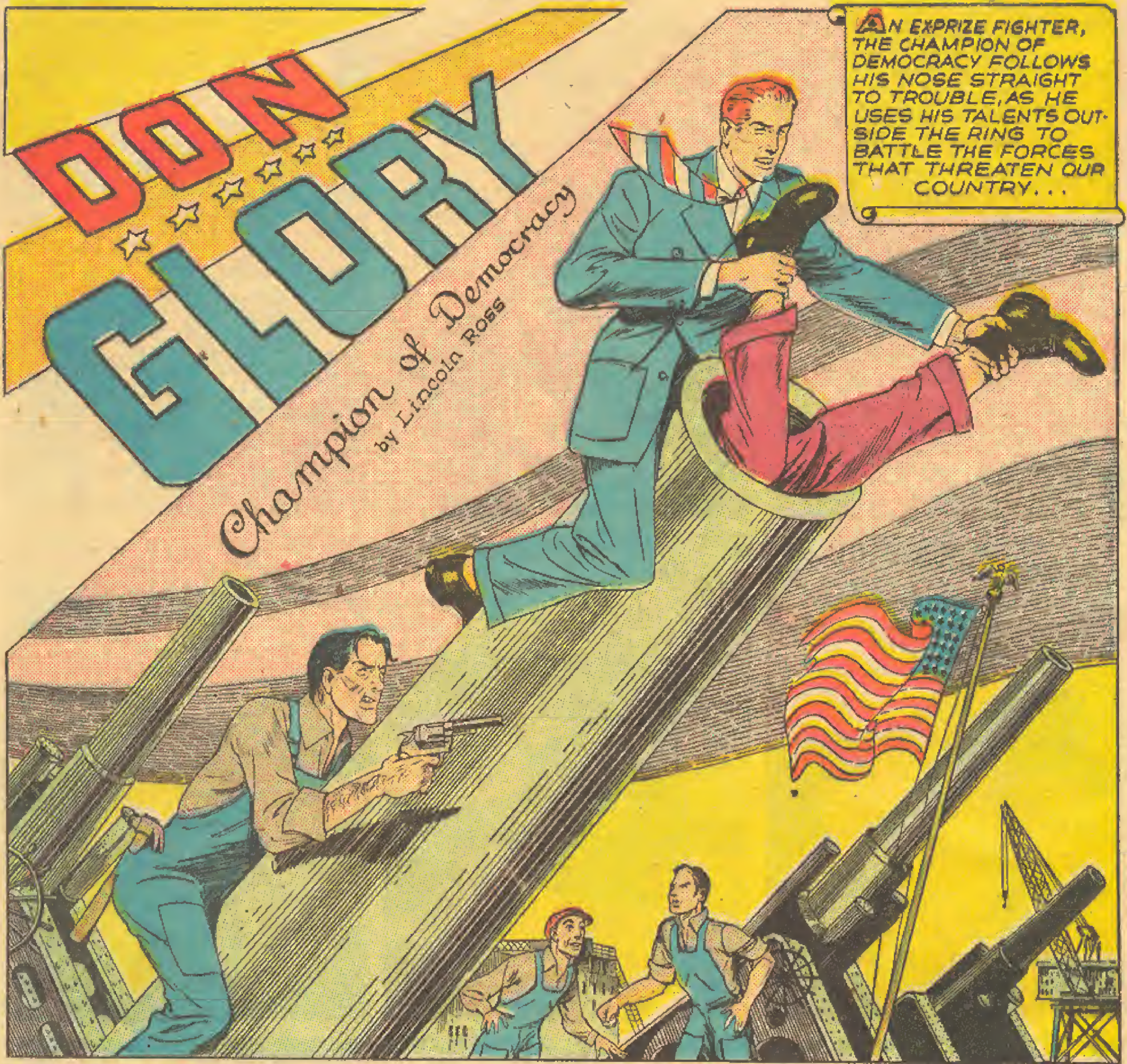
SOCK

LATER...

NO GHOSTS WILL EVER HAUNT YOUR HOME AGAIN, NOW THAT IT'S IN THE PROPER HANDS!

I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH, OLD WITCH!

READ POLICE COMICS—
MOST SENSATIONAL
COMIC MAGAZINE NOW
ON THE MARKET



AN EXPRIZE FIGHTER, THE CHAMPION OF DEMOCRACY FOLLOWS HIS NOSE STRAIGHT TO TROUBLE, AS HE USES HIS TALENTS OUTSIDE THE RING TO BATTLE THE FORCES THAT THREATEN OUR COUNTRY...

IN THE ABBE CAMERA STORE, A CUSTOMER EXAMINES AN EXPENSIVE MODEL...



YES, SIR.. THIS CAMERA IS IDEAL FOR YOUR FISHING TRIP TO NEW-FOUNDLAND..

DON GLORY, ENTERING THE SHOP, OVERHEARS THE SALE.



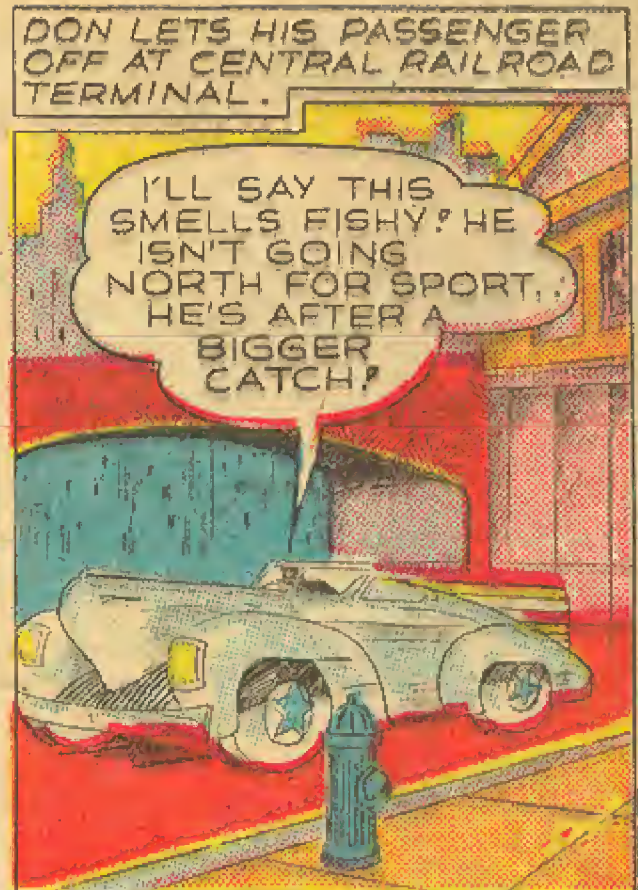
FISHING IN NEW FOUNDLAND. THAT'S A FUNNY PLACE TO GO!

THE CUSTOMER STARTS TO LEAVE, BUT...

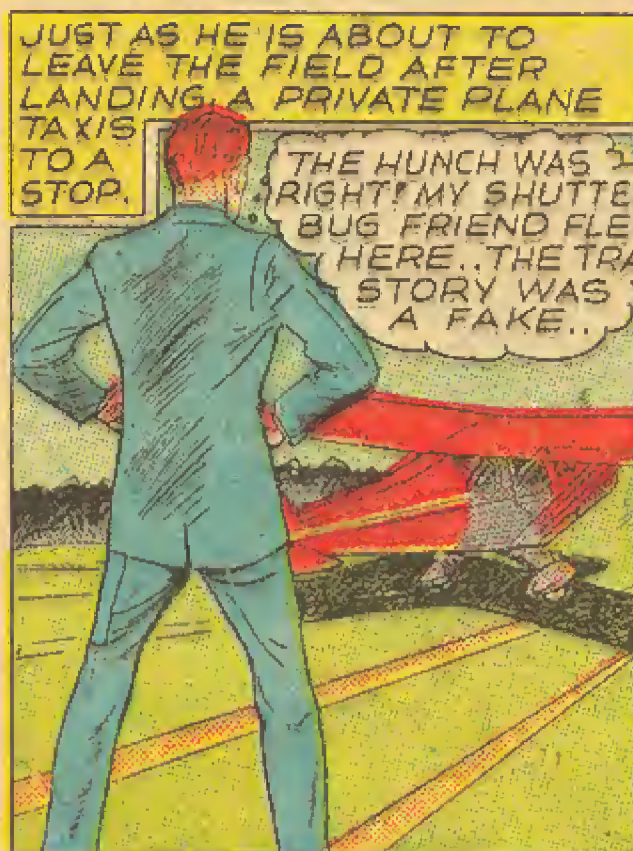


HOLD ON, BUD? I WANT TO TALK TO YOU.

ER.. NO.. G-GOTTA CATCH A TRAIN!



THAT NIGHT A GREAT AIR-LINER FLIES THE CANADIAN ROUTE TO NEWFOUNDLAND. DON IS ON BOARD.



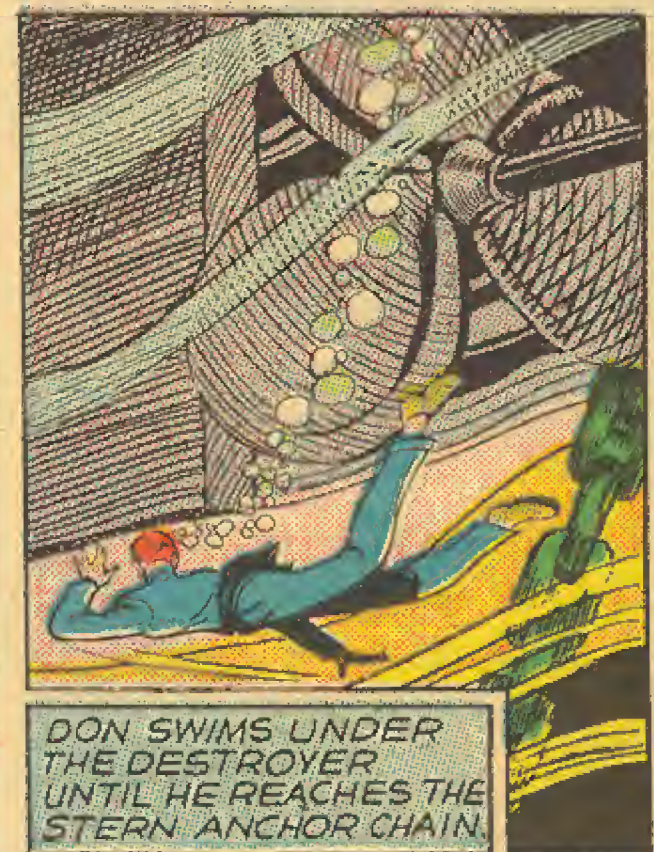
DON FOCUSES HIS CAMERA ON THE SUBJECT.



UP ON THE SEA WALL HE STOPS.



SUDDENLY..



UNWILLINGLY, DON IS ESCORTED ASHORE...

AN' DON'T COME BACK!

SUNK DEEP IN DISGUST, HE TRUDGES ALONG THE DOCK. SUDDENLY...

PS-ST, STRANGER!

YES?

I'M DAVY McLAIN..I WORK ON THE BASE AND I KNOW THAT THE GUY YOU'RE AFTER IS A SPY! HE'S SORE BECAUSE THE GOVERNMENT RAZED HIS HOUSE FOR THE BASE AND HE'S TAKIN' THOSE PICTURES TO SELL TO THE ENEMY!

McLAIN LEADS DON TO A SMALL HOUSE...

LOTS O' THE GUYS ARE SORE ABOUT THEIR HOMES, BUT I THINK DEFENSE IS MORE IMPORTANT! THERE'S A MEETIN' IN HERE NOW!

INSIDE... YOU WILL GO INTO THE BASE TOMORROW FOR PICTURES OF THE GUNS!

YES!

AT THIS MOMENT A CAMERA SHUTTER CLICKS AT THE WINDOW...

GOOD, DAVY! I'VE GOT THE EVIDENCE!!

WHAT'S THAT?! I HEARD A NOISE!!

I'LL GO SEE!

BUT DON IS EXPECTING THIS.

HOLD THE PICTURE BOX, DAVY... I'VE WORK TO DO!

THIS IS PART ONE!

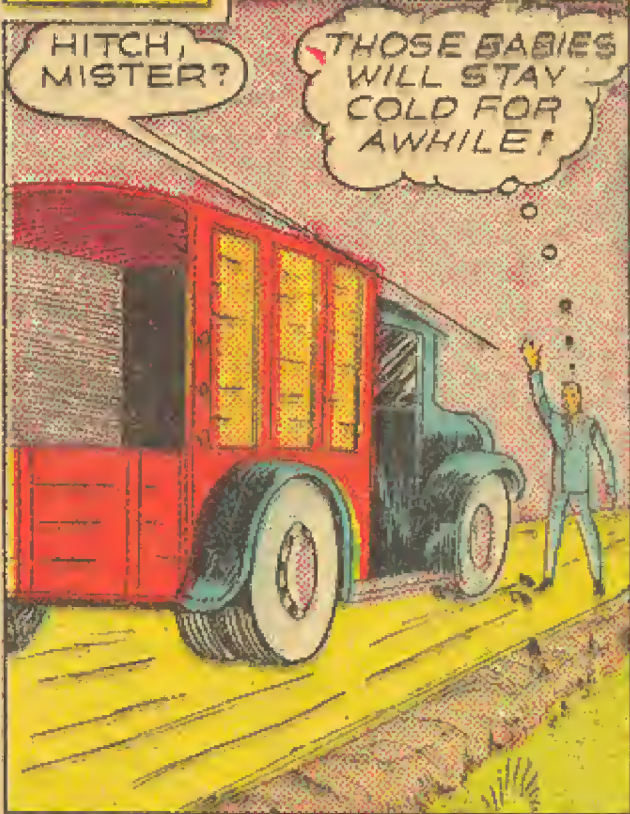
DON'S FISTS BEAT A STEADY SHARP TATTOO AGAINST HIS OPPONENT'S JAW.



AWK! LEMME DOWN!

I WILL... BUT HARD!

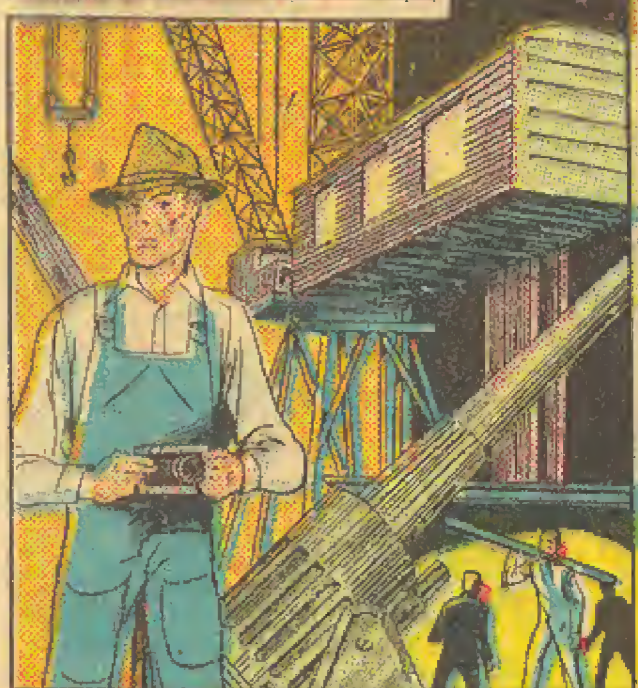
THEN DON HAILS A PASSING TRUCK..



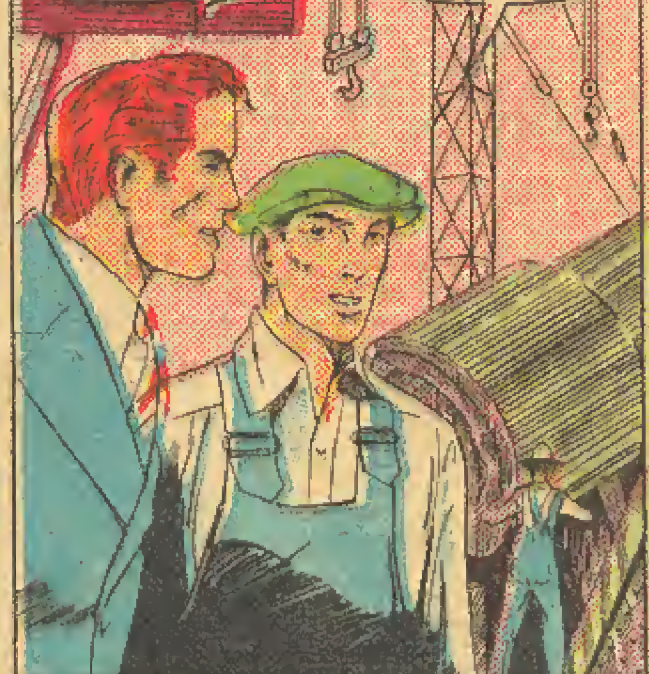
HITCH, MISTER?

THOSE BABIES WILL STAY COLD FOR AWHILE!

THE NEXT DAY, A SLIGHT OVERALLED FIGURE STANDS NEAR A NEW GUN EMPLACEMENT..



THERE HE IS.. BUT IN WORKMAN'S CLOTHES...

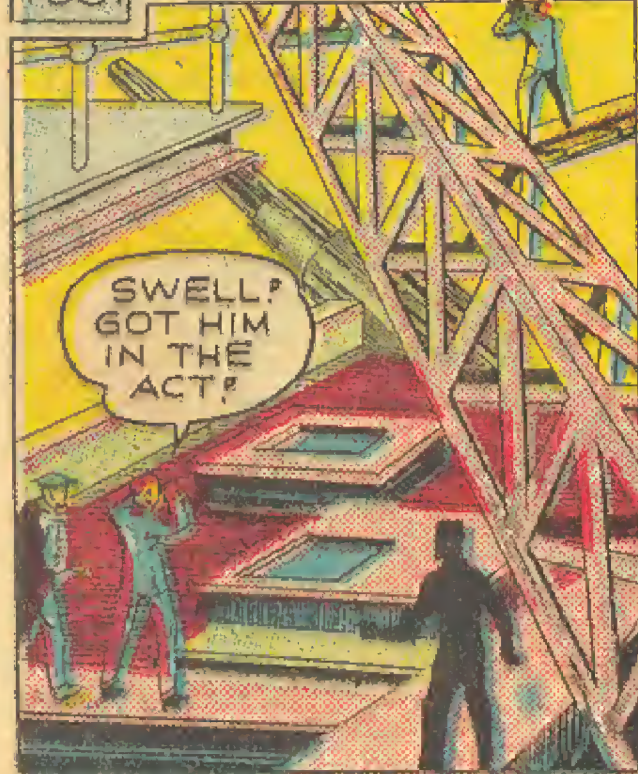


STOLEN, PROBABLY. NOW WATCH..

CAUTIOUSLY, THE SUSPECT FOCUSES HIS CAMERA..



NOT KNOWING THAT WHILE HE IS SNAPPING THE GUN, DON IS TAKING A PICTURE TOO.



SWELL? GOT HIM IN THE ACT?

SUDDENLY OTHER TRAITORS SPOT DON.



GET HIM?

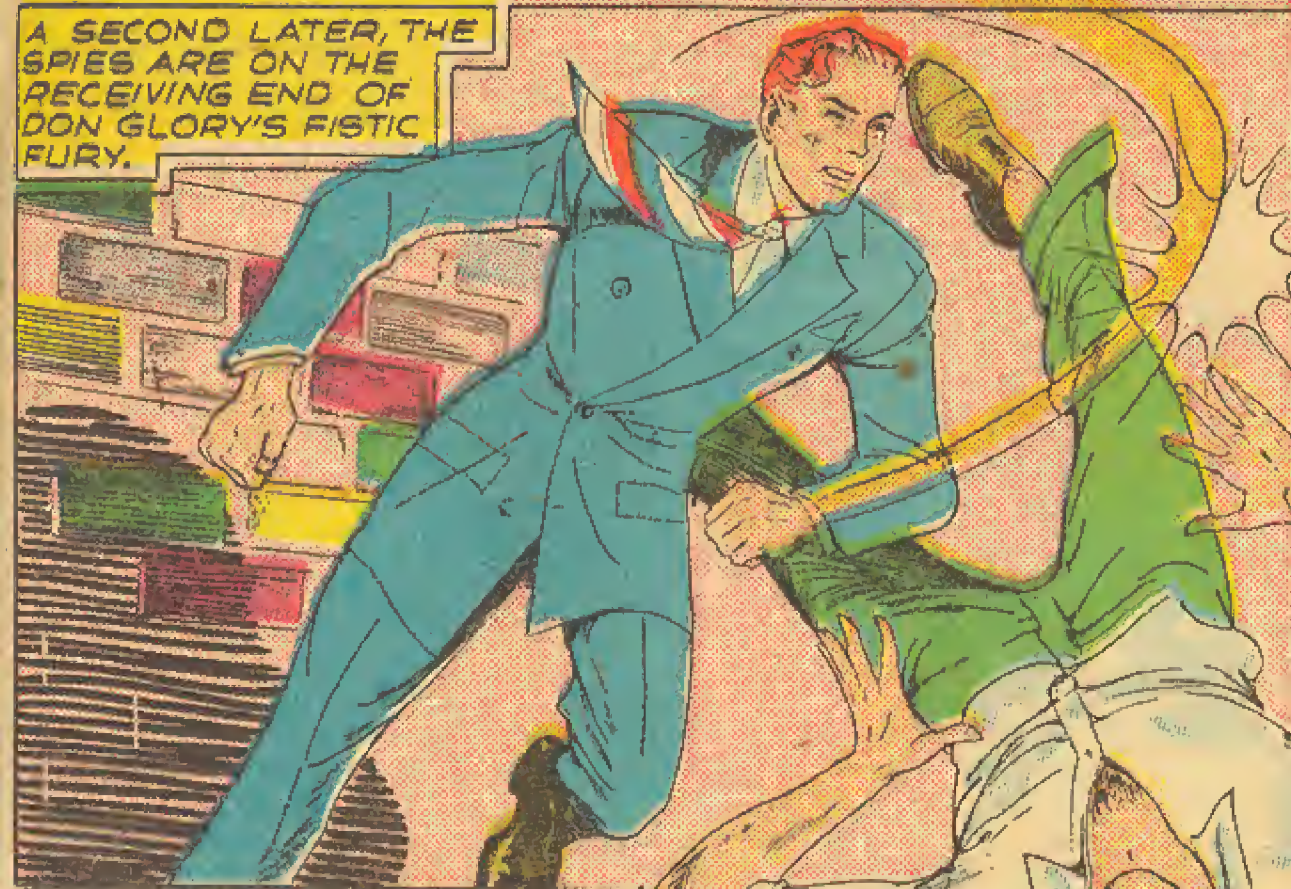
GET THE CAMERA FIRST!

DAVY, TAKE THE CAMERA AND KEEP IT SAFE!

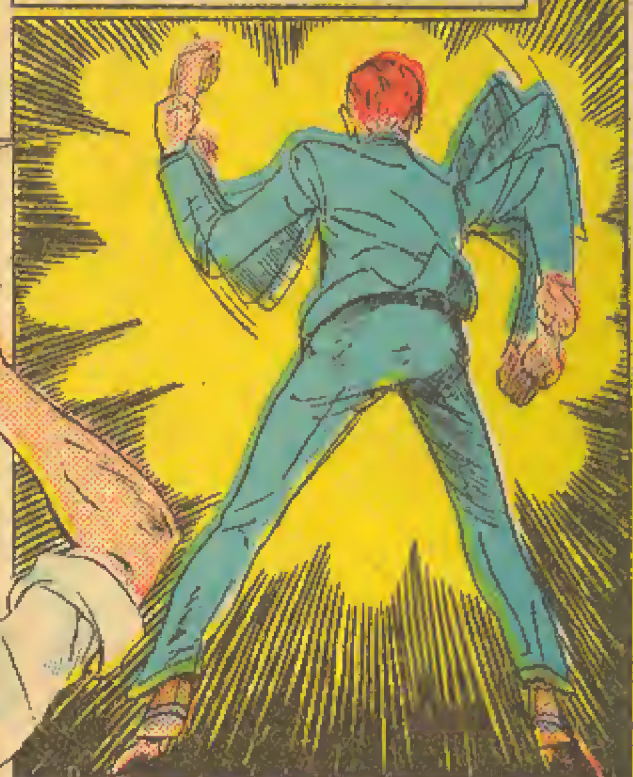


AW..I WANT A CRACK AT THEM TOO?

A SECOND LATER, THE SPIES ARE ON THE RECEIVING END OF DON GLORY'S FISTIC FURY.



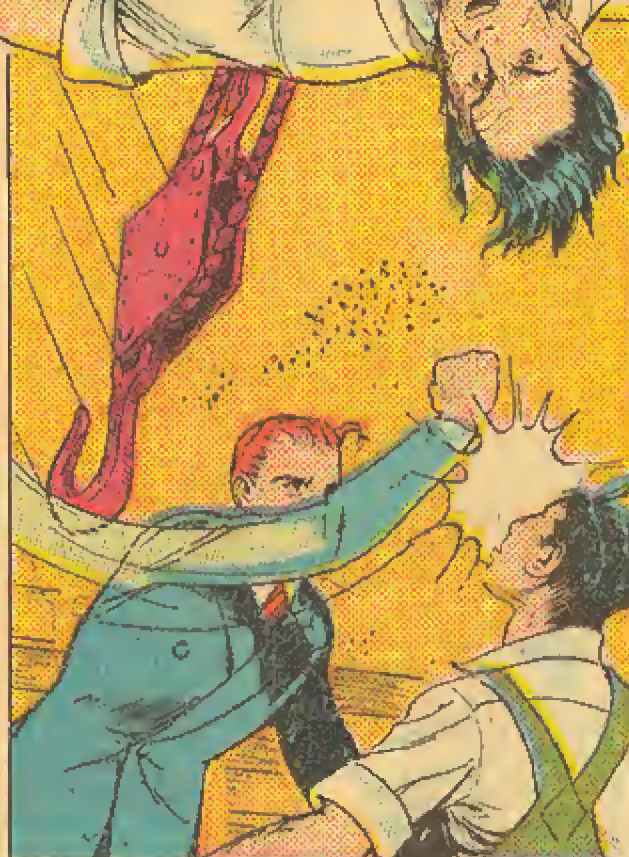
LIKE A ROBOT, HE SENDS HIS DYNAMITE-LADEN BLOWS WITH MECHANICAL PRECISION.



BUT ONE SPY PEERS DOWN ANGRILY FROM A HIGH CRANE.



I'LL SWING A PULLEY DOWN ON HIM.. THAT'LL SETTLE IT!



THE PULLEY MEETS DON'S HEAD WITH A DULL THUD.

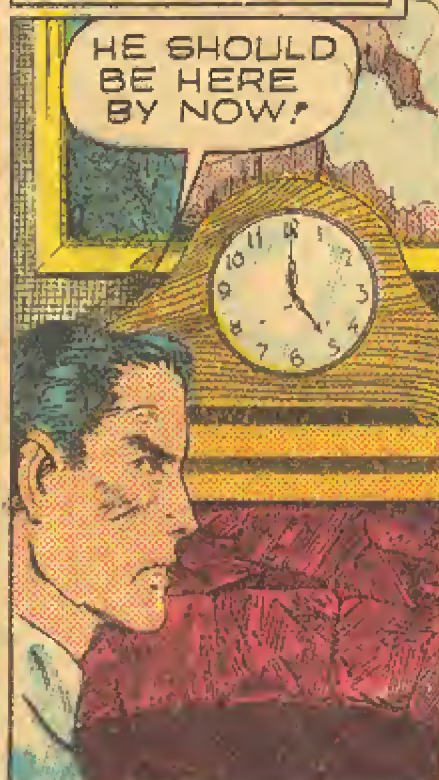


THE SPIES CARRY HIS LIMP BODY ALONG THE SEA WALL



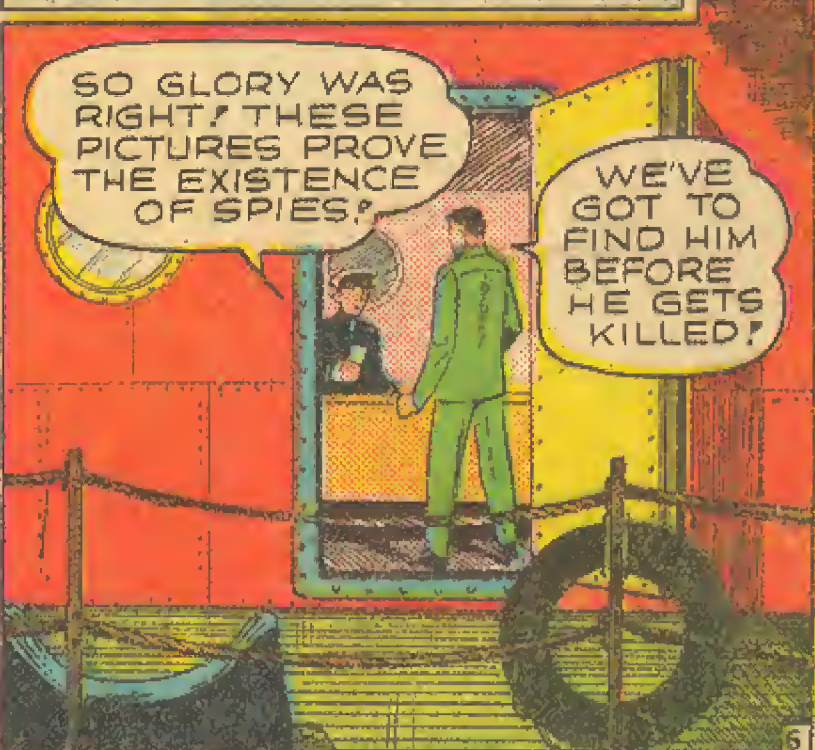
STAY DOWN LOW SO'S NOBODY'LL SEE US! WE GOTTA GET RID OF THIS GUY!

MEANWHILE, DAVY WAITS ANXIOUSLY AT HIS HOUSE.



HE SHOULD BE HERE BY NOW!

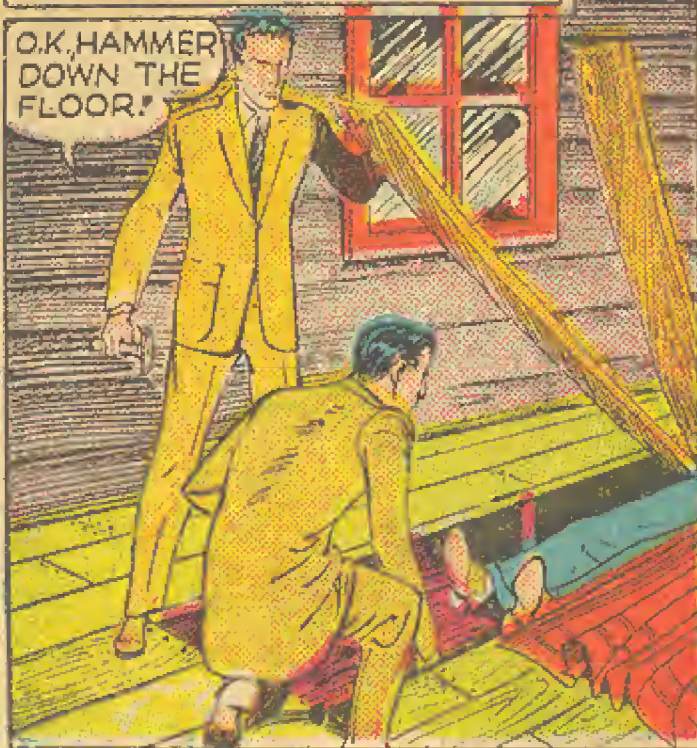
QUICKLY HE HAS THE ROLL OF FILM DEVELOPED AND PRINTED. THEN HE GOES TO THE AMERICAN DESTROYER IN THE HARBOR



SO GLORY WAS RIGHT! THESE PICTURES PROVE THE EXISTENCE OF SPIES!

WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM BEFORE HE GETS KILLED!

WHILE THE NAVAL POLICE GO OUT LOOKING FOR DON, HE LIES UNCONSCIOUS IN THE HOUSE WHERE THE SPIES BROUGHT HIM.



THE STEADY HAMMERING BRINGS DON TO...



DON'S ABDUCTORS ARE BUSY MAKING NEW PLANS.



BUT SUDDENLY DON RIPS UP THE BOARDS.



THE PHOTOGRAPHER MANAGES TO SNEAK OUT.



BUT HE IS QUICKLY CAUGHT.



DON IS IN AN AIRLINER RETURNING HOME.

WHEW! THAT'S ONE ENEMY OF DEMOCRACY REMOVED!

BUT THAT'S NOT ALL.. DON FINDS NEW DANGERS NEXT MONTH IN **HIT COMICS**.





Publication: Hit Comics #14

Date: August, 1941

Publisher: Comic Magazines Inc. (Quality)

Notes: Missing cover; front cover scan from Heritage, ifc, ibc, and back cover from fiche.

Scanner: Eric Schumacher <srca1941@hotmail.com>

Scanning Date: October 10-11, 2010

Credits:

Cover: A: Lou Fine

Hercules: W: Toni Blum(?); A: Reed Crandall

Betty Bates: W: (?); A: Al Bryant

Dan Tootin: W: Jack Cole; A: Jack Cole

The Strange Twins: W: Jerry Iger(?); A: Alex Blum

Lion Boy: W: Will Eisner-Plot(?); A: Henry Keifer

Bob and Swab: W: Klaus Nordling or Toni Blum(?); A: Klaus Nordling

The Red Bee: W: Toni Blum(?); A: Witmer "Clark" Williams

Tommy Tinkle: W: (?); A: Arthur Beeman

Neon the Unknown: W: Toni Blum(?); A: Alex Blum

Hell Diver: W: (?); P: Mort Leav(?); I: (?)

Text: W: Toni Blum; A: (?)

G-5: W: Toni Blum(?); A: George Appel

The Old Witch: W: Toni Blum(?); A: George Appel

Don Glory: W: Toni Blum(?); A: Arthur Peddy